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A HUDSON'S BAY CO. TRANSPORT TRAIN

In either this way or by canoe, for a century, the H. B. Co. has brought in its supplies and brought out its furs.

Photograph by Mathers, Edmonton, taken at Fort Smith on Slave River

THE
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Trent Valley Shooting and Fishing Grounds

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author

TO the many thousands of tourists, visitors, "old boys" of Rice Lake and the winding Otonabee River, scattered over the broad Dominion and the busy Republic to the south, the ice-clad lake, snow-powdered islands, and dry, rustling, flag-bordered river sends greeting.

Look at these old familiar scenes under Winter's glittering health-giving touch. "Our Lady of the Snows" is only a pleasant joke. Here half the season has passed with weather so mild and genial that sleighing is almost unknown. Great fires gleam forth at dark, surrounded by merry skaters, on the very spots where summer visitors drag out the plunging bass or struggling maskinonge. Under the bright December sun the redmen, the Mississaugas, dash along on ringing skates, gun in hand, baying hounds ahead pursuing the wily fox over the very spots where many of us have decoyed the wary webfoot. The wild-rice beds are a tangled mass, fallen in or standing up in the shining ice; beneath, the Ke-nojah, the Indians' poetic name for the big, hard-fighting maskinonge, still pursue the darting minnow. If you want unusual excitement, get one of these sons of the forest to take you with him when he cuts the ice-hole, erects the arch, covers your head with a heavy robe, and bids you watch in the dim light below for the great fish to pass; or stand alongside and watch him patiently waiting beside the ice-hole for the big-mouth bass to bite. On the wooded shores of lake and river the young bucks trap for mink and coon, weasel and fox, with all the ingenious woodcraft Nature gave them. Ruffled grouse still spring from the cedars and the swift rabbits dash away along the swamp runways; the muskrats swim about beneath the ice through all the great drowned lands, along the paths they so laboriously kept open all the summer and fall. Cold, clear, bracing, healthy weather, "Our Lady of the Snows" is a benefi cent goddess.

This part of the Trent Valley Canal is a scene of great natural beauty. Starting at the busy city of Peterborough, after examining one of the wonders of the new world, the Lift Locks, there is a mighty region, the Kawartha Lake district, to the north, yet to be fully settled. Below Peterborough, taking one of the daily steamers, Rice Lake is reached in three hours. The Otonabee is a charming sight in April; until then the ice has bound it. One bright morning there is a tiny ribbon of blue water sparkling in the sun at its lake mouth; no sooner is this opened than Nature displays one of her greatest wonders. Stand on the shore at Jubilee Point as the sun rises this morning and look towards the south; far off over the distant hill-tops the telescope finds a faint black dot, a wavering, pencilled line, the first incoming ducks, the heralds of the great migration. What power implanted in their breasts the knowledge that this tiny ripple of water was open in all this ice-bound scene? Timed it so accurately that they arrived within the hour of its opening! Nature

VIEW OF THE WILD RICE BEDS

has uncut pages in her book well worth studying.

Then comes the grand scene of the rush of the river ice, grinding, crashing, tumbling, splashing cakes, whirled along by the speed of the swollen stream, tearing out man's handiwork, piling high on bank and marsh edge, whirling along for a few hours—then, as if at the touch of a magician's wand, all the turmoil ceases, the setting sun tints the placid river with dainty touches of pinks and greys, the fish roll and plunge, and the ducks drop in so noiselessly. All is so peaceful that it is hard to believe that one of Nature's greatest powers ran riot here within the hour.

Now the Mississaugas can be seen creeping over the surface of the lake ice, pole in hand, sounding its treacherous, honeycombed surface; canoe on sleigh behind them, or pushed ahead, so that if it breaks through, the impetus of the red man throws him safely into his light craft. Now watch his skill getting out; he pushes the bow as far up on the ice as possible, creeps to the bow, straddles the canoe, gently pressing on the ice with either foot, and tries to draw the boat out through his legs; one foot breaks through, and if he does not plump in up to the chin in the icy water he falls back safely into the plunging craft. Time after time he tries it, until at last the canoe and sled are once more on the crumbling ice. Arrived at the trapping place he lifts the sled into the craft, launches it off the ice as we do off the shore, and paddles serenely into the flooded marshes, setting traps on every likely log or making "draw-ups" where the night-roving muskrats will climb up to eat the succulent wild onion or sweet flag root, their last meal, as these redskins are adept trappers.

I remember one glorious spring night standing on a little corduroy bridge that spanned a creek, watching a trap set on the bank below. It was just dusk, the rich, liquid note of the red-wings rose from the swamp, the bitterns boomed, the herons croaked hoarsely, ducks quacked and whirred overhead; over the bridge a country lad lounged and stood leaning over the rail beside me. I was intently watching a suspicious ripple coming up stream—the wake of a muskrat. Up it came, spied a "muskrat apple" near the trap, landed and walked right into it. At the click of the steel the lad frantically grasped my arm and shouted excitedly, "Mister, your trap's got a bite."

The trapping season passes with the

A BLUE-HERON IN RICE LAKE BAY

month of April. May sees all the pastoral little villages that nestle in the valleys of the hills that encircle the lake clean and fresh from the purifying frosts and snows of winter. The islands are just sending forth a yellow and red haze of coming leaves. In places the shores are ripped and rent by the fury of the late ice-shove; great rocks are standing tilted far up their sides, or driven far in and covered with tangled roots and trees, a silent witness to the immense power of huge cakes of ice driven before a fierce gale. When the north-wester blows and rends the ice-field, and starts it on its path of devastation, all must bend or break before it. Midway in the lake lies the ruins of the old bridge, once a direct route from Cobourg to Peterborough. It was built of great stone-filled piers, with a superstructure of giant pine logs in the centre. These twenty-foot piers proved insecure the first year, so the builders enlarged them to almost double. But they had reckoned without the ice; for two years trains crossed. Over forty years ago, the Prince of Wales, our present King, crossed the lake on a steamboat beside the bridge, his advisers deeming it even then insecure. He received a great welcome from the band of Mississaugas; flowers thrown by gaily-decked squaws paved his way (the old chief told me he noticed him trying not to step on them); the chief's squaw, resplendent in velvet, heavily embroidered with brilliant quills, led the women. The bucks received him under a decorated cedar and pine arch-like building; loyal addresses were delivered, and he was invited to eat with the tribe. A really sumptuous feast was spread, but affairs of state forced him to decline—to the everlasting regret of these truly loyal redskins. Three years later the bridge had passed away. The spring ice-shove hurled their huge cakes onto it with irresistible fury. At dusk one night, as old Chief Paudash strained his eyes in the gathering gloom, the leaning, tottering structure fell with a mighty splash, and all that is left of it now is the stone-filled approaches at the north and south shore, and the sunken piers in mid-lake, a menace to navigation.

In June the wild rice, from which the lake is named, springs to the surface and floats in long ribbons, changing position with every vagrant wind. July finds it springing up, and all the green, grass-laden waters are changed to the shades of the garnet and yellow glories of the blossoming time. Now is the time to troll for the 'lunge if the June water has been muddy; if not, come then, get a good guide and the keenest pleasure of Rice Lake fishing is yours. August finds these wild water farms a bending, wind-tossed mass of golden grain, the green islands set like emeralds in their midst. This is the month to catch the hard-fighting small-mouth bass, and the Otonabee River the place. Wedlock's and

MY FAT ASSISTANT FRITZ AND A YOUNG YELLOW LOG PLOVER

Gore's Landing are the favourite homes of the tourists.

It will well repay all romantic visitors to take a look at those ancient earth mounds far back in the rice beds, below Rainy Point. Here, a century and a half ago, the ancestors of the redmen that live in the quaint little village of Hiawatha took a terrible revenge. The Mohawks, after devastating the shores of Ontario and the "back country," had settled to reap the fruits of their victories. They had entered into the great game lake and settled on the bluff point where now stand the "Serpent Mounds,"

but the Mississaugas poured like a dusky flood from their camps in the pine woods, paddled silently along the channels in the wild-rice beds, landed at the foot of the hill, won the summit, and with fierce yells and fiercer fighting, exterminated the enemies. With grim sarcasm they buried them in huge trenches formed in the shape of the totems of the slaughtered tribe, and the sinuous mound of the Blacksnake and the circular mounds of The Turtles still are eloquent of the great revenge.

September, dear to the hearts of all the hunters of the feathered game, finds the wild rice ripe, the long reaching yellow beds that resound night and morning to the

A GROUP OF FALL DUCKS

A "HIDE" CONSTRUCTED OF STONE AND COVERED WITH WILD RICE

"rip-bang-bung" of the redman's fearful weapon, or the "tack-tack" of the smokeless shells, filled with basswoods, cedars, dugouts, anything that will float, a hardy buck in each bow and a willing squaw in the stern beating in a steady rain of ripe black rice from the bending grain. At night, when the camp-fires of the Mississaugas shine through the dark trees, the rice beds are densely populated, great hosts of dusky mallards, teal, some widgeon, wood-ducks (alas! an expiring breed), hooded mergansers, an early blue-bill or so, paddle and splash and dive after the ripe grain, sounding like a myriad schoolboys swimming.

Golden October and drear November bring in the red-heads and the blue-bills, the canvas-backs and the pintails, the buffle heads and the cheerful Whistlers, surf-ducks and coweens, ruddys and rare late gadwall. Sometimes a shoveller is seen; great flocks of mergansers and gooseanders dive everywhere for fish, followed by their robber-hosts of gulls. Mudhens and coot, rail and crake, plover and rare woodcock (another vanishing breed), spotted sandpiper and snipe flit along the shores or dart into cover of the flags—and the camera-hunter, with his noiseless, smokeless weapon is filled with even a keener delight than he of the hammerless and shell-box. Many are the camps, many are the jolly fellows that gather round the camp-fires when the shooting is good and the weather cold—to all these, in all lands, the annual Rice Lake shooting fever is an intermitting, incurable disease.

It was late November, the ice was with us again, the twenty-two miles of Rice Lake was one glittering sheet, the river mouth, where yesterday the ducks ran the gauntlet of guns and fell with great thumping quacks on the ice alongside, was now all frozen over; all the great migration was over, only a few poor wounded ducks, frozen fast in the ice—

SAMPLE GAME—MASKINONGE, TEAL AND GALLINULE

dead in the centre of the circles they had worked so hard all night to keep open, remained.

At night, beside the "shanty" fire, a Mississauga told me this legend:

THE BIRTH OF THE WILD RICE

"Many, many years ago, when our tribe outnumbered all our enemies, there lived a great chief, Ksis-wass-che, his lodge the largest, his slain the greatest, his the mighty pile of beaver skins, his the many scalp-locks of his enemies, so strong that none could stand beside him. Wild with fighting, he pointed his arrows at the sun, dared the Fire God, who sent a mighty chief to battle for him. All day Ksis-wass-che hard assailed him, showered his arrows on him, strove with axe and knife around him. Late, at sunset, when the air grew chill and the Fire God weaker, Ksis-wass-che overcame him, exchanging for his life this promise: "In the harvest-time of every year grain shall be in plenty, without labour, without sowing; and in the New Moon the Wild Rice covered the waters of the lake.

May

BY ADELINE M. TESKEY

SHE'S coming, daintiest maid of the year,
Fragile in form and fair of face;
She stands on the threshold in trembling and fear,
Because wild April still holds the place.

Her arms o'erflow with the rarest of flowers,
This daintiest maid of the year;
She's been picking them up from celestial bowers,
Trav'ling through worlds in her journey here.

She's bringing along with her minstrels sweet,
This daintiest maid of the year,
Heliotrope, lily, violet, rose,
The essence of her smile and her tear.

Wild April begone, and leave her the space,
This daintiest maid of the year;
A message she bears to the sad human race,
"It is seed time, so no longer fear."

A New York Season of Drama

By JOHN E. WEBBER

THIS very modern bewildering field of theatrical activity—to wit, the New York season—radiating from half a hundred playhouses; entertaining weekly audiences of at least half a million, wherein is represented a world-wide cosmopolitanism of taste and class; stretching in point of time from early autumn to late spring, and in point of interest from a variety "stunt" to the sublimity of an Ibsen tragedy, affords so many points of view, that on a choice of perspective, no less than on the frame of mind in which we view the tangled scene, many of our conclusions will depend. That neither art nor life is as simple as our forbears found, is one of the commonplaces of our dramatic as of our daily experience. And whether we view the condition favourably or the reverse, to recognise it may help us follow with considerably less friction the many modifications of the Art under present review.

Degenerate, as applied to the modern stage, is the familiar epithet of the day, we know, among both critical and superficial observers. But in this implied comparison with the past, with the romantic reverence that oft-times invests it, are we not apt to forget the winnowing process of time, and how that only the best, by very reason of its vitality, is conserved while the chaff is gratefully cast to the winds of oblivion? The laws of "survival" appearing here quite as appropriately as in the physical universe.

Every generation has its pessimists, and probably needs them. And no doubt the critics found much to grumble at in those halcyon days of Art, that never existed in reality, but nevertheless are being constantly recalled. The present, alas, is always a disgruntled reality lying somewhere between the good old times and a paradise of hope, happily never quite attained.

Those cruder forms of drama we knew in our youth—the rip-roaring melodrama, with its gallery heroics, and overrighteous vindictiveness; or the milky, sentimental sort, redolent of orange blossoms and betrayed woe—like other forms of poverty are still with us, and have their place in our theatrical economy. Their houses of entertainment are ostentatiously strewn along the byways, and even the highways, though always a little lower down socially and typographically, not to say artistically, than the temples of legitimate drama. A certain percentage of their following will, no doubt, ultimately arrive at truer, if more perplexing conceptions of Life and Art. And Mr. Clyde Fitch, for one, is always

DAVID WARFIELD
In "The Music Master"

near enough to help them on the way. But the phenomena they present at the moment belong more peculiarly to the investigations of the sociologist than to any speculations of the dramatic reviewer.

Of the Vaudeville, likewise (we are even spelling it Vodeville), with its fragmentary and versatile programme, we shall have little to say. Its office is still a humble one, though there are signs that this may not always be so. Indeed, there has been manifest of late an ambition to possess something higher than the "fallen stars" of the dramatic firmament, or the erstwhile prima donna, straining for a lost chord, in a jet gown and a "spot" of purple and yellow limelight. A season ago, for instance, the Vaudeville stage was able to command the entire services of no less talented an actor than Mr. Henry Miller, and this season it presents Mr. Henri De Vries, the most finished character impersonator of the day. Mr. De Vries' performance—or should we say performances?—in "*A Case of Arson*," where he assumes the characters of the seven witnesses in turn, is in each instance an example of acting of the highest order.

Would that we were able to admit some such obligation to that other peculiar and diverting form of musical extravagance, the musical comedy, or Musical Cocktail, as it is more appropriately called. Lineally descended on one side at least from the Comic Opera of a generation ago, the form as it reaches us to-day tells the sad story of an art's decline. Of these the present season has produced—or should we say reproduced—another score or so, and their popularity, we fear, is more often proof of the vitality of nature than of the existence of any fixed or well-defined principles of the art of the Opera Comique.

Nevertheless, some rays of operatic hope have been afforded of late in such exceptions as "*Happyland*" and "*Veronique*," two operas at least that beat the measure of other days, when fine old "*Robin Hood*" with his robust note and rich October colourings flourished.

"*Happyland*," by De Koven and Ranken—in which De Wolfe Hopper is appearing—with its Greek setting, its costumes, grouping, picture-making, and almost classic dignity; its Doric columns framing glimpses of summer sea, and, best of all, its wisp of girlish charm, Marguerite Clark, fresh from Happyland and Innocence, singing like a bird at dawn, or dancing like a nymph in the sinless groves of paradise—is an entertainment of pure delight.

"*Veronique*," brought from a long run at the Apollo, London, although adapted from a French opera, with its action set down for Paris, is, in its atmosphere, delightfully suggestive of English social life, say of English afternoon tea, with the assurance of leisure, refinement, and moderate but dear delights that such associations have for us of English training. Even the deliberate humour of the piece reminds one of *Punch*. And Ruth Vincent, who interprets the leading rôle, might be, in the delicacy, freshness and charm of her personality, a handful of roses plucked from some English garden.

And this brings us to legitimate drama.

The first half-season could not be remarked for striking originality, and curiously enough its most important offerings at one time consisted of such year-old successes as David Warfield in "*The Music Master*," Mrs. Fiske in "*Leah Kleschna*," Mr. Arnold Daly in "*You Never Can Tell*," and that excellent comedy by Mr. Augustus Thomas, "*Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*." Of these "*The Music Master*" still remains on the scene, its popularity apparently undiminished and undiminishable.

The phenomenal success of this piece, conventional enough either as drama or sentiment, is due primarily to the real distinction of Mr. Warfield's acting in the title rôle. Probably no actor of recent years—not even Sol Smith Russell of tender memory, has played quite so exquisitely, and with such delicate restraint, on those alternate chords of pathos and humour, sorrow and mirth, as Mr. David Warfield in this simple, delightful characterisation. "Anton Von Barwig," one of those quaint, sweet, old-world, ingenuous types, rich in soul qualities, unembittered by experience, incapable of a selfish view, and with a native humour, as kindly as it

is unconscious, has come to America in the chance hope of meeting his daughter lost to him since childhood. Finding her, he forbears to disclose his identity because of their contrasting social stations. And it is in the quiet play of these complex emotions that the serious interest of the piece develops. Interesting sidelights, and a sympathetic background of semi-humorous Bohemian artist life, admirably sketched, throw the character into happy relief, and supply the lights and shades of comedy. The piece is pre-eminently one of heart interest, but so scrupulous in its artistic demands that if we have lost our hearts for the moment, as seems likely, we have the satisfaction at least of knowing that we have yielded to something more than mere sentiment. There are scenes of dramatic strength, too, that prove versatility, and help round out the work of this young Hebrew comedian with a completeness that we are accustomed to associate only with the higher achievements.

MRS. FISKE AS "LEAH KLESCHNA"

Photograph by Sarony

"*Leah Kleschna*" likewise owes its phenomenal success to the genius of its interpreters. The story of a criminal reclaimed by human love is, under various forms, a rather familiar theatrical device, and the psychological action that carries the present superstructure can hardly be called original or complex. In the presentation, however, the theme counts for little, interest centering in the really inspired characterisations and the superb handling of very ordinary scenes. Anything short of this perfect stage presentation and the distinction that goes with high artistic effort, and the result would have been rather obvious melodrama. Which is but another way of saying that the literary qualities of the piece are inferior to the dramatic. The company associated with Mrs. Fiske, including Mr. Geo. Arliss, Mr. John Mason, Mr. Charles Cartwright, and Miss Emily Stevens, is individually, or in the *ensemble*, probably the finest organisation of the day, if not the best acting company yet seen on the American stage, and "*Leah Kleschna*," with even less doubt, the most noteworthy example of modern acting we have had.

With Mr. Arnold Daly's production of "*You Never Can Tell*" resuming its successful run at the Garrick, "*John Bull's Other Island*" in rehearsal, and "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*" in prospect, with "*Man and Superman*," his *magnum opus*, an accomplished fact at the Hudson, to say nothing of minor rumours that were filling the air, the half-season opened with the finger pointing more conclusively

ARNOLD DALY
As "Marchbanks" in *Candida*

than ever to that brilliant dramatist and humorous critic of life and morals, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The dramatic New World, hitherto lighted only by such midnight stars as Ibsen, thought it saw the sun at last on its brim. The reign of the merely spectacular, we agreed, was ended. Brains had taken the place of pictorial effect, and the unrealities of romantic idealism had given way to truth and reality. Confidence in the *vox populi* grew at a bound, and the cynical theatre magnates were not even quoted on the market.

As for the successful exponent of this new drama, Mr. Arnold Daly, who a while ago pluckily invested his small savings in the intelligence of the public, and then from the vantage ground of a little out-of-the-way theatre struggled against the current of prevailing taste, with a new author, an unproved reputation, and a "paradoxical absurdity"—him we decked with laurel and placed on a high pinnacle of theatrical fame. But, alas, for human hopes, and the pride that ever goeth before a fall! An unsuspected moral upheaval destroyed all in a night. And in the cold grey early light of next morning we saw our hero, with laurel awry and an unrepentant Magdalen on his arm, hurried out of this theatrical Eden before the avenging Comstock and his tenderloin squad. Mr. Shaw gallantly covered the retreat with some well-directed shafts of scorn, but a moral stampede cannot be checked with epigram, nor even with satire. The rout was complete, and Mr. Arnold Daly, whose work in Shaw repertoire has provided the chief artistic delights of at least two seasons, became an exile to the cause of an untrammelled stage.

But thereby hangs a tale.

All that it left of the tremendous Shaw vogue was Mr. Robert Loraine's entertaining but rather popular presentation of "*Man and Superman*," and the keynote of its success, by the way, is something considerably less than Shavian.

"Consistency," Emerson once reminded us, " is the bugbear of little minds," and had the sage of Brook Farm been a humorist, he might have gone further and defined it the vice of reason. Final truth, or truth complete in itself, may exist somewhere as a sort of logical necessity, but with our data still so incomplete, how may we hope to present her with a single countenance! Therefore to turn truth's myriad face towards us, not a solitary aspect of its countenance; to enjoy with us the contradictions we

shall see, and make merry over our own inconsistencies and follies, are ever the joy, and the task, of this witty, cussèd, deliciously inconsequent and egotistical Irishman, George Bernard Shaw.

Approaching the stage in this genial frame of mind, our satirist sets up a certain number of characters—having two legs or four, just as his mood suggests—places them in perfectly conceivable, but contradictory, lights, gives them foils which they are taught to handle dexterously, and then sits with us in the pit until the fun is over. He is, moreover, a perfectly impartial referee of his own game, and when the curtain goes down, we have discovered neither hero nor heroine, nor so much as a clue to the direction of the author's own predilections. Every phase of life is equally searched by this ruthless critic and, obviously, the hypocrisies of our social and domestic life, draw the sting of his most unsparing wit.

MAUDE ADAMS
As "Peter Pan"

Serious comedy is not often made of a situation in which husband and wife have been separated, through mere incompatibility, for many years. Most of us prefer to be sentimental on such subjects, and a few tragic, while none permits such a happy adjustment, either of his mentality, or his morals, as comedy pre-supposes. But Mr. Shaw has proved that all the elements of a comedy are here, notwithstanding, and the result is as refreshing as it is novel. "*You Never Can Tell*" is the drama of the accidental meeting of two such belligerents, after a separation of eighteen years. With the mother, who has improved the period of her grass-widowhood in a series of "Treatises on the Twentieth Century Woman," are a grown-up daughter, "Gloria," and a pair of irrepressible twins, "Dolly" and "Phil," eighteen years of age. The delicate diplomacy of the meeting is entrusted to the family waiter, "William," whose ready tact and skill save the situation always at the exact right moment. Indeed, "William" is, perhaps, the most important, certainly the best conceived character of the piece, and on him rests the chief responsibility of the play's main action. A love incident is provided, wherein the proud "Gloria" capitulates to a young, impecunious dentist after eighteen minutes of love-making. In this we detect the germ of the theory of "sex initiative," afterwards so skilfully elaborated in "*Man and Superman.*" The father, who proves to be a sort of "Egomaniac," is the only one inclined to the tragic view of the situation, but his viewpoint is presented with absolute fairness—the scene with "Gloria," for instance, providing a moment of genuinely serious drama. A bullying Q.C. eventually pounds out the

FLORENCE ROCKWELL
Leading woman with Richard Mansfield

tragic note, and our night of fun ends quite appropriately in a masked ball.

"*John Bull's Other Island*" is a political satire, having for its theme, as the title would indicate, the perennial Irish question. And as the author is himself a son of the unhappy Isle, his presentation of the case may be accepted without prejudice. Indeed, with that characteristic impartiality already noted, he has given every side a fair hearing, and although in the end, as Mr. Walkeley puts it, "all parties are dismissed with costs, we have a conviction that justice has been done." This satire, which is in Mr. Shaw's best form, had already enjoyed a great popular run in London, and it was assumed that, on the grounds of political sympathy alone, the success might be repeated in America. Interest in Ireland hereabout, however, like Ireland's interest in itself, is conditional on opportunity for the embarrassment of its traditional enemy, the British Government—conditions which the play does not supply. New York found the piece a bore in spite of the "jest in every line," and at the end of the week it was withdrawn.

The unhappy experiences that befell "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*" have been fully related elsewhere, and the kind of notoriety the piece obtained constituted the best of reasons for its withdrawal. We shall be on the safe side of the controversy, perhaps, in characterising the unlucky attempt as premature, and it will doubtless be some years before the play will admit of popular presentation in America. The charge of "immorality" or "indecency," however, may be charitably explained as a confusion of terms, immorality and heterodoxy not being clearly distinguishable at all times among certain of the orthodox. And Mr. Shaw having taken the sword against orthodoxy must face the consequences.

Of the superb acting qualities of the piece, there should be no two opinions, while the humour is provoking and irresistible. Mr. William Archer goes so far as to describe it "intellectually and dramatically one of the most remarkable of the age."

"*Man and Superman*" disposes once and for all of the convention that in the love chase man is the pursuer and woman the pursued. "Jack Tanner," the superman, and "Ann," the minx, have fought it out through four acts (the Wagnerian third act is omitted in the presentation, however), with the result that the superman goes down before the superior life instincts of the woman. "Not happiness," he declares, the red flag of revolt still flying gaily, "but the price for which the strong sell their happiness." Discouraging indeed, if this is truly the last word of the superman.

Mr. Robert Loraine's production of this great comedy was a splendid achievement, almost a brilliant one, considering the magnitude of his task. But it lacked that inherent dignity which invariably

characterises the Arnold Daly performances.

Nothing short of the real apostolic spirit and the severest artistic conscience can save Bernard Shaw from the populace. And this Mr. Loraine has failed to do. He has scored a great popular hit, and his personal triumph in the rôle of "Tanner" is complete. But the author we think would, after all, prefer the popular rejection of "*Mrs. Warren's Profession*" to this popular acceptance of "*Man and Superman.*" This is only a surmise of course, the attitude of the author, as you may know, being somewhat difficult to predict—especially when it has been predicted (if such a bull will pass).

With the hurried exit of Shaw through the wings, the stage returned promptly to its old allegiance, to fiction, romance, and, as if to further emphasise the reaction, to such fairy tales as "*Pantaloon*" and "*Peter Pan,*" in which latter rôle Miss Maude Adams has been entertaining us so delightfully for many weeks past. The story of "Peter Pan," the boy who would not grow up, hardly admits of telling in a way that will convey the least impression of its mystic, intangible, fairy-like qualities. While the play (if the term may be used at all where every known convention of drama is set aside) simply voyages through a series of acts, chartless and rudderless, with all the delightful indirectness and inconsequence of any child-wanderings. Barrie, in his own unique way, has in this merely endeavoured to stir the memories of childhood, and capture for a moment the phantoms of the child imagination. "Peter," a lonely little dreamer, has lost his shadow. It all comes of his fondness for gazing in at the children in the nursery. The window is suddenly shut one day, and the shadow caught in the sash is lost. "Peter" comes back at night to find it, and there makes acquaintance with the sleeping children, John, Michael and six-year-old Wendy, who afterwards mothers all three. Then follows the flight to Never-Never-land, Peter's home, where child spirits, lost through nursemaid's carelessness, have ever found sanctuary. Adventures that befall Peter's little guests introduce pirates

GRACE GEORGE
As "Lady Kitty" in *The Marriage of William Ashe*

and other fanciful bad men, but from these Peter finally saves his companions, who thereupon return to their own homes, leaving behind them only little Peter, who gazes in at the window as of old, a pathetic, lonely little lad, symbolic indeed of the lonely little lads and lasses we have all thoughtlessly left behind in the Never-Never-land.

Miss Adams' portrayal of the winsome rôle of little "Peter" has called forth the only real ecstacies of the present season. And deservedly so. It not only furnishes one of the most remarkable coincidences of character and physical qualifications for its portrayal on record, but supplies one of the finished artistic gems of the entire season's offerings.

The spectacle of sophisticated New York enjoying "*Peter Pan,*" is certainly most interesting and encouraging, too, when we remember that it is only by the way of childhood and the Never-Never-land we may hope to reach any kingdom of heaven worth the while.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, who appears in the other Barrie bill, "*Alice-sit-by-the*

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE
Photograph by Sarony

fire," is one of a few seriously interesting actresses on the American stage. Her success in "*A Doll's House*" a season ago, showed not only a promising intellectual drift, but moral courage, and an ability to take her own artistic measure with a fair degree of accuracy. In the maternal rôle of "Mrs. Grey," one of Kipling's "married Indian coquettes"—in "*Alice-sit-by-the-fire,*" Miss Barrymore challenged comparison with no less than the gifted Ellen Terry. And while she has no doubt fallen short of the more experienced English actress's performance, her work showed unmistakable strength, and proved entirely convincing in spite of her inability to supply the illusion of so mature a part.

"*Alice-sit-by-the-fire*" is a satire turning lightly on the problem play, and the effect of such plays on youthful susceptibilities. The viewpoint is an interesting one, interesting chiefly from its unexpectedness, perhaps, and while the problem play is not answered by any means, it at least invites sober reflection on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Grey have been absent from their children for some time, having sent them home to London, partly because of the Indian climate, and partly for their education. The elder of these (a girl of sixteen), attracted by the problem plays, has been adding to her virtue, knowledge, and to knowledge, wisdom; and the domestic complications that arise on the parents' return are due to certain misapprehensions in the mind of this morally perturbed young lady.

"*Pantaloon*" is a biting satire on the modern tendency of the stage to play for the laugh, with the consequent degradation of dramatic art. "Pantaloon" is the clown to whom the laughter of an audience is life, and narrowed down to this appreciation of the beautiful, he is indifferent to the beauty and grace of his daughter "Columbine." "Pantaloon" wanted a little clown instead. He consoles himself later in the thought that "Columbine" will one day wed the great and powerful clown "Joey," whom he worships above all men, because he is "such a great hartist." "Columbine" disappoints her parent again, however, by marrying "Harlequin," and is thereupon promptly disowned. "Columbine" and "Harlequin" soon find that the world also has little use for grace and charm, and then hungry and worn they wander back. The father is not to be reconciled, however, until he learns that they have achieved the desire of his heart by bringing a little clown into the world.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

Winning a Seat in the Imperial House

By A. C. FORSTER BOULTON, M.P.

THE Imperial Parliament is more and more becoming representative of all sections of the Empire. There are Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen, Canadians, Australians, South Africans, East Indians and West Indians now duly elected members of the House of Commons, and, perhaps, for the first time in the history of the Mother of Parliaments, the Commons' House is representative not only of the Empire but of the people of Great Britain itself. How I came into the possession of a seat in that House, and became the representative of the constituency that sent Oliver Cromwell and Lord John Russell to Parliament, may possibly interest Canadians and happily lead some of them to come to England and join the little band of colonists who have now the honour of membership of the British House of Commons. There are many ways of serving Canada, and a seat in the Imperial Parliament is one of many and, assuredly, not the least among them. There are now five Canadians in the House, although some authorities give more than double that number; but I classify as Canadians only those who were not only born in Canada but educated there as well, and are thus capable of sympathising with Canadian ideals and understanding the life of the people.

I think I can claim this qualification, as I was born at Port Hope, educated at Trinity College School and lived in Canada until I was nearly thirty years of age. I was bred in a political atmosphere and early took a keen interest in Provincial and Dominion politics. Several summer holidays spent in England gave me an interest in Imperial concerns, and a trip across the great prairies of the West may also have stimulated my imagination and taught me to realise what a vast and glorious thing is the British Empire, and what a privilege it is to belong to it.

When first I came to live in England I was a member of no party in English politics. A Conservative in Canada and an admirer of the policy of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, I at first inclined to the English Conservative party. But a short experience of actual life in England soon convinced me that British Liberalism was more akin to colonial political opinion than any of the other parties in the Old Country. As a bar student and journalist I saw a good deal of English life and character—the old-fashioned ways which upheld an established church and gave the congregations no voice in the selection of their own ministers; a House of Lords whose members were for the most part only there because they were the eldest sons of their fathers, and a system which did its utmost to govern through the aristocracy and exclude the democracy from any real power, did not appeal to my political training. Such, however, was and is the policy of the Conservative party in England. With such a policy I, a Canadian, could have little sympathy. Born and bred in the free democratic air of Canada, I could find my natural home only in the Liberal party. In Imperial politics, too, I found that the Liberal principle which made the Empire possible by giving Home Rule to each and every great colony was in accord with my own ideal of a federated Empire.

Having made my choice of parties I joined one or two political organisations and, having been called to the bar, commenced lecturing on Canada at various political clubs and literary societies. I suppose I must have given at least a hundred lectures, most of them illustrated by lantern slides, in various parts of England. This, and an occasional debate at one of the legal debating societies, gave me some experience in platform work and a taste for political discussion. Now and again I contributed a political article to the newspapers or magazines, and finally became a member of the "Eighty Club," a militant political organisation which

sends speakers into every constituency in Great Britain, and is a training ground for the budding parliamentarian.

Between the years 1896 and 1903 I addressed political gatherings in well nigh every county in England. My audiences ranged from a few rustics gathered under the spreading oak to large gatherings exceeding a thousand in number. It was the village audiences I received most pleasure in addressing, and I soon found the art of reaching them was to avoid rhetoric and talk simply and plainly to them about the questions of the day. When thus addressed, I found that the English rustic is capable of understanding not only local questions, but questions that are of Imperial concern as well.

I had by chance been asked to go into the Ramsey Division of Huntingdonshire about five years ago, and had been subsequently asked to speak again in the same constituency, and when a man was wanted to lead a forlorn hope and give the Cabinet Minister who had held the seat for twenty years, and whose family had held it before him for a hundred more, a run for his money, I was invited to lead the charge, and become the prospective candidate for the division. No one imagined in 1903, when I was selected, that there was the least chance of success. The sitting member had rank, prestige, wealth and great territorial influence on his side. I had none of these things, but I had one asset, and that was I had had a colonial training and knew the Empire in a practical way. I quickly set to work, and as the elections did not come on as they were at first expected, in the spring of 1904, I began to feel that there was just a chance of winning a victory. The longer the contest was postponed the better my chance became. A huge majority had to be pulled down and, after addressing nearly one hundred and fifty meetings and riding thousands of miles on my bicycle, I found this spade work had told its tale and I became hopeful of the result.

The last chapter in this narrative began at Christmas and for four weeks I knew little or no rest. A motor car placed at my disposal enabled me to cover something like fifteen hundred miles, and address three, four and five meetings a day. The great questions were the fiscal policy, Chinese labour and education. The first may be said to appeal most to the agricultural labourer, the second to all workingmen, and the third to Nonconformists. I had a goodly array of speakers to help me and, when the eve of the polling arrived and I finished my campaign with a torchlight procession after "doing" four meetings between seven and ten o'clock, I felt sanguine of the result. The custom in English elections is for the candidate to drive round the polling districts on polling day and encourage his supporters, and this I did, covering a wide district and one hundred and twenty miles between eight o'clock in the morning and eleven at night. The counting of votes took place the next day in the Corn Exchange of St. Ives, under the shadow of Cromwell's statue, and when the result was declared and it was found that I had converted a Conservative majority of nearly twelve hundred into a Liberal majority of three hundred and eighty-one, I felt that the Cromwell county had done its duty.

The custom is for the successful candidate to move a vote of thanks to the returning officer and the unsuccessful one to second it. Party feeling, however, ran so high that no speeches could be made, and as I looked out of the window on a sea of upturned faces, the crowd cheering and groaning according to party colour, I felt the reaction from my arduous efforts. I and my opponent were each carried shoulder-high to our respective headquarters to be cheered or lamented with as the situation demanded. My work was not, however, at an end, as the same evening I was urged to appear on a platform in a neighbouring constituency as one of the newest M.P.'s, and so on for successive evenings until the polls in the eastern counties were at an end. Even then I was permitted no rest, as demonstrations to celebrate the victory in my constituency had to be carried out, and thankful I was when the final scene came to an end, and I was allowed to depart in peace and get a fortnight's rest preparatory to the meeting of Parliament.

Nova Scotia and Imperialism

By F. BLAKE CROFTON

IT would be a dangerous thing to claim for any member of the Empire the paternity of the idea that colonies after a certain period of growth should (unless they separate from their mother land) become represented and contributing, co-ordinate instead of subordinate. Before the American Revolution, Governor Pownall had argued for "a grand marine dominion, consisting of our possessions in the Atlantic and in America united into a one empire, in a one centre." "The scheme of giving representatives to the colonies," he said, "annexes them to and incorporates them with the realm. Their interest is contrary to that of Great Britain only so long as they are continued in the *unnatural artificial* state of being considered as external provinces." A few years later Adam Smith gave the weight of his great name to similar ideas. "The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of every part of the Empire," he said, "ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it." And justice, expediency or self-respect may have suggested similar ideas to still earlier thinkers.

In 1833 David Chisholme, a journalist of Lower Canada, published at Three Rivers a book entitled "Observations on the Rights of British Colonies to Representation in the British Parliament." In this book there is some really eloquent pleading for representation, but the attendant obligation of contributing to the Empire's expenses is not asserted, though it may be assumed.

But two Nova Scotians, Judge Haliburton and Joseph Howe, were probably the first men of light and leading in British North America who earnestly advocated the unification of the Empire on a basis of representation and contribution. Before, however, passing to the consideration of their advanced views, I must mention the sound imperialism of another dead Nova Scotian, Principal George M. Grant, C.M.G., who on many a platform pleaded eloquently for the confederation of the Empire.

In the third series of "The Clockmaker" (1840), Haliburton compared the Empire in its present state to a barrel without hoops, whose staves must be more securely fastened together or else they would tumble apart. "In Nature and Human Nature" (c. 19), he used an equally striking simile: The Empire was a bundle of sticks which with more glue would cohere and be strong, but without more glue would fall in pieces.

"The very word dependencies," said Mr. Hopewell (in Haliburton's "Attaché"), "shows the state of the colonies. If they are retained they should be incorporated with Great Britain. . . . Now that steam has united the two continents of Europe and America in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a united Legislature. . . . I do not want to see colonists and Englishmen arrayed against each other as different races, but united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government."

In the same volume Mr. Slick observes of colonists: "They *are* attached to England, that's a fact; keep them so by making them Englishmen. . . . Their language will change then. It will be *our* army, not the English army; *our* navy, *our* church, *our* parliament, *our* aristocracy, etc., and the word English will be left out holus-bolus, and that proud but endearin' word 'our' will be inserted." Haliburton seems to have fretted under this subordinate status of the colonies, and to have yearned for a fuller imperial citizenship for colonists. "No, don't use that word 'our' till you are entitled to it," says the clockmaker. "Be formal and everlastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, etc., and

never strut under borrowed plumes." (Were he alive now he would not say, "We hold the vastest Empire that has been," though he might have observed that we hold *on* to it). Elsewhere he has compared the colonies to ponds, which rear frogs, but want only inlets and outlets to become lakes and produce splendid fish. In fact, the main cause of discontent among educated and self-reliant colonists, his Mr. Hopewell points out ("Clockmaker," 3, 19, and still more impressively in "The Attaché," c. 62), was the lack of openings for genius and ambition. On the gate of any colonial cemetery, he said, might be aptly inscribed the stanzas beginning:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid."

A Dominion political career now furnishes a better opening to aspiring and gifted Canadians. Yet until the name of colonist is almost, and the status of a colonist altogether, obsolete, some of our ambitious men must feel, with Haliburton, a "want of room—of that employment that is required for ability of a certain description"—diplomatic address, for instance, and international statesmanship. George Washington, Mr. Hopewell hinted, might never have led the insurgent provinces to victory, had his gifts and ambition had free vent "in other parts of the empire." The representation of the colonies in the imperial parliament would also serve to prevent dangerous disaffection; their representatives "will be safety-valves to let off steam." Haliburton thought the North American colonies had even then reached a period in their growth "when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children"; but he was not of those who wished to accept the full privileges of manhood and to shirk its obligations and responsibilities.

Now, when the British garrisons have just left us, it may be interesting to recall that this sometimes prescient thinker concludes his "Bubbles of Canada" with these words:

"The fate of Canada will determine that of all the colonies. The retreat of the soldiers will invite the incursions of the barbarians, and the withdrawal of the legions, like those of Rome, from the distant parts of the Empire will show that England, conscious of her present weakness and past glories, is contracting her limits and concentrating her energies to meet, as becomes her character, the destiny that awaits all human greatness."

But it is to be hoped that Haliburton's occasional inspiration may have deserted him in this gloomy forecast, for the condition of Canada and of the Empire and of the world has altered wonderfully since his time.

With Joseph Howe, the successful champion of provincial autonomy, the welfare of the Empire was paramount: the whole was always more important than any one of its parts. In fact, his struggle for responsible government was also a struggle for the unity of the Empire. To establish complete fraternity between British communities, it needed the political freedom which he won as well as the political equality which he yearned for. "The question of questions for us all," he declared, "far transcending in importance any other within range of domestic or foreign politics, is . . . . not how a province or two can be trengthened by a fort or by the expenditure of a million of dollars, but how the whole Empire can be so organised and strengthened as to command peace or be impregnable in war."

As far back as 1846, in his letter to Lord John Russell, Howe had recommended the representation of the colonies in parliament and other measures for imperial consolidation; and when, in 1854, the Hon. J. W. Johnstone moved in the House of Assembly a resolution for the union of the colonies, Howe responded with his memorable speech in favour of a greater scheme—the Organisation of the Empire.

He declared that "while the people of two small islands divide the distinctions and the influence of the Empire among them, they will, by-and-bye, be awakened by the peaceful organisation of a great country, whose inhabitants must be Britons in every sense of the word, or something more." "Sir," he exclaimed later on in the same speech, "I do not envy our neighbours in the United States their country, their climate or their institutions. But what I do envy them is

the boundless field of honourable emulation and rivalry in which the poorest man in the smallest State may win, not mere colonial rank and position, but the highest national honours. Here lies the marked distinction between Republican and British America. The sons of the rebels are men full grown—the sons of the Loyalists are not."

In another part of the same speech he exclaims: "Sir, I would not cling to England one single hour after I was convinced that the friendship of North America was undervalued, and that the status to which we may reasonably aspire had been refused. But I will endeavour, while asserting the rights of my native land with boldness, to perpetuate our connection with the British Isles, the home of our fathers, the cradle of our race."

In one respect Howe went farther than his friend Haliburton, for he outlined a specific scheme for the attainment of their common object. In his pamphlet entitled "The Organisation of the Empire," published in London in 1866, he proposed "to treat all the colonies which have legislatures, and where the system of responsible government is in operation, as having achieved a higher political status than crown colonies or foreign dependencies, and to permit them to send to the House of Commons one, two or three members of their cabinets." After giving his reasons for suggesting this particular mode of representation, and after discussing the proper limits of the jurisdiction of the reconstructed imperial parliament, Mr. Howe asks: "Would the colonists value this privilege? I think they would, but if they did not, their mouths would be closed!"

"Having made this step in advance," he declared, "I would proceed to treat the whole Empire as the British Islands are treated, holding every man liable to serve the Queen in war and making every pound's worth of property responsible for the national defence"

Mr. Howe next proposes that a decennial census in all parts of the Empire should be provided for, to embrace certain specified details. Then, after sketching the outline of a bill for the organisation of the imperial defences, he goes on to suggest various methods for raising the imperial defence funds. He argues for a rebate in the assessment of the colonies' contributions on two excellent grounds: they have not so much to defend as the older and richer mother land, and a less proportion of the imperial funds would be expended in them.

Howe does not seem to have been wedded to his own or any other scheme, for he observes that:

> "If the general principle be admitted, we need not waste time with the details, which actuaries and accountants can adjust. Fair allowance being made, under these two heads, I can see no reason why the colonies should not contribute in peace and war their fair quotas towards the defence of the Empire.
>
> "If once organised and consolidated, under a system mutually advantageous and universally known, there would be an end of all jealousies between the taxpayers at home and abroad. We should no longer be weakened by discussions about defence or propositions for dismemberment, and the irritation which is now kept up by shallow thinkers and mischievous politicians would give place to a general feeling of brotherhood, of confidence, of mutual exertion, dependence and security. The great powers of Europe and America would at once recognise the wisdom and forethought out of which had sprung this national combination, and they would be slow to test its strength. We should secure peace on every side by the notoriety given to the fact, that on every side we were prepared for war. . . .
>
> "But suppose this policy propounded and the appeal made, and that the response is a determined negative. Even in that case it would be wise to make it, because the public conscience of the mother country would then be clear, and the hands of her statesmen free, to deal with the whole question of national defence, in its broadest outlines or in its bearing on the case of any single province or group of provinces, which might then be dealt with in a more independent manner.
>
> "But I will not for a moment do my fellow-colonists the injustice to suspect that they will decline a fair compromise of a question which involves at once their own protection and the consolidation and security of the Empire. At all events, if there are any communities of British origin anywhere, who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain where and who they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation now, in a season of tranquillity—when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply

correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality."

Howe did not believe it was the duty of the friends of the Empire, but the policy of its enemies, to attempt to divide its forces; the task of its friends was to unite and combine. He wrote to the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley:

"If I understand your argument, you would have half a hundred little standing armies scattered all over the globe, paid out of fifty treasuries, and with uniforms as various as were the colours in Joseph's coat, with no centre of union, no common discipline, no provision for mutual succour and support. I would have one army that could be massed within a few days or weeks on any point of the frontier, moved by one head, animated by one spirit, paid from one treasury."

Mr. Howe proposed no half-measures. He believed that to evoke imperial enthusiasm among his countrymen, to rouse them from their long lethargy, it was more desirable to offer them full citizenship, full representation, full rights, full responsibilities, and full contribution—save the fair rebate which he so ably justified. If any fire of imperial patriotism smouldered beneath the ashes, he believed in using the bellows and blowing it to a flame. He believed in smiting the rock and letting the waters flow, if they were there. And if they were not, he thought we had better know it and govern ourselves accordingly. The quality of patriotism is not strained; and a thorough scheme of organisation, he thought, would be more acceptable to proud and unrepresented communities than repeated requests for uncovenanted assistance.

It is true that the establishment of the Dominion, and subsequently of the Commonwealth of Australia, will simplify the process of imperial federation, if it ever is to be. But Howe's opposition to the confederation of the provinces was not inconsistent with his imperial patriotism, if not partly dictated by it. He probably reasoned that, while the provinces remained apart, all their ultra-provincial patriotism would go to the mother land, all their national pride and ambition would be monopolised by the Empire. London would be their only metropolis.

"London is large enough for me. London, the commercial centre of the world, the nursing mother of universal enterprise, the home of the arts, the city of Empire, the fountain head of civilisation! London, where the lady we love sits enthroned in the hearts of her subjects; and where the statesmen, the orators, historians, and poets who have illustrated the vigour of our race and the compass of our language, repose beneath piles so venerable we do not miss the cornice and the plaster. London, where the archives of a nationality not created in a fortnight are preserved, where personal liberty is secured by the decisions of free courts and where legislative chambers, the most elevated in tone, control the national counsels and guard the interests of the Empire."

Howe's imperial views and aspirations, which are merely alluded to a few times in Judge Longley's otherwise excellent Life of Howe, are mainly requoted from a paper read by the present writer before the Nova Scotia Historical Society early in 1903. That paper concluded as follows:

"To the discredit of his mother land and of his native province, this imperial and provincial patriot died without a title and rests without a monument. The shame, if not the pride, of his countrymen will yet erect that slowly subscribed memorial. And when his slowly erected statue is crumbling on its pedestal, Howe's name will be more widely known than it is to-day. Had his energy, his eloquence, his vast local influence, been cast against imperial unity instead of in its favour, it is not unlikely that the Maritime Provinces, perhaps the whole of British North America, would now be forming States in the great republic.

"If the consolidation of the Empire be effected, Howe will rank as one of its earliest and ablest and bravest champions. And if the untied bundle of sticks is to fall apart before it is bound, if the unhooped barrel is to collapse, then, through the 'shadows, clouds and darkness' which he foresaw would attend the downfall, then, through the gloom of the eclipse, will shine the names of those unheeded statesmen who struggled to avert the doom; and Howe will live in history among the paladins of the Great Lost Cause."

A statue of Howe in a characteristic attitude has since been erected in our Parliament Square, and is a credit to the sculptor, Mr. L. P. Hébert. It is to be hoped that this statue may be followed by another in Ottawa and a third in London. "Representation first, all

the rest afterwards! The stone lips of Howe still cry those words aloud in the shadow of Halifax Citadel," writes Mr. W. A. Gill, special correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, in its issue of Sept. 27, 1905. In the course of his striking eulogy Mr. Gill styles Howe "one of the noblest orators of our race, one of the first philosophers who publicly grasped the imperial idea in its modern form . . . that man of inspired aspect, of inspired tongue, of imperial mind and imperial utterance."

"Let us tread in his footsteps!" said Joseph Chamberlain, whose attention was first called to Joseph Howe's imperialism during the late campaign. And if Mr. Chamberlain himself had trod in the footsteps of the Nova Scotian statesman, and not chosen a misleading path indicated by less sincere imperialists, he might now be very much nearer his goal.

The Tragedies of a Night

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE sky was cloudless, steely-looking and full of stars. The bright moon hung so low that she seemed almost to touch the tree-tops as she rode silently over the silent woods. Her rays played among the branches, turned the clearings into dazzling seas of brightness, and behind the pines, cedars and balsams, in deep contrast, cast shadows of thick, impenetrable blackness. Silence, moonlight, and shadow held undisputed sway.

An old road wound in and out among the trees, a twisting, twining band of whiteness, broken only here and there where a giant pine threw jagged bits of shadow farther than its fellows. Where a great tree-covered hill stood in the way the road ran part way up the side, and then, evidently getting tired, ceased to climb, and dipped sharply to the left down into the valley, following it all the way round. On the right, as it wound its way through, was the heavy cedar-wooded hillside. On the left a woods of poplar and other light growths stretched away to a tamarack swamp. Woods-dwellers were on both sides of the road in plenty, but as yet no track had broken its even softness, no sound had touched to vibration and life the silent, waiting air.

But as the night lost its youngness, and the moon swung clear and distinct from the tree-tops, there was a movement at the edge of the poplar growth, and sinuously, quickly, like a drifted leaf, a weasel crossed the road. The night was beginning, and his was the first track to mark its doings. Then a big rabbit jumped from under a log in the woods and came hopping towards the road. After a jump more lengthy than usual across a little hollow, he lighted on a deceptive knoll that settled with him, crackled loudly, and then let him down among some twigs that betrayed his presence to every listener in the silent woods. With long, scared leaps he left the place, not crossing the road after all, but hastily finding refuge among the evergreens whence he came.

The little people of the night are for the most part silent in the pursuance of their affairs, and unusual noises startle and silence them, so for long there was neither sound nor motion 'mong the moonlit ways. A slight breeze though, began to stir the topmost, smallest branches, and a few silky, silvery cloud-shreds drifted across the moonlight, making alternate light and shadow. A mouse, the smallest of all creatures that go by night, seized his opportunity when the moonlight was thus less bright, and lightly skipped across the open roadway, disappearing among the roots of an old stump.

Up to an evergreen bough that hung low upon the snow, close to that very stump, and from the thickest, darkest

part of the woods, led a track—a track that sank heavily into the soft woods-clothing, and utterly, hopelessly, until many snows should fall, spoiled its virginity—a fox track. And at the end of the track, from behind the sheltering bough, gleamed two eyes, eyes with the kill-lust in them. Mousie had been seen. Reynard's hunting that night had been poor hunting, so that as he watched the spot where the mouse had disappeared his appetite took on a keener edge, the hunger-look deepened around his eyes and jaws, and he sank deeper in his tracks. A little field-mouse! What was it? Faugh! A mere mouthful! But hunger drove, so he waited—waited.

Over the swamp-land a great owl hovered, as silent as the silent land below him. Save for an occasional wing-beat he seemed motionless, but he was ever drifting, drifting, intently, patiently, expectantly. In slow, widening circles he moved round and round, just above the tree-tops. But no sound nor motion rewarded his searching, so, slowly drifting as before, he swung away from the swamp, over the poplars, and towards the evergreens across the old road. Oh! how long supper was in coming, and how the hunger grew! Moonlight and shadow played all through the woods, but nothing warm, alive, seemed stirring. All was cold, silent, lifeless.

Slowly the poplar woods slipped by beneath him, and he began to cross the road. Hovering a moment to scan its open surface, his eye caught a movement at the other side. For a breath he hung motionless, then suddenly, with quick, fast-following wing-beats, he shot earthward, a fire in his eye, a warmth at his heart. The little field-mouse had once more ventured forth and, transfixed at first by the great grey thunderbolt that hurled itself at him, he waited, fascinated, for death to come, but the open beak and hanging, wide-stretched claws nerved him, and he dodged and dodged, swiftly, sharply, but each second more hopelessly, till at last the terror came nearer, nearer, smothered him—snuffed him out.

The owl stood upon the snow, one claw upon the already quiet body of the mouse, ready for his long-sought meal. He dallied a little. After all the waiting, watching, it was so good to be sure of his supper. Slowly he lowered his head, ready for the warm, juicy mouthful. But as he did so, there was a stir behind the low-hanging evergreen bough. Reynard crouched a little lower in his tracks. His muscles stiffened, they became hard as iron. His eyes gleamed, and his mouth was half-open. He gauged the distance, moved just clear of the bough, and with a little run and a great jump landed with a snarl and snapping jaws fair upon the owl. His teeth had missed their mark, but with one foot he held down, deep into the snow, a great wide-spreading wing. Again and again he lunged forward, at the head, at the neck, and again and again he missed or was met by snapping beak and open, grasping, ripping claw. His hold on the wing was slipping, slipping. He was losing. He could taste warm blood, but it was his own dripping from his lacerated muzzle. His head was sore from the repeated blows of the free wing. He was nearly done. But with bared fangs and red, gaping mouth, he lunged still again and again. Then ah-h! His teeth drew together, sank through the feathers and deep into the flesh, the warm red flesh.

A filmy mistiness crept all across the sky, and gradually, silently, obscured the moon and stars. Darkness, soft and enveloping, fell upon the woods-world, and a few snowflakes, big and slow-falling, drifted among the trees. And as they fell and as the darkness grew, a little spot under the cedars where lay a mass of blood-stains, bones and feathers, faded, slipped into dimness, blended with the night.

The True Garden Lover

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

TO the true garden-lover a plot of ground and a package of seeds are a potential paradise. The size of the ground is unimportant—provided, at least, that it is large enough to walk about in, and not too large for one's personal management. If the ground is one's own, so much (immeasurably much) the better. If it is rented or borrowed, we can console ourselves with Jean Ingelow's philosophic saying:

"For me are the hills in their best,
And all that's made is mine."

Or if that is a little too abstract to be comforting, let us reflect that whatever we can induce to grow out of that land—and therefore a share of the land itself—is inalienably ours! These spicy-flowered shrubs that we have raised from tiny shoots, these gorgeous blossoms of which we have sowed the seed and tended the plant; these are ours to take where we will.

The love of a garden will even lure one out of the softest of beds at unheard of hours in the morning, dewy hours too near the dawn's cool splendour to be quite comfortable or human. Only in the garden can they make any claim to lovableness—and even there, why is it that dawn is so much more sad than sunset? Is the touch of sadness in ourselves and caused by that lowered vitality which results from the sun's long absence? Or is it from the knowledge that those ethereal colours will so soon be merged and lost in the lonely blaze of noon? With sunset, there is all the starry or moon-lit wonder of night to follow; the rich hues do not fade, but deepen.

But the garden-led will confront the dawn with a cheerful spirit, in order perchance to tuck away some seeds in the brown mold before the heat makes stooping uncomfortable. Yet, ten chances to one, noon will find him (which pronoun, be it understood, just as often means her) bending over the drills, planting curly beet or tiny carrot seeds in the full glare of the sun, patting the earth down lovingly on each row, and straightening an aching back at last, with a sense of "something accomplished, something done," which no other work seems to produce so completely.

Yet this is, to a certain extent, the prose of gardening. When it comes to the sowing of flower-seeds, the setting out of roots and shrubs, the arranging of seats in shady nooks and arbours in sunnier spaces—then indeed we have found the poetry of labor. Here, for our pleasant hours of toil and watchfulness, the bare brown earth shall break rejoicing into the scarlet of poppies, the gold of daffodils, the deep intense blue of monk's-hood and larkspur. As we cover up the tiny seeds, we picture, with "that inner eye" which does so much the largest share of our seeing, the masses of pure colour that shall gleam and glow against the restful green of shrubbery and lawn. We build our summer-houses before their frame-work is made, and train the vines before their roots are planted—and here, in a few short weeks, see our faith justified and our hopes more than realised. It is a very good, direct, and beautiful lesson, if we will be honest enough to read it.

The true garden-lover has, in Summer at least, an almost unfair advantage over those unfortunate mortals who do not share his passion. When things go wrong—slightly, moderately wrong, that is!—with other, less delightful occupations, when life grows complicated and people are perplexing, he can fly to the refuge of the green, walled garden, and forget small troubles while he wields the rake or hoe. The good brown earth has healing in it, one's trees whisper kindly in the warm wind, and the bird-voices have, we think, a friendly note. In th sweet air things assume their right proportions; the freaks of fashion, the endless empty chatter of city life, the strife for wealth, dwindle in importance to their true pigmy size;

and what the world counts but a little thing, shows large enough to fill a man's life.

Among the poets we recognise some few as true lovers of the garden—not merely of flowers (for almost every one admires those), but of the whole thing, earth and air, grass and trees, and the work that keeps them in perfection. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has many touches which show this genuine feeling. In "Hector in the Garden," how lovingly she draws the picture of the garden of her childhood, where she raked and weeded, and thought the "long, long thoughts" of youth! And what a charm she weaves in "The Deserted Garden," where the child creeps through the hedge and finds

"A circle smooth of mossy ground
Beneath a poplar tree.

"Old garden roses hedged it in,
Bedropt with roses waxen-white;
Well satisfied with dew and light
And careless to be seen.

"Long years ago it might befall
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all.

"Some lady, stately overmuch,
Here moving with a silken noise,
Has blushed beside them at the voice
That likened her to such."

Tennyson's gardens, as a rule, are mere backgrounds for fair ladies, who are always leaning over their flowers, or training vines—to show their lovely arms. But one of his garden-pieces strikes the note of perfection; no amount of parody can dim the beauty of "Come into the Garden, Maude."

Wordsworth has given us glimpses of gardens set among his great mountains like jewels on a giant's armour, and his yellow daffodils dance through the world's vision for all time.

Bacon sums up the matter with his much-quoted "God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." But the true garden-lover need not go as far as that. Friendship and love—and even duty—may be dearer, but the garden has a special and peculiar niche in his affections from which none may oust it. Here he shall come for hope in the young morning, at noon-tide for refreshments, and in the fragrant twilight for tranquillity and dream.

McClosky's Boy in the City

By ADELINE M. TESKEY, Author of "Where the Sugar Maple Grows," "The Village Artist," etc.

HE was brought up in a small country village, and was therefore unacquainted with the advantages and artificialities of the city. He knew, by the touch of his bare foot, all the interesting nooks and corners around his home within a radius of five miles. More than once he had acted as a guide to city people, who were spending their summer in the village, when they were willing to follow his lead through marsh and over fen, to see the dams which were built by the beavers when the country was newer. The whiffs of fragrance from the clover meadows, the hallelujah chorus of the million bees in the apple blossoms, the fiddling of the grasshopper, the filing of the cricket, the songs of the birds, and the laughter of the brooks, were all familiar joys to him. He loved all the living things in the whole-hearted, unreserved way in which a boy can love. He could discern the footprints of the fox, the weasel, the ground-squirrel, or other marauder which visited the hencoops of the village; and he often chuckled in his secret heart at their sly manœuvres.

But more than anything else in God's outdoors McClosky's Boy loved the birds. He had climbed trees almost as soon as he could walk, to peep into the nests; he had carried the young birds many a time in his smutty little hands to save them

from the cats; he had put them back in their nests when they had accidentally fallen out; he had learned to imitate many of their calls, and knew more about their fascinating ways than any other boy in the neighbourhood. It was his delight to listen to the pewee's "one sweetly solemn thought" rising up with the night mists; and when it grew darker, the whippoorwill's plaint, or the startling "whoo-oo-o-o" of the owl. He even had, on more nights than one, heard bird-songs in his dreams.

There were occasions on which he had wished that the school-house would burn down—he had dreamed several times of looking on that delightful conflagration —and thus allow him, at least, the space of time that it would take to build another school-house, to live in the bird world. But despite this delinquency, he had made admirable progress with his studies; when but thirteen he had passed all the examinations which admitted him to a higher grade school than was to be found in the village. The schoolmaster was very proud of his prodigy, and as the boy's parents were poor, he succeeded in getting some of the well-to-do people interested enough in the lad to send him off to a city school.

The boy was to enter the city school after Easter, but as the village schoolmaster was going to the city the Saturday before, it was thought that the boy should accompany him, and have his assistance about procuring a boarding place. The master returned that evening, leaving the lad am ng strangers for the first time in his life.

McClosky's Boy had been brought up to go to church, so, the next morning being Sunday, he donned his one white shirt, which his mother had warned him to keep for such occasions, brushed his suit that had to serve alike Sundays and week-days, and was ready.

As he was walking down stairs from his room, he heard the lady of the house say: "This is Easter Sunday, and every woman will have on a new Easter hat, or bonnet." Somehow, this piece of information had a depressing effect on McClosky's Boy, and he said within himself, "If they're goin' to be so all-fired dressed up, *I* won't go." So, when he thought himself unnoticed, he slipped out of the house, and wandered off to make friends in this great lonesome city with the cats, and the dogs, and the birds—if he could find any.

He had not gone far before he heard music. "There is in music something that traverses the ear as a door, the reason as a vestibule, and which goes yet further." With McClosky's Boy it had gone "further." He found himself strangely tranquillised and attracted. He entered the church from whence the sweet sounds were proceeding; pushing one of the doors covered with crimson cloth, which opened from the vestibule into the audience room, he discovered that the audience had not yet assembled, and that an old, gray-haired man was playing the pipe-organ. The attractive power of the music kept growing stronger and stronger, and forgetting that he had made up his mind he would not go to church, among grand Easter hats and bonnets, he crept quickly and silently into one of the back seats.

It was the first time McClosky's Boy had ever heard a pipe-organ, and the deep, subtle melody touched chords within his being of which he had never before been conscious. The instrument sang, laughed, wept, prayed, and agonised under a master hand, and McClosky's Boy thought of home, mother, heaven, and all the good and beautiful things that had ever come into his life; and he wished, yea, *longed*, to be better than he was.

This mood was dispelled by the incoming congregation. He soon found himself seated behind an exceedingly well-dressed throng of men and women. He could scarcely see the organist any longer, being a stocky little fellow, with plumed hats and high bonnets obstructing his view. He had to crane his neck painfully to catch a glimpse of the minister, when he came into the pulpit.

It required such an effort to keep his mind on the sermon, when he could not see the minister, that he gave up the attempt, and turned his attention to what he *could* see.

The birds and wings on the women's

bonnets and hats were the most noticeable things within his line of vision.

"That kind," he said to himself, eyeing a bird on a bonnet in front of him, "builds its nest in the crotch of a tree, up high—wonder how she ketched him." (McClosky's Boy was not at all skilled in the secrets of millinery, and had a vague idea that each woman in some way had snared the bird that adorned her bonnet.) "Lines it all with some soft downy thing, most like silk, an' lays five eggs—little speckled fellers. Sits on the top of a Norway spruce, an' sings like sixty—'specially when it's thunderin' an' lightenin'. That's a cukoo," he continued, turning to another bonnet; "I can't see its feet with all them ribbons, but it oughter have two toes in front an' two behind. Don't sing much, but makes a noise like a tree-toad; builds his nest in a low bush, an', like enough, poor codger, that's how he came to get ketched. He lives near streams generally, an' my *goodness!* if he don't eat caterpillars!——an' if there ain't a hull flock of little weenchy hummin' birds!"

McClosky's Boy came near forgetting that he was in the house of God, so wrought up were his feelings, and almost spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Och! I call that mean, to take advantage of them leetle fellers—not much bigger than a bum-bee! I've seen 'em dippin' them long bills into the honeysuckle on the school-master's verandah at home, an' drawin' the honey out by the—" he stopped as if his vocabulary failed to supply a word. "How in the mischief did she ketch so many of 'em?"

"I've tried over an' over again, an' I never could catch *one*. Wouldn't 'a' killed it if I had; jest took a good look at it—*my*, how its little heart would thump—an' then let it fly away. I mind the little wee nest in the hickory I climbed—all lined with fluffy bits of cattails, soft as a feather-bed, all fixed over on the outside as nice as you please, *jest exactly* like the bark on a tree—an' there's a song-sparrow, 'pon my word, on that woman's hat, with his head perked up as if he was lookin' up into the sky an' askin' God not to let her ketch him. Wonder if he'll sing again. They say there'll be lots o' singin' in heaven. Wonder if song-sparrows, an' canaries, an' catbirds, an' fly-catchers will do any of it?"

Here McClosky's Boy looked dreamy and reminiscent; his eyes wandered away from the bonnets toward a stained-glass window in the end of the church, a work of art which was intended to be a representation of the stoning of Stephen.

"They killed him, too," whispered McClosky's Boy sorrowfully, "'cause they was bigger an' stronger than him. Men did it....Men an' women are both cruel," he added philosophically.

His eyes soon came back to the bonnets. "I swan," he continued, "if there ain't a wild duck's wing—an' a hull pigeon's breast—an' a phœbe—an' a grosbeak!"

"There's a blue-jay," he said, again turning his attention to the bonnets, "an' a blackbird, an' a robin, an' a little yellow-hammer, an'—" He was craning his neck for another look at what he thought was a new kind of bird, when he caught the eyes of a church official sternly fixed upon him. He straightened up.

The church had been wonderfully decorated with flowers for this day of days, their perfume filled the place like incense, the choir had given some of its grandest Easter music, the minister had preached a sermon of great resurrection power, but McClosky's Boy went out from that church feeling depressed. He hadn't heard a word of the sermon—did not even know the text.

"I s'pose it was for their Easter hats an' bunnets they killed all them birds," he said moodily. "Och, Easter!" with a little shiver at the thought of so many of his dead favourites. "I'll never come to church again!" he added fiercely. "I'll chuck a cracker into my pocket Sundays an' go out to the park an' feed 'em; the robins 'll eat anyhow, an' after awhile the sparrows, an' p'raps the bluebirds.

"I'll go when I get back to the village," he added, as his conscience gave him a twinge when he remembered how his mother had always insisted on his church-going.

Jake Trinnigan's Come-all-Ye

A Newfoundland Story

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Brothers of Peril," etc.

JAKE TRINNIGAN was the acknowledged bard of Round Robin Cove. No incident of local importance escaped his rhymed interpretation. His "come-all-ye's" were chorused up and down the coast, and in the forecastles of many a foreign-going barque and barquentine.

A "come-all-ye" is a form of ballad that is not confined to the coasts of Newfoundland. It is to be met with in many rural districts of the North American continent as well. It gets its name from the constant repetition of the phrase "come all ye hardy sailormen," or "fishermen," or "lumbermen," as the case may be. It is usually sung to a tune of the simplest kind—to one that enables the performer to devote all his attention to the words. In fact, the thing would be as well spoken, if a man were only able to speak as loud as he can sing. Sometimes an accordion or a fiddle joins in the rendition. Like the legend of old the come-all-ye is circulated only by word of mouth, for the makers of these "topical" poems are not contributors to the magazines.

Round Robin Cove gets its name from the "Round Robin," which is a flat, circular rock lying in the bay just beyond the mouth of the little harbour. Why the rock is called "Round Robin" is more than I can say. The village is made up of about a dozen cabins, an equal number of drying-stages and fish stores, a chapel, a meeting-house, and two grave-yards. Back of it lies the inscrutable barren, and before it flash the merry waves and roll the dank fogs of the inscrutable sea. Its inhabitants differ in no wise from the other simple and rugged folk of those regions. The women are large, for the most part, with good complexions, and a rolling gait acquired by walking on the springing surfaces of the "flakes" or drying-stages. Most of the men get berths on the sealing steamers for the spring voyage northward, fish all summer, and *exist*, with more or less discomfort and an occasional revel, during the winter. A few of them sail to Spain or South America on the "fish" vessels of St. John's and Harbour Grace.

The belle of Round Robin Cove was Bridget Malloy. Her hair was black; her eyes were grey; her voice was like music when she laughed; she was tall, and roundly made; perfect health and the sea winds lit her eyes and cheeks. Thanks to the fact that her father, Skipper Morris Malloy, was a "planter"—a trader of varied merchandise for dried fish—she was able to dress more effectively than the other girls of the place. Red was a favourite colour with her.

A dozen stout young fishermen were in love with Bridget. At no time during the last five years had the number been less than that; often enough it ran up to twenty. It was wonderful to see what a level keel she kept through all this courting and rivalry. It was diverting—unpleasantly diverting, if that could be—to see what the other girls of the harbour felt toward Bridget Malloy. If looks and lies could kill, Bridget's wake would have been celebrated long ago. Lies can kill. But no slander was hell-sharpened enough to cut through that girl's armour of loveliness. She was kind to the girls and polite to the men, and frank with the whole of her little world. So no one believed a word of what the other girls said; and they, of course, knew how black were the lies they told. To their credit be it said, that after getting used to seeing all the boys admiring Bridget more than any of themselves, they desisted from the more flagrant features of their story-telling, and rose to being only feebly spiteful.

When Bridget was seventeen years of age a youth named Patrick Walsh seemed to have found favour in her eyes. But the farther seas lured him away. When she was twenty, Jake Trinnigan believed him-

self to be the favoured one, but in his heart lurked a suspicion of Pat Walsh. He was glad that Pat was a wanderer. He hoped that the glamour of foreign ports would keep him out of Round Robin Cove for some years to come. In the meantime he would wipe the image of that foxy-headed sailorman out of Bridget's heart, working on the doubtful hypothesis that it was there.

News of the wrecking of the barquentine *Eskimo* somewhere in the Caribbean Sea reached Round Robin Cove just about that time, and filled Trinnigan with joy. He had nothing against the *Eskimo*, but Patrick Walsh was one of her crew, and the subject of a come-all-ye lay ready to his hand. With his art he would defeat his distant rival and win the love of Bridget. For days, for weeks, he worked over the rhymes of what he dreamed would be his masterpiece. In his plunging skiff, as he "jigged" the foolish cod, and at the splitting table, as he skilfully worked his knife upon them, lines of the song came to him. They came slowly, and were committed to memory one by one. In this case he had a double task, for he had to invent the story as well as the words, as no particulars of the shipwreck had reached the Cove. But he soon found that this was rather an advantage than otherwise. It left his genius unfettered.

His friends soon saw what he was about, though they did not guess his sinister purpose.

"Ah, b'y," remarked his father, "ye be studyin' on anodder o' t'ay po-ums, baint ye?"

Jake complacently admitted that such was the case. The elder Trinnigan chuckled, and slapped his toil-bitten hand against his knee. He was a great admirer of Jake's talent. He fondly believed that it was inherited from himself.

"When will ye tell it to us?" he enquired. "Sure, b'y, I be fair achin' to hear it. Pipe us a line or two, now."

Jake shook his head, and regarded his parent reprovingly.

"It baint so easy," he said, "t'is makin' songs. Ye talk as if it were splittin' fish."

Mike Trinnigan looked at his wife, with pride in his eye.

"Jake be o' right," he said. "Sure, but who wud t'ink to see a big feller like our Jake, wid arms like var trees, able to study out t'ay complete rhymes. I had a feelin' t'at way meself, once."

Word by word, line by line, stanza by stanza, Jake built up and treasured away his wonderful come-all-ye. His friends begged for enlightenment, but all in vain. Even Bridget knew nothing of it, save that the subject was the wreck of the good barquentine *Eskimo*. But, to tell you the truth, Bridget made no enquiries into the matter, despite Jake's careful-casual remarks concerning the great song he was "studyin' out."

"But it's herself that'll wake up w'in she hears what a fool I've made o' t'at foxy-headed Pat Walsh," he told himself. But in his heart clung a shadow of doubt like a shred of fog on a sunlit cliff. Bridget smiled on him. Bridget danced with him. But when it came to encircling Bridget with his arm the slap which he received on the ear was in no way suggestive of coquetry. His simple nature could not comprehend the distinctions. A dozen times he goaded his courage *almost* to the point of asking her to marry him; and a dozen times his courage oozed away before the calm regard of her bright eyes.

"But it'll work out," he told himself. "Sure, an' it'll be right in a mont' or two. Jus' wait till she hears me sing t'at come-all-ye!"

Word went 'round the harbour that Jake Trinnigan's new come-all-ye would be a feature of the Twelfth-Night spree at Skipper Morris Malloy's. Malloy's place was a big, low dwelling that had been built, a century ago, by a man of substance. The crowning night of that season of merry-making arrived, and the whole settlement gathered in the Malloy's low-ceilinged living-room. On a table beside the chimney sat the orchestra, comprised of Black Garge Toolan with his fiddle, Nick Kelly with his accordion, and old Denis McKeef with his flute. The room was indifferently lighted by lanterns and tallow candles. Most of these were placed about the upper end of the apartment, on the chimney-piece and the big dresser. The corners, and the benches arranged by the door for the convenience

of the old people, were in shadow. Outside, the wind blustered and bellowed, outshouted the surf along Round Robin and dashed its burden of sleet against roof and wall. Inside, the orchestra tuned its instruments, the young people took up their positions for the first quadrille, and the old men and women recalled the glory of their own dancing days. Thei pipes reeked. Their host visited them with a mug, and a bottle of seasonable cheer. They were hot and happy. Just as the fiddle, the accordion, and the flute struck into the opening bars of the dance, and the girls and boys stamped their feet and swung their bodies, a stranger let himself into the room and sat down beside old Paddy Walsh. He was a small man, with merry blue eyes. Sleet glistened in his red beard.

After an hour's stamping and leaping, Jake Trinnigan felt in condition to do justice to his masterpiece. He vaulted onto the table. The dancers sagged against the walls, and the orchestra stilled its efforts.

"Gi' us a tune, b'y," said Jake to the fiddler. Then he began:

"Come all ye hardy sailormen
Who face t'e win's dat blow,
And harken to me little song
O' t'e good ship Eskimo.

"She left her fish at Pernambuc,
As everybody knows;
An' laid her course fer Hanchell's in
The isle of Barbados.

"The sea were calm, the sea were still,
T'e win' ye cudn't feel;
T'e skipper sipped his grog below,—
Pat Walsh were at t'e wheel.

"Pat Walsh were at t'e wheel, my b'ys—
His head were shinin' bright;
A steamer sighted it, and t'ought
It were a starboard light."

"For shame, Jake Trinnigan," cried Bridget.

The girls giggled. The men stamped their feet on the floor and hammered the wainscotting with their heels. "Go on, Jake," they cried.

Flushed with that reckless pride that is at one time or another felt by every poet, Jake sang on:

"Pat Walsh were at t'e wheel, me b'ys,
His hair were shinin' red;
T'e harmless skipper sat below,
T'e bo'sun were in bed.

"T'e steamer t'ought she'd cross her bows,
(Still Pat persued his dream).
T'e steamer cum at t'irty knots,
An' smacked her fair abeam."

"Ye're a liar, Jake, me b'y," sang out a clear voice from the far end of the room, "an', begobs, I'll learn ye not to make poums on t'ings ye don't know nothin' about."

Old people screamed, benches were overturned. A short, square-set figure landed on the table beside the breathless bard of Round Robin Cove. Trinnigan presently descended to the floor, shoulder first. The short man followed him, feet first, and advanced to where Bridget Malloy leaned against the wall.

"T'is be our dance, Bridget," he said.

"Sure, Pat, b'y," said Bridget.

Her Rosary

By GENEVIEVE KENNEDY

OUTSIDE her window the big arc light, with much sputter and buzzing, had shot its first gleam into the twilight of a grey day. She sat in a big chair in front of a bright wood fire; her toes stretched out to the blaze.

She did not realise how quickly the cheery glow was chasing the lines from off her tired little face—the face of an unmarried woman—small, wistful, rather commonplace withal. She was telling her rosary. I stole noiselessly into the room and peered over the high-backed chair.

She could not see me and I couldn't see any sign of a rosary—but she had told

me once that every night when the day's work was over she did so, and it was such a "comfy."

I had loved her in a strange way for quite a number of years, and the reason I loved her was partly because of the rosary. Her hands rested idly in her lap —I think her rosary must have been hidden in the heart of the glowing logs as one by one she counted them. The first bead was small and dimmed by years of disuse; her lips unconsciously murmured the old nickname, and from out her rosary of fire the little bright, petite, sensitive face answered. Tears filled the brown eyes, a sigh fluttered the reddish curls. "We'll always be friends," the voice reiterated. But, as I said, that bead was very indistinct, and the prayers of schoolgirls are easily answered. As the second bead was told, I saw the lines in her forehead deepen a bit. That face was still a factor in her life, but between them lay "the sea of change," maybe a sea whose troubled waters she had no oil wherewith to smooth. But the sad little mouth smiles lovingly as her fingers touch number three. "Ave Maria," 'tis the face of her dear old room-mate, which looks lovingly, loyally into her own. The face of a glad soul strong and sweet. A face conquering by the power of inherent truth and steadfast purpose. Ah, yes, that bead can never cease to be counted as long as prayers are said!

The beads slip through the fingers more quickly as the blaze dies down to a steady glow.

Faces from distant places and diverging paths in life pass rapidly by; only a few, comparatively, are the faces of men, and but three of these the lips and fingers give pause to—the three who loved her best, but to whose prayers there was no response from the voice within.

As she neared the end of her devotions the light of possession illumined her face and showed the grey eyes, if wistful, yet very tender.

The faces from out the three or four beads remaining looked straight into her own. "Thy friend will come to thee unsought; with nothing can his love be bought," they said.

The fire is quite low now; the grey eyes entirely hidden. But the mist of sleep does not obliterate the vision, nor the firm hands relax their hold—they have come to the last bead on the rosary.

Through office routine, and evenings lonely, despite distance and all misunderstandings, the dear face she always loves is echoing back the heart's "Ave Maria," and a woman's voice is telling "God sent you to me, and He said, 'Behold, a friend!'"

The Hopeless Quest

BY HELEN MARKEY

HE wandered far from off the beaten track;
He trod in tangled paths to find a Truth
In which to rest secure from warring creeds
And clouds of doubt that mocked his faith of youth.

He clambered Life's steep heights, and found but Fame—
Its power, he felt, might bid his soul's strife cease;
When softly breathed a Voice: "No rest you'll know
Until you climb to Me. Lo, I am Peace."

FORT MCLEOD—BUILT BY SIMON FRASER IN 1805
From Morice's "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia"

One Hundred Years in British Columbia

By HAROLD SANDS

IMPORTANT in the annals of British Columbia is the merry month of May. On its 20th day, 1806, just 100 years ago, Simon Fraser, explorer, fur-hunter, empire-builder, set out from his Rocky Mountain post on the voyage of discovery which ultimately resulted in the finding of the great river which bears his name, and in proving that the hitherto described "unknown river" bore no relation to the Columbia, as many voyageurs thought it might. On May 28, two years later his canoes first rested on the waters of the turbulent stream, and in May, 1809, he got back to Montreal, where he was acknowledged as the founder of New Caledonia, the explorer of the main fluvial artery of British Columbia, and one of the first residents of the Province, as the Rev. G. A. Morice, O.M.D., so aptly puts it in his "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia."

It is a poor year now that does not see some centenary celebration. In the early years of 1800 the foundations of British Columbia were being well and truly laid—chiefly, be it noted, by Scotsmen. The Pacific Province can have, if so it feels inclined, a centenary celebration of some notable event, or some conspicuous man, for a decade or so. But the people on the Coast are too busy carving out the present to pay much attention to the buried past. For this reason they allowed the hundredth anniversary of the landing at Nootka of Cook, the great navigator, to pass by as if 1778 was an unimportant date in their history; a few enthusiasts in Victoria did attempt to make 1892 memorable as the centenary of the arrival on the Coast of Captain George Vancouver, but the general public took little interest in the affair; then again 1893, which marked the centenary of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's arrival at Bella Coola "from Canada by land"—as he inscribed on a giant cedar on that arm of the Pacific—went by without any historic festival,

SIMON FRASER

From a Photograph by James Hawes, Cornwall, C.W. By kindness William Briggs

while 1905, which saw an important anniversary, that of the founding of Fort McLeod—the first post in the northern interior—by Simon Fraser, which occurred in 1805, was quite forgotten on the Coast until after the Lewis and Clark Fair had closed its doors. Much as Canadians enjoyed and lauded the exhibition at Portland, Oregon, it contained something of bitterness for the thoughtful in the Dominion, for it showed them the resources of a rich country, which not a few of them still think ought to be part of the Confederation, and would have been so had the authorities in the East and Downing Street been as wide awake as the United States Government of 100 years ago. The great Mackenzie preceded Lewis and Clark by twelve years, and his journey across the continent was far more notable for many reasons. If the great fur-trader, the representative of the Northwest Company, had had the Government at his back, instead of his enterprise being merely a private one, his activities might have been extended southward and Oregon have become irredeemably Canadian; or had Simon Fraser started a year earlier—but these are vain regrets. The mischief was done when in 1807 Fraser, at his far northern fort on Stuart Lake, heard that the Americans, under Captains Lewis and Clark, had reached from the south the mouth of the Columbia, and were rapidly annexing the country by virtue of the right of discovery. Though Fraser failed to reach the Coast before the two captains—in fact he never actually stood on the shores of the Pacific—he added a new province to the geographical conquests of the Northwest Company, and hence to Canada. Grand was the work of this son of a Scottish United Empire Loyalist, and pleasant is the task to trace—though scant the space—the rise of British Columbia in the hundred years since Simon Fraser made himself famous for all time.

Like a lone mountain in a vast expanse of prairie, each stepping-stone in British Columbia's progress during the past century stands out distinct, prominent, overbearing. The coming of the Hudson's Bay Company, the entry of the Church, the establishment of a colony on Vancouver Island, the Cariboo gold craze, the formation of the mainland into a colony, the joining of the two dependencies, Confederation, and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway—these are as Rocky Mountain peaks overtopping the foothills of history in the hundred years since Fraser started on his tremendous journey.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

Second Governor of Vancouver Island and First Governor of British Columbia

THE GREAT MONOPOLY

Dealing with these in their order,

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE DANIEL W. HARMON SIR GEORGE SIMPSON

THREE GREAT EXPLORERS

the first is the coming of the great monopoly in 1821. The Hudson's Bay Company having received into its capacious person the Northwest Company, became in the year mentioned the paramount power on the Pacific Coast. In New Caledonia it reaped where others had sown, but in the south it led the way, the pioneer of the white race. It has been villified, scourged with vitriolised pens, charged with every known sin that greedy commerce could commit in those early days, but the unbiased reader of history must agree with Bancroft when he says: "I can but regard the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company upon the Pacific Coast, in points of integrity and humanity, as far above the average corporation monopolist." When one hears or reads attacks on the great Company of Adventurers there comes to mind the story told in rhyme by one of the few Canadian poets. Therein is related how a Hudson's Bay Company man, with his wife and chattels, started in a cart to go through a region inhabited by Indians who had been converted into hostiles because of wrong action by Americans, and who had sworn to kill all whites in revenge for harsh treatment by the "Boston" traders. The company man placed on his cart the flag of the monopoly—the Union Jack with the letters H. B. C. upon it, and when the Americans urged him not to go to certain death he laughed them aside. He got into the midst of the angry reds, but—

> "When they saw that little flag
> A sticken' on that cart,
> They jest said, 'Hudson Bay,
> Go on good trader with good heart.'"

While the Northwest Company may claim to have laid the foundations of the Province, its successor nobly carried on the work of rearing the structure which now adorns Canada's Pacific Coast. It planted one corner of its Empire building in the south beside the Columbia River, and if it had been adequately supported by the British Government, the Union Jack would fly to-day over Oregon and Washington. When driven from the Columbia by what was allowed to be the peaceful invasions of Americans, it built as strongly at Camosun, as Victoria was first called, and brought the outlying country so firmly to Britain that when the cry "Fifty-four forty or fight," was raised on Puget Sound, the Government at Washington realised that neither fifty-four forty nor fight would do. And so parallel 48 marks the boundary line. The company established another corner at Port Simpson, on the far northern coast of the Province, towards which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is building to-day, and to reach which it must pass over some of the ground trodden by the pioneer feet of Mackenzie and Fraser. It strength-

ened Forts McLeod, Stuart and other trading posts which had come to it from the Northwest Company, while the other limb of this Colossus of the North was in the extreme south-east of British Columbia, where Montana and Idaho abut on it. Chains of forts dotted the country between these firmly-planted corners. Over the whole Coast was the spirit of the Hudson's Bay Company, the autocrat of an empire, a soulless corporation, worshipping fur as a god, commercial to the backbone, but, as compared with monopolies of to-day, benignant, humane, just and considerate.

It is written that all monopolies must perish. The Hudson's Bay Company taught British Columbia to walk. Then, in the first flush of its early manhood, came the Church, the first important invader—if such it may be called—of the company's preserve. There followed the discovery of gold in the Fraser River, and next in Cariboo, and British Columbia turned from the company and from the Church to worship at the shrine of riches. The date of the arrival of the first missionary in British Columbia has been variously stated, but it is likely that Father Morice is right when he puts it at 1842. A divergence of opinion also has been expressed as to the year when gold was found in any considerable quantity; however, 1858 is the first celebrated one in this regard. Between 1842 and 1858, viz., in 1849, Vancouver Island was converted into a Crown colony, but it remained practically Hudson's Bay land, while the mainland was incontestably a kingdom of the company. However, when the gold strike was made and thousands of strangers stampeded to British Columbia who would not brook monopoly rule, Church and State ranged themselves on the side of the people and the autocracy was doomed. For over twenty years it had reigned supreme; from 1821 to 1842 it was the sole lord; for the next sixteen years it battled to maintain that supremacy, but when in 1858 the gold-hungry hordes were let loose on the country, the hand of fur was forced to relax, and the Company of Adventurers saw that soon it would be obliged to restore the sceptre of sovereignty to the successors of the royal Charles, who had granted the original charter to the dashing Prince Rupert and his merry companions. It yielded gracefully as befitted one of so great name.

THE MARCH OF THE CROSS

Always among the intrepid, eager advancing pioneers of the West to-day is found a representative of the church. One denomination or the other is in every new field. Long before the days when steam invaded the mountains, representatives of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian sects had their men in the mining camps and Indian villages. The Roman Catholics led the way, as far as the church is concerned, in British Columbia. As in Eastern Canada, so in the Pacific Province, the first to woo the Indians from the worship of false gods were those who owed allegiance to the Holy Father at Rome. The leader in the march of the Cross, the first notable missionary to penetrate the interior from the Coast, was he who afterwards became Bishop Demers. When that devout and kindly man passed away in 1871, regretted by Protestants and Catholics alike, a link with the romantic past was severed. To the present generation Demers is little more than a name; but half a century ago no man was more welcome on the Coast, whether it be in the Chief Factor's house, the long room at a fort, a miner's tiny cabin, or an Indian wigwam. He and those who worked with him set the Light of the World upon the summits of the West. Speaking of the noble work of Demers and those who followed in his footsteps, the late Malcolm McLeod, a Hudson's Bay man from birth to the grave, said: "I am a Protestant, as my father was, but we can bear no other testimony on this point—the priest and the trader have, in this case, gone hand in hand, and commerce has in truth, in this instance, been handmaid to religion." In the middle forties, Demers journeyed far into British Columbia wilds; in 1847 he was consecrated Bishop of the newly-created Diocese of Vancouver Island. When the rush to Cariboo took place the other Churches had their representatives

THESE FIRST GOVERNMENT OFFICES ESTABLISHED ON THE MAINLAND OF BRITISH COLUMBIA WERE AT NEW WESTMINSTER, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

in the wild camps—earnest, zealous workers, who underwent considerable hardship and preached to the gamblers in dens of vice, because the card-players would not go to them.

A STARTLING OFFER

It is always an important event in the life of the individual or colony when the first stirrings toward self-government are felt. In some cases parents supply the initial promptings with the idea that an appearance of standing alone may be given to the youngster who is really made all the more dependent. Thus it was with British Columbia in 1849. The Hudson's Bay Company, driven from Oregon by "American marauders"—to use a phrase coined by a United States writer—saw that the legislators in England were casting an eye toward this very far away, very wild and very little Britain, little, that is to say as far as population went. The directors therefore laid plans to secure their power while seemingly allowing the growing Coast to stand upon its own feet. It is a curious coincidence that the man in charge at Downing Street of things colonial in those days was Earl Grey, an ancestor of the present Governor-General of Canada. While satisfied with obtaining practical sovereignty of British Columbia, for a time, the company, in its negotiations with Lord Grey, aimed far higher. It intimated that it was "willing to undertake the government and colonisation of all the territories belonging to the Crown in North America, and received a grant accordingly." So startling a proposal naturally staggered Downing Street, even in the days when it was customary to speak of "those wretched colonies," and the Crown promptly suspended negotiations. After an interval the company returned to the attack with the more modest statement that it "was willing to accept that part of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, or even Vancouver Island alone," although it remarked that "placing the whole territory north of the 49th parallel under one governing power would have simplified arrangements." Despite the opposition of Gladstone and the leading London newspapers, the Hudson's Bay Company was made lord and proprietor of Vancouver Island, subject only to the domination of the British Crown, and to the yearly payment of seven shillings as rent. The charter, which was dated Jan. 13, 1849, stipulated that the appointment of Governor was vested in the Crown. It also said that the lease of the island was "forever," but events proved that Mr. Gladstone and others had much reason for their opposition, and the "forever" became nine years only. The great year of gold, 1858, really saw the last of the great monopoly as such. It may be mentioned that almost immediately after the grant was made the Crown repented it, and Lord Elgin, Governor-General, reported disparagingly of the company as a ruler in the Red River district; but its course on the Coast was an improvement, being spoken of as without flagrant offence or outrageous wrong, and even marked by much kindness and humanity, which is no mean praise for a monopoly.

THE FIRST COUNCIL

Naturally enough, it was the idea of the Hudson's Bay Company to have Chief Factor Douglas appointed as first Governor of Vancouver Island, but Earl Grey had his eyes open, and he appointed Richard Blanshard. Yet Douglas was the real power. He was for years head and shoulders above the rest of the men on the Coast, particularly in the days when Vancouver Island was a colony, yet not a colony. Blanshard endured months of discomfort while the company manœuvred for its man. In November, 1850, the nominal Governor wrote to Earl Grey tendering his resignation, which was accepted in the following year. Before leaving for England, however, Blanshard nominated the first provisional council that ever met on the Coast. It consisted of James Douglas, James Cooper and John Tod, who were giants in those days. In September, 1851, Douglas was made Governor, and thus were united in one person the authority and interests of the company and those of the colonial government. For over a decade Douglas filled the two positions of Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and Governor of Vancouver Island. He convoked

NEW WESTMINSTER IS NOT NOW THE SEAT OF PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT BUT IS NEVERTHELESS A PROMISING CITY. THE CIVIC AND DOMINION GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS ARE SHOWN HERE

the first assembly in 1856, when seven "fit and discreet persons" were chosen to the first parliament of the West.

With the discovery of gold in 1858, the mainland began to usurp the prominent place the island had held, and the British Government decided to form it into a colony under the name of British Columbia. The governorship was offered to Douglas, providing he left the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, which he agreed to do. The monopoly's license of exclusive trade was revoked, and the Crown purchased the com any's rights on the island for £57,500. New Westminster was established on the Fraser River, and became the capital of British Columbia. A legislative council was organised in 1863. The merging of the two colonies was seen to be but a matter of a short time, and in 1866 was accomplished. The colony of Vancouver Island ceased to exist, but its chief town, Victoria, became the capital of the united British Columbia.

While British Columbia was making the first steps in self-government, the older East, beyond the Rockies and the great plains, were talking Confederation. John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Charles Tupper, Leonard Tilley, Alexander Galt, and the other "Fathers," were first leading towards, and then arranging, the terms of union which were finally agreed to at the conference that took place in the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, in 1866, and which were embodied in the Imperial Act, which came into effect on July 1, 1867. After the passage of this act none were more eager to be admitted into Confederation than the people of British Columbia, but it was not until 1871 that this was accomplished. A few years later the Province came dangerously near seceding from the union. Before touching on this subject,

however, one must hark back to the days of '58 and note the effect of the discovery of gold in the Fraser River and in Cariboo.

THE GREAT GOLD STAMPEDE

"High above all principalities and powers, above religious fanaticism, or love of Empire, above patriotism, philanthropy, family affection, honour, virtue, or things supernal or infernal," to quote the rhetorical Bancroft, there arose in this Northwest wilderness an influence which overshadows every other, which shrivels into insignificance fur companies, settlement, skins of wild beasts or lives of wild men, missionaries, governments, parliaments, houses of assembly, and even rum. An Indian took a drink out of the Thompson River, near its junction with the Fraser; having no vessel, he quaffed from the stream; he perceived a shining pebble, which he picked up, and it proved to be gold. The news went from mouth to mouth, and spread rapidly south through Oregon and California, to far-off Canada, and even to England and Australia. It is noised abroad that gold abounds in British Columbia. "And so the settlers on Vancouver Island, on the Cowlitz, and on the Columbia, leave their farms; then the servants of the monopoly fling off their allegiance; the sawmills round Puget Sound are soon idle, and finally, wave after wave of eager adventurers roll in from the south and east, from Oregon and from California, from the Islands and Australia, from Canada and Europe, until the third great devil's dance of the nations within the decade begins upon the Fraser." None were too poor, and none too rich to join in the rush; some out of restlessness or curiosity, others for profit or prey. Only by the rush to the Klondike has the sudden and vast migration of 1858 been equalled. Of course, among those who flocked to the Province were rough-and-tumble rascals, loafers, gamblers, a pestiferous crew. Despite the stern authority of British law, as exemplified by Chief Justice Begbie, murders, sandbaggings, Indian wars and the usual atrocities accompanying a rush to the West were perpetrated. Fortunately there erew British Royal Engineers, sailors and marines to reinforce the officials appointed by Governor Douglas, and Begbie rendered justice with an intensity and directness that the wild, rough and cunning men soon learned that crime would meet its just deserts. The Chief Justice has been described as almost as good as a vigilance committee, sometimes quite as good, oftimes even better. His presence permeated the remotest parts of the country like that of no other man. When once it was understood by savage and civilised alike that justice in his hands was swift, sure and inflexible, the battle for right was won. No one cared to kill, being sure he would hang for it. There is room for but one characteristic story of Begbie. A gambler named Gilchrist, who had killed two men in California, shot another in Cariboo. He was tried before Begbie. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter. Turning to the prisoner, the judge said:

"It is not a pleasant duty for me to have to sentence you only to prison for life. Your crime was unmitigated murder. You deserve to be hanged. Had the jury performed their duty I might now have the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death. And you, gentlemen of the jury, permit me to say that it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for bringing in a murderer guilty only of manslaughter."

There were other righteous judges in the land, and the people soon came to prefer justice to license.

The Fraser River excitement was followed in 1860 and succeeding years by the discovery of rich placers in the Cariboo district, and the output of gold is estimated at $50,000,000. From this time practically dates the opening up and settlement of British Columbia. The immediate effect of the gold excitement was to lay the foundations for the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific railways as commercial enterprises. Permanent developments of many kinds followed in the wake of the crowd of adventurers. Of course, there came the inevitable reaction, but the gold had been British Columbia's great opportunity; it took

VANCOUVER, FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886

occasion by the hand, and since 1858 has never looked back.

DANGEROUSLY NEAR SECESSION

Rich as the Province is in its natural resources—in its mines, its forests and its fisheries—it has always stood up for its just rights from the Dominion of Canada. Its cry these days is, "Better Terms"; shortly after Confederation it was "Broken Terms." The main condition under which the Province became one with the rest of Canada, was that an inter-oceanic railway be constructed by the Dominion. The Pacific Scandal, the fall of the Macdonald Ministry, and the dilly-dallying of the Mackenzie Cabinet caused so great delay in starting the road that the British Columbia Government carried to "the foot of the throne" complaints of the breach in the terms of union. The Earl of Carnarvon was appointed arbitrator in

VANCOUVER AS IT IS TO-DAY

The tallest and most distant building is the C.P.R. Station. Across the Bay is the Indian Mission

1874. The Earl's decision was accepted by both sides, but the Dominion violated the terms, and separation was for a time openly threatened. Lord Dufferin, Governor-General, visited the Coast in 1876 in an endeavour to appease the people. "I am not here to defend Mr. Mackenzie," said the Earl, in a speech at Victoria, but he contrived to give the impression that he was, and his visit failed, though it somewhat allayed the popular discontent. Not unnaturally, the Americans on the Coast became active and took advantage of the situation to covertly work for annexation. What might have happened it is difficult to tell, but, opportunely enough, the Mackenzie Government fell at Ottawa, and the resumption of power by Sir John Macdonald cleared the air. In 1879 Sir John's administration ordered a start to be made on the railway from Yale to Kamloops, which was the first section of the Pacific Railway to be constructed. Then the syndicate took hold of the enterprise and completed the line in 1885, or five years before the date required under the Carnarvon terms. The ghost of annexation was laid and British Columbia was indissolubly a part of the Dominion.

HALF-WAY HOUSE OF EMPIRE

To-day, the Province is the half-way house on the all-red route of the British Empire. From Vancouver, its chief city, travel radiates in all directions. The growth of the Terminal City, as Vancouver is called, proves the wisdom of the men who stood out for the Carnarvon terms. As Halifax is nearer by some hundred miles to the great commercial ports of Europe than is New York, so is Vancouver closer to the big seaports of Western Asia than is San Francisco. To it, over the Canadian Pacific Railway, must come much of the rich traffic from Europe to the Far East and Australia, while at the same time the trade of Canada herself, through the port, to the Orient and the Antipodes, grows greater every year.

British Columbia is yet in its infancy, but its future cannot be otherwise but brilliant. A man is always prone to sound the praises of the land he lives in. But, as far as British Columbia is concerned, the foreigner has done that as well as any native son could possibly perform the action. One cannot do better than conclude this article with the tribute of the historian Bancroft, already referred to. He wrote:

"The youngest offspring of the Mother of Nations, this Province contains a population whose members regard their adopted country, not merely as a place to grasp at wealth, but as one in which they are content to live, in which they are proud to live. And in their adopted country the impartial observer must find much that is worthy of admiration. . . . . With a shore line of more than 7,000 miles, containing many harbours and navigable inlets, with its magnificent fauna and flora, its wealth of minerals and fisheries, its growing commerce, its commercial position, and its facilities for communication and manufacture, it is not improbable that even within the lifetime of the present generation, British Columbia may rank among the foremost provinces of the Dominion. Meanwhile it can claim, at least, the distinction of being one of the most progressive regions of British North America, and though but a few years ago considered almost as a cipher when compared with other provinces, may prove to be a cipher which contributes untold value to all the rest. As in other parts of the Pacific Coast, and as in Australia, the resources of British Columbia would not have been even partially developed but for the discovery of gold; though here, as elsewhere, of the thousands lured by expectation of sudden riches, a few acquired a fortune and a considerable number realised modest gains, the majority not only became bankrupt in pocket, but, suffering hunger and privation, had cause to rue their folly in forsaking more substantial gains, and awoke from their visions of phantom wealth to the stern realities of their condition, as outcasts from a dream of paradise. To such daring, open-handed, and often noble-hearted men, countries which have since attained to prominence are indebted, not only for their origin, but for their progress, and on the forgotten graves of these reckless adventurers, abandoned in life to the bitterness of despair and degradation, will rest the pillars of mighty states and empires."

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL CITY OF MANDALAY
The four walls are each a mile and a quarter long. Outside is a broad moat.

The Last Royal Funeral at Mandalay

By HELEN BERNARD

OF the many beautiful cities of the far East, there is not one more complete in its loveliness, or richer in recent historical associations, than Mandalay. The fort lies enclosed in four massive walls, each a mile and a quarter in length, forming a square, from the centre of which rises the Royal Palace. Outside these walls is a broad moat whose mirror-like expanse reflects every changing tint of the sky. It was amid these surroundings, some years ago, that we witnessed the obsequies of Queen Shimbumashin. It is a nearly unknown name now, and yet only twenty-five years ago in Mandalay this woman ruled from behind the throne of King Theebaw with almost as absolute an authority as his own. She died in Rangoon, far from the scene of her former power and splendour, and it was only at the earnest request of her adopted son, the Nyoungwe Sawba, that the local government permitted her body to be brought to Mandalay, and consented to its interment in the Fort, near that of her illustrious consort, the great King Mindohn.

On the South Moat Road is a mean little row of tumble-down mat houses, behind which is a large clear space. The day before the funeral this space was densely crowded with Burmans, Shans, police, babies of all sizes and ages, stray dogs, poultry, and even a few pigs. The murmuring voices of the crowd in various dialects conveyed an idea of eagerness and curiosity, but none of solemnity. Yet this was the scene of the lying-in-state of the royal dead, Shimbumashin, the daughter of a king, the wife of a king, and the mother of Queen Soopayalat, now exiled in Ratnaghari.

We made our way towards a huge square erection of white muslin stretched over slender, pliant, gilded bamboos, which formed a roof and half walls for the royal coffin. The latter was an oblong box of exquisitely carved sandalwood, almost concealed by a pall of rich

THE ROYAL PALACE OF MANDALAY
The "Centre of the Universe"

crimson velvet and glittering crowns, forming a vivid contrast to the surroundings of snowy white, which is the Burmese colour of mourning.

It needs the death of some very great personage to induce the Burmese woman to discard her gay garb of rainbow-tinted silks, and this was such an occasion. Round the coffin they knelt in an ever-widening circle, each bent head crowned with thick coils of dark hair, each lithe figure modestly robed from head to heels in spotless array, forming a striking study in black and white which made the coloured coffin look pathetic in its tinsel gaudiness. For a fortnight had this silent homage continued, the crowd never thinning, the dead never left lonely, and yet the feelings of the watchers must have been curiously mixed, for the dead woman was credited with many atrocities and deeds of savage barbarity. Many think it is through her evil counsels to her daughter, Soopayalat, that the latter lost her kingdom and pines in exile, while the English over-run their beautiful palace and the vandalism of Tommy Atkins is gradually defacing the many monuments that still stand in silent testimony to the great past of Royal Mandalay. And yet there are ex-ministers of the late king and Burmese officials of high rank who must have felt a thrill of pride and gladness that the oldest surviving representative of their royal race should be buried in the heart of the now Anglicised fort, with a salute of guns and all honours at her grave, though at the time Government officials were very divided as to the wisdom of such policy.

The actual scene of interment lies to the east of the palace, at the foot of King Mindohn's tomb, and there we saw many erections and stands, all of whitened bamboos, with awnings of snowy muslin. We made our way to the one reserved for European officials and were received by that dignified Burman, the Honourable the Rinwoon Myngwi, C.S.I. Here we found the most thoughtful arrangements for our comfort-chairs, fans, interpreters, and even cooling drinks and ices. Each fresh arrival was presented with a white cotton handkerchief of laughable size and

thickness, accompanied by a tiny bottle of scent, bearing the inevitable label "made in Germany," and also marked "quintessence," so we did not think it advisable to sample the contents. We were rather puzzled, too, as to what use it would be permissible to put the handkerchiefs. They might have been meant to dry our tears of sorrow, but as the only tears we shed were those wrung from us by the excessive heat, we adopted them as mopping cloths, for which their vast dimensions rendered them singularly suitable.

The gaily coloured crowd that lined the route of the funeral procession, beneath the shade of magnificent tamarind, gold mohur and pepul trees, were gathered in picturesque groups to laugh, chatter and partake of indescribable looking refreshments. Conspicuous among the latter were large slices of the Dorian fruit, which is most refreshing to the palate, though quite the reverse to the nostrils.

KING THEEBAW

Son-in-Law of the illustrious King Mindohn and Queen Shimbumashin

A sudden sound of music, weird and distant, struck the still, hot air, and the crowd swayed forward eagerly as the head of the funeral cortege appeared round the palace. First came twelve pyramids of offerings to the poongyees (Buddhist priests) borne aloft on stretchers. These were of very diverse kinds. Each pyramid boasted a highly-coloured mat, which hailed unmistakably from Birmingham or Manchester. There were also Turkish towels, robes in the various rich tones of gold that none but the priests are allowed to wear, boxes of exquisitely polished teakwood, red lacquered begging bowls, umbrellas of deepest amber-tinted oilskin, bottles of European scent, and more incongruous than all—a bottle of beer bearing the label of the local brewery! Next came the poongyees themselves, with downcast eyes and rosary in hand, many of them with curiously refined ascetic faces, which one could never possibly associate with beer bottles or similar atrocities of British manufacture. They were followed by what we would all take to be the royal coffin, were it not treated with scant respect, one might almost say with mirth, by the crowd. They had quickly realised that it was not the real thing, but only an empty husk to deceive the evil spirits, in case they might feel inclined to possess themselves of the royal remains. This superstition, though believed in by the crowd, is strenuously denied by educated Burmans, who explain that the coffins are only used to emphasise the contrast between an ordinary coffin and that which contained the body of a royalty. Next came the Celestial White Elephant, most revered and honoured of all beasts, for it was in his form that the

SUMMER HOUSE WHERE KING THEEBAW ABDICATED

last re-incarnation of Gautama appeared before being born a Buddha. In these degenerate days, alas, Celestial White Elephants are scarce even in the mighty forests of Pegu, so that the one that adorned this procession was but a hollow mockery of white calico, with trunk and ears painted the tenderest pink, and propelled by human legs of sinewy brown, loosely covered in white. Those legs appeared to be very much overcome with heat or fatigue, for they frequently collapsed on the route, and after a few minutes' rest zealous hands tenderly assisted them to a standing posture, in a manner much more suggestive of pantomime burlesque than of a royal and sacred funeral.

One marked peculiarity of the procession was that each item thereof took a rest when, where, and for how long it liked. As there ensued a lengthy pause now, we looked around and had the notabilities pointed out to us. In one small enclosure, railed in with trellis of white bamboo, sat a quiet crowd of women with grave faces, and many with thick silvery hair. These were all of royal descent, connections of the dead woman or of the exiled king and queen. Similar enclosures contained the ministers and high officials of the past, all men of note who were much connected with the doing (or undoing) of the kingdom of Mandalay. Perhaps the most striking figure there was the ex-Admiral of the Burmese fleet, or the Kinwoon Myngyi, ex-Prime Minister to King Theebaw.

The calico beast of uncertain gait having disappeared through the trees, there came to view a throng of women, princesses all, with their jewels discarded, no coquetry of gay flowers adorning their dark hair, and all habited in mourning white. The attitude of the crowd grew more tense as in quick succession were borne past, a magnificent gilded pagoda in miniature, in which was enshrined a funeral urn, a golden bed for the repose of the queenly spirit, and all the insignia of her exalted rank. Her box of betel-nut, her drinking cup, her water bottle, her fan—all thickly covered with gold-leaf—were deposited by the open grave, so that the great lady might have all the necessaries of this life to assist her journey

into the unknown of the next. These were followed by a gilded ploughshare and many extraordinary farming implements which required explanation. This was a very ancient custom in memory of one of Pagahn's mightiest monarchs, who from a common labourer rose to a throne. With a fine pride in his humble origin, he issued a royal mandate that at his death the tools of his early youth should be borne with all pomp to his grave, and to that of every succeeding king and queen; and so it has been faithfully done for centuries past.

A curiously mixed cry went up from the crowd—whether of mourning or exultation it was impossible to say—as very slowly the coffin came in sight, with its glitter of scarlet and gold shielded by seven white umbrellas, and followed by a great throng of mourners. In the rear we saw a big yellow satin umbrella outlined with flaunting pink frills (only royalty may use this colour), and beneath it strides the Nyoungwe Sawba, chief mourner and adopted son of the dead queen, with attendants fanning him vigorously on either side.

QUEEN SOOPAYALAT
Daughter of King Mindohn and Queen Shimbumashin

The coffin by now was at the open grave, and a hush fell over the entire assembly as it was placed on a large velvet cloth and gently lowered to the earth. A libation was poured over it, rice was sprinkled around, the last prayers were said, and gradually the curious crowd dwindled away. In an hour all that was left of the quaint scene were a few priests droning their prayers, and a few mourning relatives, still watching, still waiting, though the burning sun was now high in the sky. With a strange lack of reverence, carpenters were already pulling down and carting away the several erections which had sheltered the various groups of sightseers, but when they had concluded their work of demolition there was a great silence, and strange thoughts came as one gazed on the newly-turned earth.

Not much is known of the early days of Shimbumashin, but there are old Burmans who tell strange tales of the remarkable signs and omens that pointed to her having great authority and high rank in the future. An old Shan witch who knew the girl (then only a Launshe princess) predicted that she would wear a crown, and as though to verify her words a fierce wind sprang up and whirled off the silken scarf that covered the child's shoulders, and that scarf was afterwards found fast bound on the loftiest pinnacle of the palace. The little princess was always remarkable for the peculiarly wide dark circles that surrounded her brown eyes, which among Burmans is not only considered a great beauty, but also a sign of wonderful luck. Nothing, however, distinguished her life until the accession of King Mindohn in 1853, when the royal

KING MINDOHN'S TOMB
The Burial Place also of Queen Shimbumashin

favour signalled her out, and the little princess with the "mourning eyes" was made one of his four principal queens. Throughout this wise, just and prosperous reign, Shimbumashin was feared and obeyed, and though she was only one of his four principal queens, and though the king had many lesser wives, only the name of this one has come down in history, a woman with great force of character and exhaustless ambition. At the close of Mindohn's reign, Shimbumashin, having no son to inherit the crown, contrived to marry her daughter, Soopayalat, to the succeeding King Theebaw. Soopayalat was only a girl of nineteen when she ascended the throne, and throughout her brief reign with its tragic close, she was swayed by the unwise counsels of her mother, and her jealous, passionate love for Theebaw. It was Shimbumashin who was held greatly responsible for those terrible massacres in the palace of all aspirants to the throne, which filled England with horror and brought about the intervention of our Government. There are Burmans living now who tell the exact number of victims by her own hand, and yet admit she was obliged to do it, or she would have been killed herself. She it was who flouted the remonstrances of England, and hotly urged war and death sooner than surrender to the insolent invaders. It little matters now how far her counsels prevailed, for the events that followed are of very recent history. All know of the advance of our troops from Rangoon, how point after point was steadily gained up the splendid reaches of the Irrawaddy River, how the decisive victory of Minhla was utterly discredited by the girl-queen and boy-king of Mandalay, until one day when there was no possibility of further doubt, the English troops had actually landed at the river shore, three miles distant, and the dismayed inhabitants of the royal palace could hear the tramp of their steadily approaching feet. On they came, meeting with little or no resistance, over the massive bridge of the South Moat, up the broad street leading to the glittering spire which marked the royal palace or "Centre of the Universe," as the Burmans proudly called it, through the lovely gardens ornamented with many gleaming tanks of water, spanned by rustic bridges, and with quaint, pagoda-like summer house under the shade of far-reaching trees. In one of these sat King Theebaw, who without a struggle abdicated his kingdom to General Prendergast; while in a little room at the back of the palace lay Queen Soopayalat in an agony of grief, with her mother, Shimbumashin, fiercely exhorting her, even then, to conceal her jewels and fly; but it was too late. The following day Theebaw left Mandalay for his long exile. The queen-mother lived in Rangoon until her death.

A Slip of the Noose*

The Third of Four Western Stories

By HERMAN WHITAKER

IT is well to be in-doors when the smothering blizzard cuts loose in the Northland, and turns five hundred thousand miles of prairie into a white and whirling hell; and so thought the Pelly trappers. They hunched up to the red stove in the big log store and listened to the voice of the storm. It was intensely cold. The spirit thermometer on the log verandah registered sixty-five below zero, every nail and scrap of door iron was embossed with glittering frost, and an inch of clouded ice covered the window-panes. Outside, the furious wind, veering from every point of the compass, now walled the fort with circling clouds of snow; then, changing tactics, blew steadily from one direction, threatening to bury it beneath monstrous drifts. Suddenly it dropped, and the falling snow settled in straight lines.

"Storm over?" A man glanced up.

"Bah!" A half-breed trapper, who had just come in, tugged at his frozen beard and shrugged his shoulders. "He just begin. Lis'en!"

Far off the sigh of the wind rose to a sob, a moan, a shriek; then, with a thunderous roar, the storm struck the building.

"So!" continued the breed, unwinding a long neck-scarf. "He ees the king blizzard. Soon we have spreeng, eh? This dam cloth! No loose yet." A solid inch of ice gripped scarf and beard.

"Guess you're right, Brousseaux," chipped in another man. "You made the fort just in the nick of time, old man. Here, stick that goatee o' yourn on this." The breed thrust out his chin. Placing an axe head beneath the beard, the man gently crushed the ice with the poker.

"There," he said. "Talk less on the trail, Pete, an' you'll have less ice in your whiskers."

"Thanks! Yes, I will have your advice." He combed the beard with his fingers. "It ees a hard trail, the Pelly. An' in a blizzard! This ees better, eh?"

"Anythin' new on the plains?"

"Ah, now you spick, my friend. Ees ther' news? Of a sort, yes." He rubbed his hands as a cat paws h rself, and his face darkened.

"Good?"

"Who knows? I have listen to the cry of a man-child born to the great prairie. That ees good! Men are few, comrades die. The child mus' bear hees mother's name—this ees bad! It was best for boy to have father."

"What's this, Pete?" A big Englishman sitting next the breed laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"It ees you, Elliott? Yes, you shall hear, but first—more wood. The frost, he's in my bones." When quarter of a cord of dry poplar was roaring in the furnace, he hitched closer and spread his palms to the heat. "Yes," he continued, "it was bad, ver' bad, for May Dupré that her father die—"

"What? Louis Dupré?"

Brousseaux nodded. "Oui! Louis have kill hees las' moose an' trap hees las' mink, an' so much the worse for hees daughtaire."

"A good man gone to glory!" "Best shot on the plains!" "Guided the Red River Expedition under Wolseley in the seventies!" came from around the circle. The breed waited for the last tribute of respect.

"An' so much," he repeated, "the worse for hees daughtaire. You see"—reaching for the Englishman's pipe—"las' spreeng Dupré an' Glen Cameron hunt north of Lak' Winnipegosis. They build cabin at Big Moose Lak', an' May cook hees grub. Las' June Dupré fall seeck, ver' seeck. Soon he die. They bury heem. Then—ah, well"—with an

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expressive shrug—"what would you? The girl was pretty, the man han'some an' strong. They hunt till first snows. Then Glen bring the girl to Ellice while he go to Winnipeg. Before he return—the child ees born."

He stopped. The men leaned to the stove, silently smoking, listening to the storm, brooding over his words. They were a hard-bit lot, swept from the four corners of the earth and dumped in this little corner of the frozen north; yet each had his code of honour, his notions of morality, and a strong sense of justice. Their own forest loves they conducted very much after the fashion of Father Adam; but this was a woman of their blood, subject to a different law. Had she male kin, they would have noted the incident with mild interest, expecting a red atonement; but she was an orphan.

From the law she could get no redress. True, by hard stretching, its long arm just reached the fifty-third parallel, but its clutch was, at best, spasmodic and uncertain. And she had grown to womanhood beneath their eyes; was one of them, a member of that community which counted its neighbours from Winnipeg to Fort McCloud, from Pembina to the Arctic. Her wrong was theirs—theirs its righting.

"Won't he marry her?" asked Elliott.

Brousseaux shook his head. "No, my friend," he answered slowly. "Was there ever before so much of a fool? A girl, pretty; a man-child, strong and fat; an' marry? No! An' all because of the hot word of a fool priest. But"—shaking his head—"he was ever stiff in hees neck, this Glen Cameron. Strong as a buffalo, straight as a young poplar, mark you, with a tongue of fire an' a devil temper. An ill man to meddle with. Ma foi! Yes."

"I know the breed," mused Elliott. "Aberdeen granite foundation, dash of French pepper, and *blood* enough to make em sullen. But what's this about the parson, Pete?"

"The priest? You know heem, Père Francis—Ellice Mission."

"Fussy little fool!"

"As you say! Well, he spick beeg word, ver' beeg, to this thick in hees head Scotchman. It is well to spick, yes, but softly, so hees word tickle hees ears, but 'Scoundrel! Marry, or I curse!' " Brousseaux lifted his eyebrows. "This to a man? It ees bad. But for the priest Glen marry the girl."

"A praste, a woman, to raise the divil," growled Irish Dan, "an' it's meself knows the combination. Whin Father O'Toole put the ban on Biddy—"

"Dry up, Dan!" "Save your wind!" "We know what happened the father!" shouted the men. "Ought to," added Elliott; "he's told us forty times."

"Begor," grumbled the Irishman, "wudn't yez let a man tell his little story, ye hathen thaves? Fire up, Recarde, it's gettin' colder. It's roastin' I am in front an' freezin' behint, be the same token."

He turned his back to the stove and watched the powdery snow sifting through the key-hole. It stretched from the door to his feet, forming a miniature mountain range across the floor. Brousseaux leaned, catlike, over the stove, heating the marrow in his bones for the next day's trail—he was due at Fort à la Corne, one hundred miles away, in two days' time. Outside, the snow hissed along ahead of the nor'wester; the building shook beneath the blows of the storm; the wind sobbed and wailed in the chimney; the windows rattled in the casements. The men smoked quietly. Some were travelling frozen trails with the dead trapper, others were thinking of his daughter. The iron clang of the stove door broke the silence. The Irishman was stoking up.

"Where's Glen now?" a man asked.

"Winnipeg. Come back in the spreeng."

"An' May?"

"With Stewart, Factor of Ellice."

"She's in good hands," said Elliott. He glanced interrogatively round the circle. "Well, boys?"

A man rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe—a tall Canadian, a son of Anak, standing six foot six in his moccasins, straight as a pine, with a splendidly formed body. He yawned. As he stretched, his knotted hands touched the spruce rafters, and his body loomed up like a stocky oak.

"Boys," he growled, "we're a-goin' to

play a han' in this game. I reckon May Dupré don't lie in the mud while there's man or gun in Pelly."

"Now you spick, Bill Angus," muttered Brousseaux.

The south wind was eating the snow, and water, strangely unfamiliar, covered the slough ice before Glen Cameron returned from Winnipeg. Above him travelled the big mallard and the wild goose, heralds of coming spring. Along the great valley of the Assiniboine the forest awoke from its long sleep, and gave vent to arboreal yawns, sighs and soughings; the music of running waters delighted ears turned to the stern hiss of drifting snow, and the doors of Ellice flung wide to admit the warm sunshine of the first spring days.

Glen had settled in his cabin on the tableland above the Fort a couple of weeks before the news travelled to Pelly. He lived alone. His father, the old Factor of Devil's Drum, had, when Glen's head topped his boot, mixed things badly with a bull moose, and the mould of eighteen summers covered his forest grave. His mother lived in Winnipeg on a pension allowed her by the Company. Through her he inherited a strain of French-Cree blood, slight, but sufficient to speck his blue eyes with spots of darkest brown and to touch his temper with sullenness. This lick of the blood was favoured by birth and raising. He got his first notions of life along with his first nourishment from a Cree foster-mother, and this strange conjunction of blood and breeding produced the stiffest man north of fifty-three.

Three weeks passed without his going near Ellice. Ostensibly, he was preparing for a hunting to the north, yet constantly upon some pretext he deferred his departure. The real reason he never acknowledged until one Saturday, Pete Brousseaux, carrying the northern mail, dropped in, and along with his letters gave him the news.

"As you say, ver' fine weather, bon! Ma foi! Yes! An' you will be goin' to the christening to-morrow, eh?"

After Pete had gone, wondering at the look in Glen's face, he paced back and forth like a caged beast. The sun went down on his walking, and the grey lights of dawn found him walking. When the morning brightened a little he banged the cabin door and strode off in the direction of the Fort.

Very shortly the winding trail brought him to the valley. Eight hundred feet below the swift Assiniboine writhed in giant convolutions along the level bottoms. On the eastern horizon the rising sun, a molten disc, gleamed through a cloud-glory of ruby and gold. Gray shadows shrouded the river, and towards these, down the steep headlands, crept the rosy flush of the morning. Glen stopped and gazed at the vermilion splendours of cloud and sky. Then, from his right, the mission bells of Ellice pealed forth the matin chime. Clear, silvery, resonant, the wave of sound flooded the valley to the distant hills, echoed in the black ravines, and filled the air with rippling music.

The man's face took on a softer look. Those bells had tolled the knell of his father, and they called back vivid memories of childhood days. He bowed his head until the last vibrant echo died in the black ravines; then the sun rose high above the horizon, and things took on their workaday aspect. The mood passed. He walked on to the mission chapel, where, leaving the trail, he crept into a poplar bluff and lay down in the grass.

Little by little the Fort quickened into life. Smoke rose from the Factor's chimney, and then tinkling bells told of cows wandering to pasture in the bottoms. Gray squirrels popped from holes, examined the trespasser, and skipped off about the serious business of life. Cheeky gophers decided their matrimonial squabbles beneath his nose, but he saw them not, as he lay quietly watching the smoke.

A couple of hours passed before an old trapper hobbled over to prepare the chapel for service. Glen could hear him moving inside, opening windows, sweeping, and dusting the altar. He finished. There was quiet; then, suddenly, the mass bell swung above his head, and its solemn chime echoed through the valley.

And now across the prairie sounded the creak of huge-wheeled Red River

carts—Father Francis's Indian converts coming from the reservation. They groaned up to the chapel door and discharged their loads of broad-faced, chattering squaws. After them a dozen silent Indians filed into the mission. A few scattering settlers came afoot, on horse, or driving buckboards. The Hudson Bay men lounged over from the fort, but before they could enter the building a half-score mounted men swept round a poplar bluff—the Pelly trappers come to lend a hand in christening Dupré's grandchild. Then, black-cassocked, portly, with mass-book under arm, Father Francis stepped from his house and strode across the yard.

At last the Factor's door opened. Two women came out and moved towards the chapel. Glen got to his knees and stared. She was looking well! Her face was beautiful as ever, and maternity had given a needed roundness to her figure. He noted the tender droop of the lip as she bent over the child. Yes, she certainly looked well and—a jealous pang nipped him hard—happy! This was not what he expected, and he tried to tell himself that he was glad, but—what a fool he had been! She whom he had left clothed in the ugliness of form which precedes the birth of life, had blossomed as the butterfly from the chrysalis. She entered the church, and the priest began to intone the mass.

"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti!"

"Amen!" answered the quavering voice of the clerk.

How familiar, but—how long! It seemed to the impatient man that the interminable responses would never have done. At the "mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa," he unconsciously beat his breast. At last the priest's voice hushed. There came an expectant rustle, and through the open window there travelled the wail of an infant. Glen started and half rose, but the voice of Father Francis sent him back.

"And now we will proceed with the holy service of baptism, a sacrament ordained of God, and consecrated by the usage of Peter and Paul, His holy apostles."

Once more the rustle, mixed with murmuring voices and shuffling feet. The child wailed again, thrilling the man with strange emotion. He heard the mother hushing it. His straining ear caught the swish of her skirts as she rocked to and fro; then silence.

"The name of the father of this child?"

Dead silence. Glen sprang to his feet and made for the chapel door. He was on fire. He could see, in imagination, the girl meekly standing before the accusing priest. Half-way he stopped. The Factor was speaking.

"Till some guid mon shares his name wi' this puir misdealt lassie, I'll be father till the laddie. He tak's my name."

"Who stands sponsor for this child?"

"We do!" Like the growl of distant thunder the response rolled from the throats of the Pelly trappers.

"And dost thou, William Stewart, renounce Satan, his pomp and works?"

"I do!" the sponsors answered.

"Dost thou believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth?"

"I do believe!"

"Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, Who was born into this world and suffered for us?"

"I do believe!"

"Then in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I baptise thee, William Stewart. May our blessed Lady make intercession at the throne of the Most High, that the stain of wedless birth be not cast against thee!"

"Amen!"

Strong and fervent, mixed with the gutturals of the Indians, the answer passed through the open windows and died far out on the prairie. An old Gregorian chant finished the service; then, laughing and exchanging greetings, the congregation tumbled out-of-doors—the good, the bad and the indifferent rubbing elbows, and none to tell the difference.

For a while the young mother stood in a ring of squaws, watching her baby passing from breast to breast. The red women clucked their wonderment at the exceeding whiteness of his skin. After dowering him with small moccasins worked curiously in beads, they mounted the crazy carts and drove off across the prairie. Then the Factor took the baby and

presented him to his numerous fathers in God, and the men of Pelly manœuvred him as though he were a jewel of great price, liable to break in the handling. The stout arms of Bill Angus trembled beneath the load, and he sweated profusely till relieved of the burden. They all agreed there never was such a baby.

Then came the birth offering. Long knives, damascened in silver or gold; rifles that—in the hands of a northman—never missed; belts, pouches, and other gear of war and the chase, were laid at the baby's feet. Bill Angus presented him with the deed of a square mile of land, and Recarde with a stack of beaver, to be trapped the coming summer; but Pete Brousseaux, the cunning, broke all their hearts. With a shy grin he brought forth a resplendent rattle, wondrously tipped with rubber, and especially warranted to be efficacious in teething.

When the giving was over, the Pelly men hobbled their horses and strolled off to the Fort along with their Ellice comrades. Ten minutes afterwards the head of the last settler bobbed out of sight behind the long roll of the prairie, and Glen was alone. He waited until the Factor's door closed on woman and child, then took the road home.

Just before the trail swung from the valley a cloud hid the sun. Instantly the smiling peace vanished, and the landscape clothed itself in naked savagery. From the black of the tree-lined ravines the bald headlands stood forth like the breasts of a proud woman. A chilly wind came out of the west and moaned in the sombre spruce, while on the horizon smoky thunder-heads piled fleece on fleece. The change suited Glen's mood. He gazed his fill, then held on to his solitary cabin.

By sundown black clouds covered the sky, and the roll of distant thunder announced the coming storm. With night came the first rain—big drops, hitting the ground with a thud. Gray shapes turned and twisted between earth and sky; the lightning quivered all around. The air was sultry, and the windows of the Factor's house stood open.

May Dupré sat in her bedroom watching the approach of the storm. The baby was sleeping quietly. She had laid off her dress for the night, and her neck and arms gleamed in the flashing lightning like polished marble. A gust of wind swept the rain into her room. She raised her hand to close the window, then paused, listening. The thud of horses! And from the Fort! Surely the Pelly men would never take the trail on such a night?

A splitting crash overhead started her back, but in the following flash she saw a score of horsemen. A man was coming towards the house. She heard his knock and whispering. A name rose to her window.

"Hush!" warned the Factor. "The lassie's windy's open."

She leaned forward, straining her ears to catch the whispers. Through the darkness she made out the figure of Bill Angus. In the dim light his long body took on an additional cubit, and his immense width, fading into the gloom, conveyed an impression of indefinite extension.

"I'll hae naught to do wi' it," finished the Factor aloud. "Gang yer ain gait, Bill Angus."

"Please yerself," answered the giant. "He swings."

The girl gasped, and staggered back to the bed. Hang, they said! No! No! It must not be! She had long ago forgiven. And—she still loved.

Her preparations were quickly made. Picking up the baby, she placed him to the breast and coaxed him to repletion. Then, with the little head bowed in slumber, she tucked him warmly in bed, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and crept softly downstairs.

The Factor had gone to bed; she could hear his heavy breathing. She opened the door carefully and slipped outside, but as she turned to close it the shawl swept away on the wind. She hesitated, then plunged on into the blackness. The rain splashed on her naked arms and breast, but she moved steadily forward, feeling the trail with her feet. A crash of thunder broke overhead. A brilliant flash lit the prairies for miles around, and showed the trail winding like a black serpent across the dun plain. The priest's

house, black-windowed and wetly glittering, flashed out as she passed by. She thought she saw a white face peering through the window. Another blaze of fire and the corral came into view, with old Spot, the bell cow, standing tail to wind, head over the fence.

A bolt flared from the sky and struck the ground at her feet. The air filled with sulphurous fumes, and she was momentarily blinded and half stunned by the concussion. A lull, almost a silence, followed, then the voices of the storm—the pattering rain, the moaning wind, the rustling trees, and the splashing water—resumed their interrupted song. When the flickering light again illumined the prairie, old Spot lay dead in the midst of a dozen of her progeny.

May moved on. For one brief second, deathlessly still to the eye, though trees, shrubs and grass were in violent motion, the great valley uncovered before her; then she turned the bend and headed for Glen Cameron's cabin.

The rain beat heavily on the sod roof of Glen's shanty, finding its way through in several places. On a rude bunk, fashioned from poplar poles, lay the owner, trying, in tobacco, to find surcease from mental pain. A brass lantern swung from the low roof above his head. Across the building ran a couple of heavy logs dividing house from stable, and behind them stood Glen's horse. The rain dripped into the stall, but the man had covered the beast with his own blanket; and now, as he smoked, he listened to the brute's contented munch and was grateful for the companionship.

Suddenly the beast stopped eating. Raising his head, he whinnied loudly. A faint answer rose above the roar of the storm. Glen sprang up and seized the lantern, but before he reached the door the latch clicked, and a score of men filed in and surrounded him. He glanced round the circle—Bill Angus, Brouleaux, Elliott, Recarde, Brousseaux, and a dozen others. He knew them all and—their errand.

For almost a minute they stood quietly regarding him. At last he broke the silence.

"A bad night, gentlemen!"

"Ye'll fin' it so!" The answer came from behind, but when he turned it was to meet calm and impassive faces. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What can I do for you?"

"You know," said the same voice.

"Oh, I do?" His eyes glittered, his mouth drew hard, his grasp tightened on the lantern. He half swung it to strike, then smiled contemptuously and set it on the ground. "Well," he said, folding his arms, "make it so! Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Look a' here, Glen." The big Canadian stepped to the front. "No *living* man"—with sinister accent on the word—"shall boast that he brought shame to Dupré's girl. Ye'll either—"

"I'll trouble you to mind your own business. And I might as well tell you I'm not interested in Sunday-schools."

"This *is* our business," returned the giant soberly, "es yer'll soon find out. Nor is this a prayer-meetin' crowd, es yer well know. Mebbe we ain't much to brag about in the highly moral line, but there's some things es is a leetle high for our stomachs. We're here to give yer a chance to do the right thing."

Glen made no answer. His eyes looked over their heads, a smile was on his lips, his face the very incarnation of obstinate resolve. Out of the corner of his mouth trickled a streak of blood where the strong tooth had bitten through the lip.

"This thick in hees head Scotchman," muttered Brousseaux, beneath his breath. "Strong, straight, an' han'some"—he surveyed the figure with covert admiration—"a devil's temper, an ill man to meddle with—alone!"

"Ye kin take five minutes to consider the propersition."

Dead silence fell in the hut. Even the horse ceased his stamping, and looked on with shining eyes. Outside, the thunder rolled and growled, fitful flashes lit the prairie to the sky-line, the rain beat against the window and swept in glittering lines through the open door. Five minutes passed away.

"Will yer marry the girl?"

"No!"

The men closed in.

Meanwhile, May Dupré splashed on through mud and mire. Never since the Red River flood had so much rain fallen in one night. The trails were running rivers, an inch of water covered the prairie, the lightning flashed back from the surface of an inland sea; yet, drenched, with hair flying loose around bare neck and arms, like some water-kelpie, she pressed forward. Occasionally she stopped to listen, always with the feeling that some one was following. Once a large animal crossed the trail and plunged into the willow scrub. At the foot of the rise leading to Glen's cabin, the sound of galloping horses came down the wind. She had just time to drop behind a bunch of red willow before the Pelly men swept by. Angus was in the lead. She got one glimpse of pale faces, ghastly under the sickly lightning, and, like an evil dream, they were gone. Springing up, she ran desperately up the slope.

A light shone through the open door. Then she was in time! Perhaps he had been away! Or—consented. No! Not on such terms! She walked up and looked in.

He swung to and fro, hands still twitching the stretched rope giving forth a doleful creaking. At each gyration, a black shadow, ominous and terrible, swept across the floor to the opposite wall, driving the snorting horse up in his stall. Black spots danced before the girl's eyes; she leaned forward, paralysed, her mouth wide open as though to cry aloud, but silent, fascinated by the dance of death.

An uneasy whinny from the horse restored to her the power of motion. She moved, and with the released breath came forth the suspended cry of the agonised spirit.

She flew at the rope tooth and nail, tearing her fingers on the hard-drawn knot without loosening a strand. Despairingly she glanced around the cabin. An axe leaned in the corner. One stroke and he was down; then, laying his head on her lap, she drew, with careful haste, the keen edge across the noose. The tightened strands flew apart, and with a hollow sound fresh air rushed to the choked lungs. Taking her wet skirt, she wiped the blood and froth from his mouth; then, pillowing his head on her bosom, she rocked to and fro, waiting in agony for a sign of life.

Slowly the man's soul came back from the valley of the shadows. The lagging pulses took up their beat, and a sigh, faint as the breath of summer, issued from his lips. She heard it. Reaching over, she pulled the blankets from the bunk and made a pillow for his head. Then she got water and poured some in his mouth. He swallowed, groaned; his eyelids moved and opened.

For nearly a minute he stared blankly at the ceiling, a puzzled look on his face, trying to collect his thoughts. Then his eye lighted on the girl. She rose, blushing, and shook her long hair around her shoulders.

"May?"

He sat up and gazed round the cabin, striving to understand. The axe and the severed noose lay beside him, the rope dangled from above.

"You—did—this?"

"I tried to warn you," she said softly. "I—I"—shuddering—"was too late to prevent—"

"After the way I—"

She raised her hand. "Forget it! And now I must go; baby—wants me."

As she turned, Glen got to his knees. He held out his hands, but the obstinate Scot-Cree blood denied him speech. Unseeing, she moved towards the door. A mighty battle, fiercer than the thundering tempest, raged in the man's soul. The old stubborn spirit fought fiercely and—lost. Like the breaking of a flood, a suffocating cry burst forth:

"Forgive!"

She had conquered, and, woman-like, in the hour of victory, surrendered. Returning, she bent over and laid her cheek to his, but, stooping in utter abasement Glen bowed down and kissed her feet.

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX

AN OCEAN CARAVANSERY

FATE has a way of keeping marked cards up her sleeve, and of bringing them out at moments not always opportune for some players. In the game that Wolfe was playing with Destiny this was what now happened, though as a matter of fact when fate made her first unexpected *coup* he was none the wiser. For he lay unconscious across the piece of grating tossed on a slowly heaving sea, and would certainly have been swept off his refuge had not the better natured of his two companions—mindful perhaps of Oora's threat—taken some pains to save him.

When the wind rose, and there was no sign of the girl's return or of the aid she had gone to seek, the men huddled beside Wolfe on the raft, which they allowed to drift at the mercy of waves and tide. Fortunately in this part of the Pass there were many coral reefs and sandy shoals, and as had been the case with Oora, they were stranded on one of those, and had some hours of respite from their exertions. At high water they were floated off again, and almost immediately afterwards were sighted by a boat from the *Clytie* which with dawn had been dispatched on a belated mission of rescue.

The officer in charge of the rescuing party was Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux, and thus Fate laid down her first hidden card since Brian Cordeaux happened to be the one man within the reach of James Wolfe, who, had he known of it, Wolfe would have done his utmost to avoid. Card number two was the appearance in Cordeaux' company of Flash Sam, Harry the Blower's mate, whom Wolfe had come north to seek, who now by the queerest coincidence sat in the bow of the *Clytie's* boat.

It came about in this way. Flash Sam and a Kanaka were out on a salvage quest, the motive of which was not purely humanitarian. They had managed to drive a hole into the side of their dinghy—it wasn't much more—with the sharp edge of a coral reef, had lost their oars and dislocated Flash Sam's wrist. The dinghy was quite unsafe for anyone but a Kanaka to venture in, and Flash Sam was thankful for assistance from the *Clytie's* boat. The Kanaka stuck by the dinghy, but Flash Sam removed himself into the man-of-war's boat. When the three survivors of the *Quetta* wreck were lifted on board her, Flash Sam, making a show of good-fellowship, helped, as far as his own disabled arm permitted, in doing what was possible for the castaways. He stared hard at Wolfe, but for several minutes did not recognise him. Indeed, it would have been surprising had he done so without some distinct clue to the man's identity, and this notwithstanding that the two had recently worked in adjoining claims. Illness and the exposure to tropic sun and salt water had curiously changed Wolfe's appearance. There was something almost grotesque in the inflated face, which was a mass of raised blisters and patched livid and purple red. The eyes were hidden by sodden scorched eyelids. The lips, blistered and puffed to an abnormal size, had cracks that exuded blood. The swollen, blackened tongue protruded between wolfish-looking teeth. The shoulders and chest were scalded and swelled in an even more horrible degree where they shewed between the wet clinging shreds of his shirt, and Oora's chain, wound twice round his neck, seemed almost embedded in the puffed, excoriated flesh.

The chain attracted inquisitive glances,

for it was an uncommon ornament for a man to wear. Flash Sam had lived among coast blacks and was acquainted with their superstitions. As he lifted it from the broken scalds with rough, dirty fingers, making the bystanders wince at the sight, though the wearer remained apparently insensible to pain, he exclaimed:

"Well, this gets me! I never heard of a black giving a charm like that to a white man. You kin take your oath it's kep' the sharks off the lot of 'em."

The officer in charge questioned Sam, while the boatswain moved Wolfe's arm, which were blistered like his shoulder and chest, gently to and fro in an attempt to stimulate circulation, and then slowly dropped weak spirits and water into his mouth.

Flash Sam became suddenly reticent, and a cunning gleam shot from his red eyes, for he had got his clue in the shape of that rather peculiar ring which Wolfe always wore. Now, Flash Sam knew his man and studied him with the keenest interest. He held his tongue, however, as was Flash Sam's custom until he should have ascertained whether—as he would have expressed it in bushman's and digger's phrase—he was following down a dry watercourse to a "dead end," or had got on to a true or false "lead." Moreover, he had his own reasons for not proclaiming Wolfe's identity before making sure what was the business that had brought him up near Thursday Island. Therefore he stumbled further back into the bows and sat ruminatingly chewing a quid of tobacco which he produced from his trouser pocket.

As he sat there, Flash Sam suggested a cross between a stockman and a digger. He had the rakish set of head and loose, swaggering shoulder-build of the bush-rider who enters dark horses at out-back races, and "shouts" at shanties for special reasons, managing at the same time to keep his own head cool without shirking his nobbler. But he had also the stoop of the track-man and the intent down-look of the fossicker, varied by the sudden furtive glance of the rough who has on occasions "been wanted." Two of his front teeth had been broken off—his brutalised features and bloated skin told a tale of hard drinking, and his mouth was the mouth of an utterer of deep oaths. Except for special reasons as aforesaid, Sam was not given to knocking down his cheques in sprees. He drank habitually in private, and that fact, added to a reputation for shady transactions in regard to horses and other matters, made him unpopular in spite of his swagger. On the Diggings he was called a "bad egg," and would have found a difficulty in getting a mate, had he not already picked up with Harry the Blower, with whom, it was reported, he had been previously concerned in some discreditable affair. But neither Harry the Blower—a weak, roystering young man given over to drink and gambling, with not much trace of having once been a gentleman—nor Flash Sam himself was communicative about their joint past, and when the two disappeared simultaneously with another digger—Old Dave's mate, known as "Ratty Bill"—none of the miners, not immediately concerned in the matter, took the trouble to enquire what had become of them. Such a flitting was quite in accordance with Flash Sam's habits, the general verdict upon him being that he was "a blanky close cove," always on the "look out" to "have" some other cove and sharp at covering up his tracks when the other cove had been duly "had." Live and let live; *have*, but take care not to be *had*, and above all, give no heed to what you can't turn into profit, is the easy social code of the Diggings. Meantime the two other men who had steered the pole revived fairly quickly, but Wolfe was clearly in a serious condition.

"Looks a bad case, sir," observed the boatswain to the officer in charge.

Lieutenant Cordeaux had been scrutinising the unconscious man with an interested, compassionate, but slightly puzzled expression on his face.

"No, I am sure I never saw the fellow before," he said half to himself, as if he had been inwardly debating the point. "You've never come across him, have you, Raines?"

"Not as I know of, sir, but I doubt if

his own mother would know him now," replied the boatswain. "I should think he's pretty near gone."

"Lay him down as comfortably as you can till the Doctor can overhaul him," said Cordeaux. "We shall certainly have to put him in hospital at Thursday Island."

Then he looked across at Flash Sam. "You seem to belong to this part of the country. What do you think of him?"

Sam spat out his quid and shoved his bull neck forward.

"My oath! If I'd found him in the Bush lying under a gum tree instead of on a sand-bank in the Straits, I'd have looked round for two handy strippings of bark and kep' 'em ready to bury him in like a mate."

"Oh, a mate! Do you know him, then?"

Flash Sam reflected, with his cunning eyes shifting from Wolfe to Cordeaux and back again.

"Maybe I do, maybe I don't; I wouldn't kiss the Book on his not being a bloke I used ter come across. A damned swell of a cove that used ter play cards with a poor mate of mine up at a new Diggings before the bottom of the rush was knocked out. Gentleman James, I b'lieve they called him."

Flash Sam thrust another quid into his cheek and resumed an indifferent, non-committal attitude.

"Oh! What's his right name?" asked Cordeaux.

"I'll take my—blanked—oath that whatever it is, it ain't his right one," replied Flash Sam oracularly.

The boatswain had laid Wolfe in the bottom of the boat with his head on a rolled-up oilskin.

"I suppose you don't know if this Gentleman James has any friends in Thursday Island?" enquired Cordeaux.

Sam shook his head stolidly.

"I dunno nothing about the—blanked—cove," he answered.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head if you can," said Cordeaux, "and just tell me if there's any place in the township where he can be looked after, supposing they've no room for him at the hospital."

Sam reflected again, and finally observed that there was a house he knew where they took lodgers, kept by a woman who might be induced to look after Gentleman James if she were paid extra for him outside his board."

Cordeaux nodded. There was nothing more to be done at present for the sick man. He held a brief colloquy with the boatswain, and it was settled that they should row round some of the islets before going back to the ship, as it was possible that more survivors might be found, though on the whole this was not very likely. The officer in charge gave an order; the coxswain put about helm and the sailors rowed in strong strokes.

Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux was a youngish man—not yet thirty—with his portion of good looks in, as it were, a state of arrested growth. He made one think of a vigorous plant pruned back so early that instead of tapering shoots it has put forth bushy branches. Parenthetically, naval men may be roughly divided into two types, intercourse with the sea not tending to subtle human differentiations. Those who go down to the sea in ships and ply their business on the great waters are nearly always simple in character, and seem made more or less of Nature elements. One type of man is refined, fairly slender, well shaped, gently sentimental—all sailors are sentimental in a more or less robust fashion—shewing the signs of breeding, studious perhaps, and having a dash of poetry. The other type is franker, more boy-like, rougher of physique, with the sense of humour keener, the sentiment virile, but elementary. In this type appreciation of adventure, human life, in short all sensation is more active, and for the time being more intense. It was to the last type that Brian Cordeaux belonged.

He was short, solidly made, broad-shouldered, stout-limbed; his neck thick, his head large for his height, his hands square-palmed, knotty, with blunt, practical finger-tips. In him the fine features of his family were thickened by exposure to sea and wind. He had the Cordeaux brows and dark eyes which crinkled up when he laughed, and shewed a twinkle in them; a square, bulging forehead, baldish at the top where his curly black hair receded; a clean-shaven face tanned to the hue of light brown India-rubber, with

innumerable little lines, like those one sees in India-rubber, which crinkled, too, and deepened when he laughed, as he did freely. His teeth were particularly white, and had not a gap visible. His voice rang with vitality; his laugh was lusty; his lips were strongly cut and smiling, but one could fancy that they would look grim in face of danger. As he sat in the stern of the boat he looked extremely healthy, clean and trim in his white duck uniform and gold-laced cap—the sort of man all women would like immensely, but that only a certain kind of woman would fall in love with. Romantic women seldom take to the simple-natured, strong, open-air hero. Altogether, it might seem not so difficult to understand why Susan Galbraith had preferred the tragic adventurer Wolfe to this breezy, lusty-hearted sailor. Now, after seeing Wolfe safely on the boat Cordeaux took no particular notice of him, but began questioning the two men who had also been saved, and who, after having been given food and stimulant, were able to tell their own tale of the wreck and how they had fallen in with the girl and her companion whose names they did not know.

"A girl!" Cordeaux exclaimed, and listened interestedly to their account of Oora's doings. "You mean to tell me that the other fellow couldn't swim, and that the girl kept him up all night and half a day holding on to that bit of planking! It sounds almost incredible. By George, she must have had pluck—and what a swimmer!"

"She could swim like a fish, and she was a regular little devil," said the surly man, who was now much more loquacious after the brandy he had imbibed. "She sauced us like blazes," he went on, "and said she'd haunt us if we didn't look after her sweetheart."

"Oh, he was her sweetheart, was he? How did you know that when you had never seen them before?"

The man grinned. "We'd got eyes in our heads and ears as well."

Cordeaux frowned.

"What has become of the girl?" he inquired. "Was the poor girl drowned?"

The man related how Oora had swum after a raft they had sighted and had never returned. Cordeaux' dark eyes glittered ominously as he burst out in contemptuous anger:

"Good Lord! You let her swim off like that—alone—two of you able-bodied swimmers. And you call yourselves *men?*"

"What's the matter with us for letting the girl do as she wanted?" said the fellow, cheekily. "She could swim faster than either of us. And besides that, we had been pickling all the morning in what was no better than warm brine, tugging that infernal raft with a hulking man on it as well as herself, while she was cuddling her sweetheart."

"Stop that!" said Cordeaux, sternly. "You don't speak disrespectfully of any woman aboard this boat."

He sat thoughtful a moment, then turned to the boatswain.

"I wish I'd known of this before. Every minute may have meant a chance of saving her," he cried. "Perhaps she is in the water still."

"It would be a miracle if she was alive, sir," said the boatswain. "Think of a woman all by herself swimming about in the Straits! She couldn't have helped going under after all she had been through. And there was a capful of wind blowing last night. . . No, I'm afraid, sir, she's food for sharks long ago."

Cordeaux shuddered. "We'll keep a look-out at any rate," he said.

Cordeaux had made the sailors pull with double energy, and the *Clytie's* boat was now flying through the water. He scoured the sea with his glass. There was a speck on the water a long way off and he steered for it, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out on the sandbanks and coral islets. The black speck proved to be one of Mr. Aisbet's little flotilla of rescue boats, for he had manned every canoe and dinghy on his beach with white and black oarsmen. Cordeaux hailed the boat, and Aisbet's overseer answered in a gruff colonial twang:

"Hullo! Eh? Mr. Aisbet picked up a young woman who must have been in the water over thirty hours, and was close up done for. Who was it? Eh? Oh, well, the Boss said he wouldn't have recognised her, but one of the coast blacks in

his boat who was on Bunda Station said she was Miss Galbraith."

Cordeaux started and turned pale under his tan. "Galbraith! What name did you say? Not Miss Susan Galbraith?"

"No. . . Don't think that was it. . . . Sounded a queer kind of name—something like Oora, I b'lieve. . . She's over at Acobarra. . . I'm going to Thursday Island to fetch a doctor. . . She's awfully bad. Every one of our boats have been out. They've been all 'round the islands. Not likely there'll be any more finds. Awful business!" Aisbet's overseer shouted on this wise, making a trumpet of his hands, and the boats went further from each other, the one from the *Clytie* turning in the direction of the ship, the other pursuing her way to the settlement.

Wolfe, still unconscious, was taken on board the man-of-war and laid in a berth, and the other two men and Flash Sam were also put on board and Sam's wrist attended to. Meantime, the Captain of the *Clytie* got up steam for Thursday Island.

Port Kennedy—to put its proper name, which no one up north ever called the port on Thursday Island—lay brooding under the humid oppression of the north-west monsoon. The sun shone through a steamy haze, for the rain clouds were breaking, and the heat was intense. But the sense of brooding did not mean inactivity. In the harbour, all along and round the new jetty, were ships of many nations and kinds, from which tugs and boats plied to and fro. Here were coasting and cargo vessels, traders from the Timor and Arafura Seas, pearling and beche-de-mer luggers. Chinese junks and picturesque Malay prans with matting sails; a Japanese liner, Dutch craft from Java, German and British merchant vessels, with one or two ordinary Australian passenger steamers. The place seemed the emporium for a good deal of Polynesian traffic.

The town spread there, chiefly in one main street, along the curved shore. There were low shipping sheds, stores, wharves, white roads stretching to the beach, a few verandahed bungalows set in tropical gardens, principal among them the Government Residency, a School of Arts, a Mission house of the Sacred Heart, Government offices, English hotels, Brown-Race hostelries, a small Chinese quarters against a background of stony scrub, sea and low heights, the rise to one side of the town being overgrown with tussocks of particularly large spear-grass. Through all were vivid patches of colour—the glossy green of mango trees and tropical foliage, sheets of orange poinciana bloom, the crimson and flame hues of tropical flowers, with here and there the ragged top of a Paw-paw apple and the fronds of palms. While pervading everything was the indescribable smell of the Orient, blended with that of decaying fish, seaweed and the scent of exotic growth. It was a conglomeration of South Sea villainy and Anglo-Australian respectability; an ocean caravansery for blacks, browns, yellows and whites—the most curious blend and offshoot of eastern and western civilisation.

A steamer from Batava and a mail packet from Sydney had come in that morning, but even English news sank into insignificance besides the reports of the *Quetta* catastrophe. The Company's offices were besieged by enquirers, and excited groups collected round the public buildings to read the notices and gather the latest intelligence. Lieutenant Cordeaux had come on shore from the *Clytie*. At the telegraph office, where he had business, the clerk, recognising him, handed him a blue telegraph envelope.

"For you, sir. Just wired on."

Cordeaux took the envelope, but stuffed it into his pocket while he continued his instructions concerning some telegrams his chief had given him to send off, and which appeared to require explanation. It was characteristic of the man that he should attend to his official before his private business, though, as a matter of fact, his mind was so full of what had lately happened, and so deeply occupied with a certain personal anxiety that he had not much room in it for ordinary affairs. As he hurried out of the office, his eye was caught by a posted up list of the *Quetta* passengers, and beneath it the meagre account of those known so far to have been saved. Forgetting altogether about the telegram in his pocket in his

anxiety to reassure himself upon that particular matter which troubled him, he eagerly scanned the lists. There, among the first-class passengers, was the name of Miss Oora Galbraith, and now he knew for certain that it was not Susan, the girl he knew and cared for, but her sister whom Mr. Aisbet had picked up in the Straits. A thrill of intense relief went through Cordeaux at finding that Susan had not been on the *Quetta*, as he had at first feared. With the feeling of thankfulness, however, blended a vague sense of disappointment. It would have been so delightful to meet Susan again, even under these distressing conditions. As it was, he felt afraid that this disaster might interfere with his projected visit to Narrawan, for on putting in at Thursday Island a few days previously he had found Susan's note containing her father's invitation. Cordeaux' leave dated from the following day, when the *Clytie* was under orders for British New Guinea, and the young man had been planning a trip down the coast and some interesting experiences in the Bush, reserving the largest portion of time at his disposal for his visit to Narrawan.

Turning away from the public buildings, his mind still occupied with Susan and her sister as he reflected upon the best mode of getting to the Aisbet's to enquire after Oora, Cordeaux found himself confronted by a newspaper poster on which was a detailed summary of the month's English news. He stopped to look at it, remembering that he knew next to nothing of what had been going on in the world during the last few weeks. For while the *Clytie* had been on her cruise among out-of-the-way islands, from which she had just returned, he had missed the ordinary cables, and had not received any letters. Now, he had a sudden shock which for the moment took his breath away. In one of the earliest announcements, he read:

"Death of the Earl of Ellan and of his only surviving son, Viscount Linne, in a terrible railway disaster between Buffalo and Chicago."

Cordeaux stood transfixed for a minute, and then gave an hysterical little laugh. The thing seemed too impossible. There must be some mistake. But a few moments' reflection told him that when intelligence of this kind is cabled out to the Colonies it is very unlikely indeed that there should be a mistake. He remembered, too, having seen in a copy of the *World*, which he had picked up at the Queensland Club at Brisbane on his way north, a paragraph telling of a tour which Lord Ellan and his son were making in the Western States, with the view, it was said, of purchasing land for farming purposes after the example of other British noblemen. Indeed, Brian Cordeaux' letters had some short time back informed him of the project, and that it was undertaken not so much for the purpose of farming, as of weaning the affections of Lord Linne from the daughter of a country parson whom his father did not consider sufficiently desirable as mate for the heir to an ancient name.

So much of the news at any rate was true, and there was certainly no doubt about the accident to the Chicago Express. Realising this, Cordeaux smiled grimly to himself, as he thought that had Linne been permitted to remain at home and marry the parson's daughter, his own chance of succeeding to the peerage would probably have been put altogether out of the question. As it was—Brian caught his breath quickly—as it was—why, he himself might at this moment be Earl of Ellan.

He put his hand to his forehead and felt it clammily cold in spite of the tropical heat. It was not that he felt any real grief at the loss of his uncle and cousin, for he had seen very little of them since entering the navy. It was the idea of the change this sudden event might make in his own future that overwhelmed him. His father was dead; he had one sister, unmarried, and a brother who had just passed his examination for the Indian Civil Service, both younger than himself. They were poor—like all the Cordeaux—not excepting Lord Ellan, who for his position had been a man of small means. Yet to step into his uncle's place, and into a more moderate income even than his uncle's had been, meant something tremendous to the young man. Apart from the natural advantages, it meant the

power to marry, and his thought turned at once tenderly to Susan Galbraith; it meant comfort and pleasant responsibilities in his own country; it meant relief to his brother and sister, and comparative luxury to a mother of whom he was devotedly fond. He had never speculated upon this possibility, and on that account did not at the first grasp it—view the matter in all its bearings. While his cousin Linne lived the chance had been too remote for him to consider seriously his position in regard to the succession. It did not now occur to him until the brilliant prospect had dangled for a minute or two before his imagination, that it was not by any means assured to him—that indeed there might be one insuperable obstacle to the attainment of his desires. If his cousin James was alive, then by order of seniority, James Cordeaux would be Earl of Ellan, and Brian must still remain a poor officer in the Queen's Navy.

The remembrance of James Cordeaux came like a douche of cold water. So utterly had the man passed out of his ken tha' he had almost forgotten his name and place in the family—a place that he had forfeited—a name that Brian believed richly deserved to be forgotten. But there remained the if thought—all the probabilities were that James Cordeaux was dead or lost beyond recall.

Brian walked on with a dazed feeling that he must think things out quietly to himself, and that he had better go back at once to the ship to do so. He could not collect his thoughts here in the heat and glare, and crude bustle of the township. The very roll of the surf on the shore irritated his nerves, and so did the sight of so many and varied specimens of humanity—roughs and beach-combers, and dissipated scoundrels slouching out of stores and bars, noisy Kanakas, fierce Malays, smooth, sleek Chinamen, perspiring Englishmen, burly Dutch and fat Germans—all the nondescript riff-raff of the place, which in any other conditions would have amused him. He made for the jetty and met coming away from it Blair, the surgeon of the *Clytie*, with Flash Sam, his arm bound up, but otherwise none th worse for his morning's adventure, who appeared to be acting as guide.

"Found out where you get the best drinks?" asked Blair.

"No—oh, by Jove!" Cordeaux suddenly recollected the telegram that he had stuffed into his pocket and pulled it out, but before opening it, he enquired what Blair was about.

"I'm going to find a place for the poor chap you picked up this morning," said the Doctor. "It's one of the worst Dengue cases I've come across and his body is in the most frightful state of scaled. I wish he hadn't to be cleared out, but we can't take him along to New Guinea, and the hospital here is so crammed that they are at their wit's end to find beds for the poor wretches that keep coming in. Are you going back to the ship?"

"Yes," replied Cordeaux. "The fact is I've had rather a shock. You'll see it in the telegrams. My uncle and cousin have been killed."

Blair nodded sympathetically.

"Forgive me, old chap. I did hear of it from the Health Officer just now. But at Thursday Island to-day it seems a case of letting 'the dead bury their dead,' and not too much time to look after the living. I'm awfully sorry for you—if it's a subject for serious condolence."

"It's not—in a personal sense—" said Brian hastily. "He was a bit of a Tartar, poor old Ellan, and Linne I scarcely knew. Of course, though, it's an awful thing—the two of them cut off like that."

"Does it make a difference to you?"

Blair looked sharply at Cordeaux. Flash Sam had done the same at the mention of bad news.

"I don't quite know where *you* come in, Cordeaux," added the surgeon.

"Nor I—that's the devil of it." Brian gave again that odd little laugh. He was opening his telegram, and Blair merely nodded and left him. Flash Sam, whose custom it was never to miss an opportunity of acquiring information about other people's affairs, lingered a moment, and his furtive glance went over Brian's shoulder and took in the contents of the telegram. It was rather

long for a cable, and he saw it had come from London. It ran thus:

"Earl of Ellan and Viscount Linne both killed railway accident America. Acting on behalf of estate. James Wolfe Cordeaux next heir, reported at Casino, New South Wales, January, '85. Instructing Craies, Solicitor, Sydney, to enquire for same.

(Signed) ANDOVER, Solicitor, London.

Brian Cordeaux' black brows knitted as he muttered "Casino, New South Wales, January, '85. Damn him!"

CHAPTER X

THE EAVESDROPPER

SURGEON BLAIR got back to the *Clytie* about an hour after Cordeaux had come on board, and was on his way to his own cabin when he met the Lieutenant in the ward-room.

"Your man seems a little better," he said, "but he's been raving badly, I hear. Did I tell you that he came to for a few minutes and then started talking a lot of rot about a Sea-witch and a shark's tooth and Heaven knows what? Queer chain that round his neck! He fought us when we tried to take it off, so I had to plaster him under it. Come in here, Cordeaux."

"Poor devil," murmured Cordeaux, as the two turned into the doctor's cabin. "It's not surprising that he should be badgered by the idea of sharks—that tooth is a black's charm, the other man says. What have you done about him, Blair?"

"Oh, I've found a decent sort of woman to take him in, and I've given up the money we subscribed for him to the medico at the hospital over there. He'll see to him when he can spare time. And that murderous looking villain, whom the Kanaka calls Flash Sam, has been promised a fiver out of the cash if he does what he can for him. We've put the beggar on his honour—not that he has much, I conjecture—but he seems keen to look after the other, and, at all events, it's all we can do. The other two poor wretches have got friends in the Settlement, and have gone to them. They're all right."

The surgeon was busy sorting out some letters and papers which he had brought with him and, drawing his stethoscope and a small case of instruments from his pocket, he laid them on the bulkhead which served as a table. Cordeaux meanwhile leaned on the bunk which was placed immediately beneath the port-hole.

"Flash Sam says he knew this fellow on the Diggings," continued Blair. "Queer, isn't it, how seldom you can get at a man's real name among these diggers and pearlers? Probably they've all good reasons for concealing it. The Dengue chap appears to be known as Gentleman James."

"James," repeated Cordeaux, a note of interest in his voice.

"Why?" asked Blair. "You don't know anything about him, do you?"

"Oh, no! It was only that the name struck me from having been in the telegram I got this morning."

Blair's face became sympathetic. "I'm afraid that you've been rather knocked on a heap by your news to-day," he said.

"Rather! There's the telegram. You can read it. It explains my position."

He threw the blue paper across the cabin table to Blair, who examined it with curiosity.

"This is three weeks old," he remarked. "Don't you see it has been making shots at us at different telegraph stations on Islands where we didn't go. Forwarded last from Fiji."

The surgeon read the telegram and looked at Cordeaux.

"I see. *Who* is the lost heir?"

"You see in that—my cousin, James Wolfe Cordeaux."

"And failing him, you are Earl of Ellan?"

"That sizes it up about."

"And where is James Wolfe Cordeaux?" asked the surgeon.

Brian shrugged his shoulders. "Ah! Tell me that, I wish you could. I would give a good deal to know whether he is alive or dead."

Blair laughed.

"In fact, I imagine that it would be

considerably to your advantage if this James Wolfe Cordeaux was where most of those unfortunate *Quetta* people are now."

Brian's face grew dark.

"Better men went down in her, I expect. I never wished the fellow harm, but if he had chanced to be aboard I shouldn't mourn."

"What sort is he? One of the gone-unders?"

"He went under as far as his career in England is concerned, seven or eight years ago," replied Brian. "But the world will forget all about that if he appears again on the top of the wave as Lord Ellan."

The Doctor gave a nod of profound conviction.

"Trouble over a cheque, I suppose?" he said. "It's always that or a woman."

"Well, he forged Baron Heussler's name and knocked him down into the bargain, which seemed an unnecessary sort of adding insult to injury," said Cordeaux, and his eyes and face crinkled afresh as he gave an uneasy laugh.

"To assault a man after you have forged his name, or to forge his name after you've knocked him down certainly doesn't sound wise," observed the Doctor. "Your cousin should have kept either his honesty or his temper."

"As for that, all the Cordeaux have vile tempers," answered Brian, "but James had a double inheritance, for his mother was sister to that historic Colonel Wolfe —do you remember 'Hellfire Wolfe' they called him — who was court-martialled for having killed a native soldier in a fit of fury. There are several Wolfes in the service, and I'm told it is as much as your life is worth to play a practical joke on any of them."

"Yes, I know. I was once on the same ship with a Wolfe, and he had a fiendish temper. But apart from heredity and the forged cheque I should imagine there'd been a woman at the bottom of James Cordeaux' mess."

"Well, my cousin Madge—Lady Tuverall—and James used to be chums when they were children, and Madge has always declared that Baroness Heussler was at the back of Jim's going wrong. Old Heussler was a brute to his wife, I've heard—thrashed her every now and then—and held the purse-strings tight. Perhaps he did that on principle to keep her fr m gambling. I believe she was always flying over to Monte Carlo, and Madge said that by a curious coincidence Jim was often there at the same time. Did you ever meet her, Blair?"

"Baroness Heussler! Not I! *I* never was in the 'smart set,' my dear chap! but I remember her being pointed out to me once at the opera. A fascinating looking woman."

"I've only seen her portrait among pictures of society beauties," said Cordeaux. "But she interested me. She's dead now, I believe; there was a lot of scandal about her and James."

"I don't recollect the case," said the Doctor; "did it get into the papers?"

"The case was withdrawn. They put pressure on old Heussler and my uncle Ellan paid up for the honour of the family, on condition that James cleared out of the country and never shewed his face again. I'm rather hazy about the details of it all, for I was on the China station then, and I hardly knew Jem—hadn't seen him since I was a youngster on the *Britannia*. To tell the truth I've hardly given the fellow a thought till I got this news. You see when Linne was alive and likely to marry, it wasn't much odds to me. Now, I've got to think of Jem Cordeaux whether I want to or not."

"Are you sure that he really did commit the forgery?" said the Doctor, thoughtfully.

"Oh, there was never any doubt of that; he owned up to it, and I suppose in ordinary conditions he would have had to do his seven years. But the question now is, what has become of him?"

"And as I remarked, it would be a good thing for you if he had gone down in the *Quetta*."

"I'd willingly pay a thousand pounds to anyone who'd bring me proof that James Wolfe Cordeaux was dead," exclaimed Brian impulsively, as he picked up the blue telegraph paper and threw it angrily down again. "Of course, I couldn't put my hand on such a sum now, but if that were true, I could well

afford to pay it. And the information would be cheap at the price. I don't pretend to be a mealy-mouthed saint, Blair. It would be an immense satisfaction to me to know that James Cordeaux no longer stood between me and good fortune. This means a great deal to me."

"So it would to most people, and probably you would make a better use of the fortune than he would, considering his past. I see that he is supposed to have been in Australia in '85," said Blair, fingering the telegraph paper. "It ought to be easy enough to trace him if he went under his own name, but like these pearling chaps we were speaking of, he has probably adopted another."

"I wouldn't raise a finger against him—you know that—but this question of finding my scoundrelly cousin dead or alive concerns me so closely that I'd willingly fork out that thousand—just to be sure that he'd swung for his misdeeds."

A faint, scraping sound came at that moment from somewhere on the ship's side, apparently below the port-hole of Blair's cabin, but neither he nor Cordeaux took any heed of it.

"You bloodthirsty villain!" and the surgeon smiled tolerantly. "I am not sure that Australia wasn't the best place for this inconvenient cousin of yours to come to in order to get himself properly wiped out. If James Wolfe Cordeaux started knocking fellows down in some parts of this country, lynch law would soon settle his lordship." Blair paused again as he was passing into the ward-room. "I say, old man, chuck me over that black-bound book on the stand beside you—*Tropical Medicine*—that's it. I'll see if I can get any fresh lights on Dengue. By the way, too, I heard of a fine earth-eating epidemic over at the Settlement. He's a most interesting microbe, that gentleman, but don't you go near him. He's established in the mud floor of an empty Chinaman's hut, and whoever sleeps in the hut catches the microbe and turns earth-eater. That's worse than being in love."

Brian made an exasperated gesture and threw the book across to Blair, who caught it adroitly. The Doctor was a skinny, dried-up little man, with grizzled hair and a cynical expression. He went off chuckling into the ward-room, but Cordeaux, who was about to follow him, stopped and turned, his attention suddenly caught by that soft, scraping sound outside. He leaned across the edge of the bunk, and peered as far as he was able through the port-hole. Just beneath the level of it he caught sight of a rough, sandy head, crowned by a most unnautical cap.

"Hullo! You below there! What are you doing?" he sang out.

The sandy head disappeared instantaneously, and there came the spasmodic jerking of a rope. Brian waited. The doctor's cabin was well amidships and close to the officers' gangway, so that any commotion there would have been likely to pass unheeded, but for some unaccountable reason Brian's suspicions were aroused. He disliked the idea of an eavesdropper, especially as he knew that he had just been speaking in an unguarded manner. He had half a mind to ring up Blair's servant and send round to see who it was, but instinct made him wait for a moment. He preferred to keep by the port-hole, but he glanced round for something to stand on that should enable him to see better. It did not seem exactly dignified to employ a chair, and he was on the point of calling out again when there sounded a nearer rustle in the rope, and Flash Sam's shock head appeared beyond the aperture.

"Oh, it's you—I thought so," said Brian, testily. "What are you doing here?"

"Gettin' holt on my boat, sir," replied Flash Sam, reluctantly civil. "I ain't a possum or a goanna used ter climbing down gum trees, and this is a stiff job with my blooming tied-up old fist."

"You should have gone by the gangway for'ard. You've no business over the side here." Brian's tone was reprehensive, but his gaze was more uneasy than that of Flash Sam, who faced him with surly assurance.

"What's yer bloomin' blue jackets barneyin' me then with the Doctor's orders to sling my boat close-up to the officers' gangway for that sick crawler to be taken

ashore in? Blast their imperdence, chuckin' me a rope and leavin' me to slide down it like a performin' monkey."

"Oh! Well, you could have used the gangway. They'd have let you pass if you'd explained. Haul up at the gangway and wait there till the Doctor lets you know he's ready."

Instead of obeying, Sam thrust his head closer to the port-hole.

"Hold hard, mister. Lemme have a word first. How about that thousand pounds you said you was willing to fork out a minute or two ago?"

"And what the devil do you know about what I said?" exclaimed Brian hotly, but visibly taken aback.

"Just what I heerd you remark, mister—and maybe a bit over," retorted Sam, with surly bravado. "Come, Boss, you was free enough with your offer, and you needn't grudge a pore, hard-working cove what's down on his luck a chance of making a show with the thousand quid and the bit over. A thousand pounds. That was it. You said, 'I'd willingly pay a thousand pounds to anyone who'd bring me proof that James Wolfe Cordeaux was dead. And would be cheap at the price,' you said. . . . .Wasn't them the words?"

Brian Cordeaux clinched his white, even teeth and swore through them. The man's insolent quotation of his own speech infuriated him. But worse than that he suddenly realised in what a false position his unthinking utterance placed him. To be at the mercy of this blackmailing rascal was an intolerable suggestion. He resolved to bluff the matter.

"Damn you!" he exclaimed, "if you think I'm going to pay you a thousand pounds—or even a cent—for holding your tongue over a silly speech of mine that meant nothing you're very much mistaken. Get out of my sight, you infernal eavesdropper!"

Sam's sulky mouth curved in a smile. He could deal with a man who swore at him. But he repudiated the charge with virtuous indignation.

"Eavesdropper! I'm an infernal eavesdropper, am I? S'welp me, I ain't no *eavesdropper.*" He pronounced the word as if it were a term of unthinkable opprobrium. Whose fault is it, I'd like ter know, that I was a hangin' on with my one hand to rest a minute and to keep from tumbling into the water—and my boat fifty yards away from me, and the Kanaka as deaf as a post? All to do a good turn to a sufferin' human being that had never done nothing for me! Oh, there ain't anything wrong with my ears, I'm happy to say, and if you choose to talk secrets in front of a port-hole what business is it of mine? Likely I'd let go and be drowned, particularly when I heard the name of an old mate of mine mentioned—and you saying that you'd be glad to feel sure he'd swung for his misdeeds!"

The young officer bit his clean-shaven lip, and his eyes dropped as Sam again deliberately repeated his words. He knew now that Sam must have listened to the whole conversation. "You abominable scoundrel!" he began; then remembering Sam's reference to the man as a mate of his, it flashed through Brian's mind that by exercising some prudence and self-control he might obtain the very assurance he desired. He looked straight at Flash Sam, and this time did not blanch.

"I understand that you—that this gentleman I spoke of—was a friend of yours? Is that what you meant by 'the bit over' you threatened me with?"

"You've hit the nail, mister."

"Can you tell me then whether he is alive or dead?"

Sam grinned, and gave an unmistakable wink.

"Not without the stuff. A bargain's a bargain."

"I've no intention of bargaining with you," said Brian, forcing himself to keep cool. "If you don't care to say what you know now, you'll have to give your evidence later in a court of law."

"Oh, I will, will I? That's your game. Well, I'll tell you it won't work. You try it, that's all."

And Sam turned his head and spat into the sea, then resumed: "I ain't going to pervide you for nothing with information that'll make yer a lord and be worth thousands to you, let alone the girl you're sweet on. *I* know all about that. She's old Bully Galbraith's daughter—Bully

Galbraith what gev me a hiding once, that I've sworn to be even with him for. She's a stuck-up piece of goods, she is—but I ain't got no pertickler down on her."

"Stop!" interrupted Brian fiercely. "Don't you dare to mention that lady's name or it will be the worse for you! Wait a minute," he went on, taking a reasonable tone; "I don't care to have dealings with outsiders, but it strikes me that if you've got the information we happen to want, and there's a reward going, you may as well have the benefit of it as anybody else. I believe that Craies & Sons, lawyers, in Sydney, are going to offer a good reward for information concerning James Wolfe Cordeaux, and you've only got to take yours and the proof of what you say to them and you'll get paid for it."

"I don't want no lawyers—don't like 'em," said Sam. "And how am I going to get to Sydney, anyhow? And supposin' I got there and found the lawyers was no better at keeping their word than their masters? No, Boss, it's between you and me. You said you'd pay one thousand quid to know for certain that James Wolfe Cordeaux was dead or likely to swing, which comes to the same, and what I want to know is whether you're prepared to stand the show? I'll take your word fer it now."

Brian looked at the man doubtfully.

"Can't you say at once what you know?" he asked.

"No, I can't—and what's more, I won't. You want proof. Very well, I'll go and get it, and then we'll swop. My proof, your money."

"How long will it take to get your proof?"

"I can't say. It ain't no easy matter to find out witnesses that up stick and jack it directly they hear of any bloomin' new gold layout. It might be two or three weeks, or it might be seven or eight. Jest you leave it to me."

Steps sounded outside in the ward-room, and the Doctor's voice was heard speaking to the Second Lieutenant about the sick man's removal.

"I must cut," said Sam. "Is it a bargain, Boss?"

Brian hesitated, and again looked at Flash Sam. "I make no bargains about this sort of thing," he said; "but if I'm satisfied that everything is straight and square, and that your information is worth what you say it is—well, you may take my word that I'll see you amply rewarded. That's all I shall say. You can act on it or not, as you please."

"Right y'are, Boss," returned Sam, cheerfully, and without giving opportunity for another word he disappeared from sight, clambering down the side of the ship with an agility that belied his previous account of himself. Immediately below, in the dark shadow of the ship made by a lowering sun, lay the little boat in which he and the Kanaka had gone out on their salvage quest after the wreck of the *Quetta*. The Kanaka was in it now doing something to the row-locks, for the boat had been hauled up at the davits and temporarily patched by the *Clytie* men. Sam signed silently to the Kanaka and then dropped into the boat. An expression of evil satisfaction gleamed in his eyes. But he had much to think of and to plan, so he sat down in the stern quietly ruminating. There was a constant passing and repassing of boats from the settlement for the delivery of provisions and other errands. Presently the ship's pinnace buzzed around bringing the *Clytie's* Captain on board, and Sam modestly pushed his own dinghy behind the back of the gangway and waited there for the coming of James Wolfe.

TO BE CONTINUED

When the Dominion Was Young

The First of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY

THE seventh decade of the nineteenth century, in which the Canadian Dominion was called into being, was fruitful of great events in Europe and America. Denmark despoiled of half of her territory, Austria deposed from the headship of Germany and Prussia promoted thereto, France overrun and conquered by Germany, the Napoleonic dynasty ended at Sedan and a republic established on its ruins—such were some of the shocks that buffeted the nations of continental Europe. Within the same period the whole of North America was also shaken by a series of political earthquakes, and its map, like that of Europe, was changed. Following the order of nature these political throes began and were most violent in the southern latitudes of the continent. Maximilian of Austria, backed by Napoleon III and the arms of France, became for a brief space Emperor of Mexico, but later, betrayed by trusted friends, was captured, court-martialled and shot at Queretaro. In the United States arose the most gigantic civil war recorded in history. For a time it seemed that the great Republic must be rent in twain. Millions of armed men struggled upon scores of battlefields. The rivers ran with blood. Lincoln was martyred, but not until he had set his hand to the great emancipation proclamation which struck off forever the manacles from millions of dusky hands. The purchase of Alaska from Russia followed, and the reunited Republic became our northern as it had before been our southern neighbour. "Overshadowing us like a winter cloud from the north," was the way Joseph Howe put it, in view of the fact that our powerful rival in North America had but recently disbanded some two millions of armed men. A hundred years before the whole of North and South America had been ruled from Europe. Now all that remained of European sovereignty from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle was the British North American Provinces. The great question, Shall we remain British? was in every thoughtful mind. It was felt that politics had become stern, almost tragic, in the new world. Then the representatives of the Provinces met together at Quebec and their first resolve was that "the best interests and future prosperity of British America will be promoted by a federal union under the crown of Great Britain," and Britain on her part, in a memorable despatch, pledged the might of her Empire to defend Canada against the world. Thus, ninety years after the Declaration of Independence, the leading men of the North American Provinces solemnly reaffirmed their allegiance to the British Sovereign, the Red Cross Flag and the monarchical principle. It was, for the northern half of this continent, a momentous epoch.

When the British North America Act went into force and the first federal government was formed on 1st July, 1867, and later when on November 6 the elected representatives of the four Provinces met in Ottawa, there was little more than what the great O'Connell called "a union upon parchment" existing between the larger Provinces of old Canada and the two smaller Provinces on the Atlantic coast. Nova Scotia was almost in open revolt, her provincial government, legislature and people, and eighteen of her nineteen representatives in the federal House of Commons being determinedly committed to a repeal of the union. The people resented the fact that they had been legislated into the union without being consulted, and against their well-known wishes. New Brunswick was less recalcitrant, but still critical and somewhat suspicious of the new relations. Her people had indeed been consulted at the polls in regard to the famous Quebec Scheme in 1865, and

had by an overwhelming majority rejected it. In the following year they had given a majority in favour of a revised scheme of union, but the spirit of opposition was still strong among many of her people. Not a few flags floated at half-mast on Dominion Day, 1867, in St. John, and one of these, cut down by some marching volunteers who refused to pass beneath it, gave rise to a sensational prosecution in the police court. Three of the leading Anti-Confederates of 1865, in New Brunswick, were elected to the first House of Commons. These were the late Hon. A. J. Smith, afterward Sir Albert; Hon. T. W. Anglin, afterward Speaker and then editor and proprietor of the St. John *Freeman*; and Hon. John Costigan, who is still in Parliament. The two first named had been leading spirits of the Anti-Confederate Government of 1865-6. They had indeed accepted the union, but like men who accept a fact accomplished, though against their convictions.

In several other important respects the first Parliament differed from any that has succeeded it. It began its sessions representing but four Provinces. It ended as a Parliament for six Provinces, Manitoba having been raised to the provincial status in 1870 and British Columbia brought into the union in 1871. And these new elements were not at first very readily assimilated. Then there was dual representation. From the beginning Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had declared against it. No member of their governments or legislatures was permitted to hold a seat in either the Senate or Commons at Ottawa. Ontario and Quebec had other views. They not only permitted, but at first rather encouraged their leading public men to sit in both the provincial legislatures and the federal Parliament. John Sandfield Macdonald, the first Premier of Ontario, sat in the House of Commons with all his governmental colleagues—John Carling, Stephen Richards, Matthew Crooks Cameron and Edmund Burke Wood. Premier Chauveau, of Quebec, was there in like fashion, supported right and left by the members of his cabinet, Ouimet, Dunkin, Beaubien, Archambault, Irvine and others. Mackenzie, Blake and other members of the Ontario Opposition also held dual seats. During the sessions of Parliament there were three Governments in Ottawa, representing in their administrative capacity three-fourths of the people of what then was Canada. And these three Governments were closely allied under the supreme leadership of that astute statesman, Sir John Macdonald. For three or four months of the year Ontario and Quebec were ruled both in federal and provincial affairs from Ottawa. Thus, in close daily touch as well as in alliance politically, this political combination seemed irresistible. It was a unique feature of the first Parliament.

Another distinctive feature was the absence of cohesion among what constituted the Opposition when the first Parliament met. Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Opposition, was an Ontario Liberal. Hon. Joseph Howe, the leader of the Nova Scotian contingent, with most, if not all, of his following, were Liberals. But Liberalism meant something different in each of the Provinces. The Western Liberals could not, of course, accept Howe's programme of repeal, and he and his followers cared nothing for the issues which divided the Reformers of the west from the Liberal-Conservatives who were united under Sir John Macdonald. No Opposition in any Canadian Parliament since that day has been so wanting in cohesion, or so hopelessly divided. The result proved that they could not assimilate. And yet in numbers this heterogeneous Opposition, made up of 36 from Ontario, 20 from Quebec, 18 from Nova Scotia, and 8 from New Brunswick—a total of 82—was quite a formidable body in a House of 181 members, leaving the Government at the outset with a certain majority of no more than 17. This was afterward increased somewhat, but the majority was indeed few enough for a Government which had so formidable a task before it. That task was not only to prevent the threatened disruption, but to fuse together and consolidate the

heterogeneous elements and make of them one great Dominion, imbued with a national life and a national spirit.

It is also worthy of note in passing that no succeeding Parliament has contained so many men eminent in the public life of their several Provinces as that which assembled at Ottawa with the first fall of snow in November, 1867. Each of the four Provinces had sent a goodly quota of its ablest men. There were among them no fewer than twelve or thirteen Premiers or ex-Premiers of Provinces. A very much larger number had served, or were serving, in provincial cabinets. Be it observed also that most of these men were either young, or in the prime of vigorous manhood. A few only were comparatively advanced in years. Hon. Joseph Howe, "the old man eloquent," was 63, and his somewhat scanty locks were growing white. Sir Francis Hincks was 60, and his still abundant, bushy hair and beard were snowy. Sir George Cartier, although but 53, was also showing some appearance of age, his iron-grey hair being combed back from his lofty but somewhat receding forehead. Sir John Macdonald, the central figure among them all, was 52, but his curling locks were brown and his every movement was marked by the alertness of youth. Tilley was 49, Dorion 49, Dr. Tupper, as he was then called, was 46; McDougall 45, Alexander Mackenzie 45, "the granite-faced" leader of the Opposition. Mackenzie Bowell had numbered 44 years, Peter Mitchell 43, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, destined to death before the first session had ended, was 42; Hector L. Langevin 41, David Mills 36, Edward Blake 34, and showing a ruddy face beneath his broad-rimmed slouch hat; Richard J. Cartwright 32, and always immaculately dressed. The venerable Senator Wark, who lived to see the years of his second century, was then of the age of Joseph Howe.

Scores of others might be named, many of whom have passed from life's activities; others known only to the present generation as old, grey-headed men, who when they sat in the first Parliament were only in the thirties and forties. There were giants in those days, giants in their fullest vigour, many of them already famous and awaiting greater fame. A noble earl, when introducing the British North America Act in the House of Lords, had closed his speech with the words: "We are laying to-day the foundations of a great state which may one day overshadow even ourselves." The leading spirits of the first Parliament were of the stamp which gave promise of that prediction's fulfilment. No one can deny that they possessed the grasp and the forecast of true statesmanship. And the gift of oratory was not wanting. Indeed, that was the olden age of Canadian oratory. On field nights we were privileged to listen to the picturesque and engaging eloquence of Howe, the tremendously energetic and forceful deliverances of Tupper, the melodious voice and classic periods of McGee, the stately diction of Blake, the music of the silver-tongued Huntingdon, the moving oratory of Hilyard Cameron, or the chaste and pleasing discourses of John H. Gray. These and many others in the first Parliament were gifted with rare power to sway the feelings and the minds of men. Many of these eloquent voices are now forever silent, but it may not be without interest to recall them as they moved and spoke, and to reproduce scenes in which they took part, and impressions formed in and about Parliament in the days when the Dominion was young. Such will be the object of succeeding chapters.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Passing of the Poet

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

TUDIES in what may be termed collective psychology are essentially in keeping with the spirit of the present century. The examination of the mental tendencies, the intellectual habits which we display not as individuals, but as members of a race, community or crowd, is offering a fruitful field of speculation as yet but little exploited. One may, therefore, not without profit, pass in review the relation of the poetic instinct to the intellectual development of the present era.

Not the least noticeable feature in the psychological evolution of our time is the rapid disappearance of poetry. The art of writing poetry, or perhaps more fairly, the habit of writing poetry, is passing from us. The poet is destined to become extinct.

To a reader of trained intellect the initial difficulty at once suggests itself as to what is meant by poetry. But it is needless to quibble at a definition of the term. It may be designated, simply and fairly, as the art of expressing a simple truth in a concealed form of words, any number of which, at intervals greater or less, may or may not rhyme.

The poet, it must be said, is as old as civilisation. The Greeks had him with them, stamping out his iambics with the sole of his foot. The Romans, too, knew him—endlessly juggling his syllables together, long and short, short and long, to make hexameters. This can now be done by electricity, but the Romans did not know it.

But it is not my present purpose to speak of the poets of an earlier and ruder time. For the subject before us it is enough to set our age in comparison with the era that preceded it. We have but to contrast ourselves with our early Victorian grandfathers to realise the profound revolution that has taken place in public feeling. It is only with an effort that the practical common sense of the twentieth century can realise the excessive sentimentality of the earlier generation.

In those days poetry stood in high and universal esteem. Parents read poetry to their children. Children recited poetry to their parents. And he was a dullard, indeed, who did not at least profess, in his hours of idleness, to pour spontaneous rhythm from his flowing quill.

Should one gather statistics of the enormous production of poetry some sixty or seventy years ago, they would scarcely appear credible. Journals and magazines teemed with it. Editors openly countenanced it. Even the daily press affected it. Love sighed in home-made stanzas. Patriotism rhapsodised on the hustings, or cited rolling hexameters to an enraptured legislature. Even melancholy death courted his everlasting sleep in elegant elegiacs.

In that era, indeed, I know not how, polite society was haunted by the obstinate fiction that it was the duty of a man of parts to express himself from time to time in verse. Any special occasion of expansion or exuberance, of depression, torsion, or introspection, was sufficient to call it forth. So we have poems of dejection, of reflection, of deglutition, of indigestion.

Any particular psychological disturbance was enough to provoke an access of poetry. The character and manner of the verse might vary with the predisposing cause. A gentleman who had dined too freely might disexpand himself in a short fit of lyric doggerel in which "bowl" and "soul" were freely rhymed. The morning's indigestion inspired a long drawn elegiac, with "bier" and "tear," "mortal" and "portal" linked in sonorous sadness. The man of politics, from time to time, grateful to an appreciative country sang back to it—"Ho, Albion, rising from the brine!" in verse whose intention at least was meritorious.

And yet it was but a fiction, a purely fictitious obligation, self-imposed by a sentimental society. In plain truth, poetry

came no more easily or naturally to the early Victorian than to you or me. The lover twanged his obdurate harp in vain for hours for the rhymes that would not come, and the man of politics hammered at his heavy hexameter long indeed before his Albion was finally "hoed" into shape; while the beer-besotted convivialist cudgelled his poor wits cold sober in rhyming the light little bottle-ditty that should have sprung like Aphrodite from the froth of the champagne.

I have before me a pathetic witness of this fact. It is the note-book once used for the random jottings of a gentleman of the period. In it I read: "Fair Lydia, if my earthly harp." This is crossed out, and below it appears : "Fair Lydia, *could* my earthly harp." This again is erased, and under it appears: "Fair *Lydia*, should my earthly harp." This again is struck out with a despairing stroke, and amended to read: "Fair Lydia, *did* my earthly harp." So that finally, when the lines appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1845), in their ultimate shape—"Fair Edith, when with fluent pen," etc., etc., one can realise from what a desperate congelation the fluent pen had been so perseveringly rescued.

There can be little doubt of the deleterious effect occasioned both to public and private morals by this deliberate exaltation of mental susceptibility on the part of the early Victorian. In many cases we can detect the evidences of incipient paresis. The undue access of emotion frequently assumed a pathological character. The sight of a daisy, of a withered leaf or an up-turned sod, seemed to disturb the poet's mental equipoise. Spring unnerved him. The lambs distressed him. The flowers made him cry. The daffodils made him laugh. Day dazzled him. Night frightened him.

This exalted mood, combined with the man's culpable ignorance of the plainest principles of physical science, made him see something out of the ordinary in the flight of a waterfowl or the song of a skylark. He complained that he could *hear* it, but not *see* it—a phenomenon too familiar to the scientific observer to occasion any comment

In such a state of mind the most inconsequential inferences were drawn. One said that the brightness of the dawn—a fact easily explained by the diurnal motion of the globe—showed him that his soul was immortal. He asserted further that he had, at an earlier period of his life, trailed bright clouds behind him. This was absurd.

With the disturbance thus set up in the nervous system were coupled, in many instances, mental aberrations, particularly in regard to pecuniary matters. "Give me not silk, nor rich attire," pleaded one poet of the period to the British public, "nor gold nor jewels rare." Here was an evident hallucination that the writer was to become the recipient of an enormous secret subscription. Indeed, the earnest desire *not* to be given gold was a recurrent characteristic of the poetic temperament. The repugnance to accept even a handful of gold was generally accompanied by a desire for a draught of pure water or a night's rest.

It is pleasing to turn from this excessive sentimentality of thought and speech to the practical and concise diction of our time. We have learned to express ourselves with equal force but greater simplicity. To illustrate this I have gathered from the poets of the earlier generation and from the prose writers of to-day parallel passages that may be fairly set in contrast. Here, for example, is a passage from the poet Grey, still familiar to scholars:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice invoke the silent dust
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Precisely similar in thought, though different in form, is the more modern presentation found in Huxley's Physiology:

"Whether after the moment of death the ventricles of the heart can be again set in movement by the artificial stimulus of oxygen, it is a question to which we must impose a decided negative."

How much simpler, and yet how far superior to Grey's elaborate phraseology! Huxley has here seized the central point of the poet's thought, and expressed it with the dignity and precision of exact science.

I cannot refrain, even at the risk of

needless iteration, from quoting a further example. It is taken from the poet Burns. The original dialect being written in inverted hiccoughs, is rather difficult to reproduce. It describes the scene attendant upon the return of a cottage labourer to his home on Saturday night:

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare:
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion wi' judeecious care."

Now I find almost the same scene described in more apt phraseology in the police news of the Dumfries *Chronicle* (Oct. 3, 1905), thus: "It appears that the prisoner had returned to his domicile at the usual hour, and, after partaking of a hearty meal, had seated himself on his oaken settle, for the *ostensible purpose of reading the Bible.* It was while so occupied that his arrest was effected." With the trifling exception that Burns omits all mention of the arrest, for which, however, the whole tenor of the poem gives ample warrant, the two accounts are almost identical.

In all that I have thus said I do not wish to be misunderstood. Believing, as I firmly do, that the poet is destined to become extinct, I am not one of those who would accelerate his extinction. The time has not yet come for remedial legislation, or the application of the criminal law. Even in obstinate cases where pronounced delusions in reference to plants, animals and natural phenomena are seen to exist, it is better that we should do nothing that might occasion a mistaken remorse. The inevitable natural evolution which is thus shaping the mould of human thought may safely be left to its own course.

Herbert Spencer's Love-Story

IN the April *Harper's* there is an interesting article on the "Home Life of Herbert Spencer." In it, the love-story of his life is told—a partial explanation of his remaining a bachelor all his life. The story is told by a person who spent eight years under his roof, and is no doubt authentic. It is as follows:

On coming into the dining-room one evening he discovered one of us asleep over a book of his which he had lent us some months before. Highly amused at the soporific effect of his writings and the length of time taken over its perusal, he exclaimed:

"Why, you take as long to read my books as I take to write them!"

"Oh," was the answer, "I don't always finish them! I was reading one of your books the other day, and I saw something you said about love which surprised me so much that I closed the book sharply, and said, 'He knows nothing whatever about it.'"

He was much tickled with this speech, but his laughter died away as the recollection of the past came over him, and then and there he told us, gravely and unimpassionedly, what he knew about love from personal experience. It occurred during his engineering days, when he was about twenty-one.

He was left in charge of the business at the house of his chief, and it so happened that the only member of the family at home was a young niece, who was bright, unconventional and rather pretty. Every morning she used to bring the letters into the office for him, and being alone, and wanting company, she started talking to him. He was attracted by her. In this way, as has often happened before, a "great friendship" sprang up between them, which he said—and it was all he would admit—would "probably have ripened into something deeper" on his side, when suddenly a carefully concealed *fiancée* turned up, and he awoke. The "probable" event must have very nearly taken place, for he told us that even after fifty

years he well remembered the unpleasant feeling he experienced on seeing her hanging on his rival's arm and looking round at him to see what he thought of it.

"She was a horrid flirt!" exclaimed some of us.

"She was nothing of the sort," he quickly retorted, loyal to the memory of his half-acknowledged love of fifty years before. And so staunch and true was he, so simple and straightforward, that he would have no word said against her conduct.

It seemed that he not only felt more deeply than he would admit, but that he still cherished his illusions about her; for after he had told us his one poor little romance he suggested rather sheepishly that he should write to her and propose exchanging photographs. For although he had never seen her since, he knew where he could get her address. Seeing that he was rather bent on it, and wanted to be persuaded, we encouraged him to do it. Indeed, one of us then and there suggested that she should write the letter for him—an offer which he gladly accepted. It would have been wiser not to have written—to have left the ash of this love-story untouched to the end, like a mummy in its coffin, for the remembrance of the past was still young and fresh in him.

In due time a letter arrived with the photograph of the old lady, which he opened in his own room. But it was evident from his manner when he brought it downstairs that he was disappointed. It was strange if he expected the course of more than half a century to have left any trace of the prettiness and bloom of a girl of twenty, but it was clear that with the opening of that envelope the last of his illusions vanished.

He looked quite sad as he slowly and thoughtfully replaced the photograph in the cover, but as one of us asked, "Why is everybody so interested in love affairs, Mr. Spencer? Is it because they are common to all?" some pale reflection of the old fire shone out once more as he answered, "Yes, that is one reason; but a greater reason is because love is the most interesting thing in life."

The Robin

BY VIRNA SHEARD

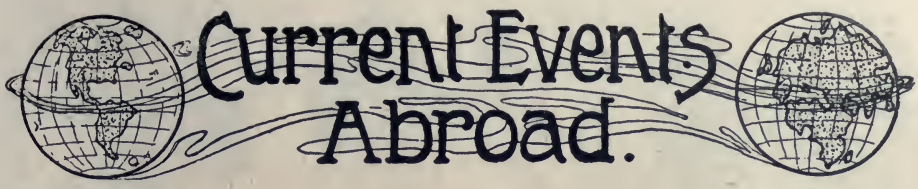
LITTLE brown brother, up in the apple tree,
High on its blossom-rimmed branches aswing,
Here where I listen earth-bound, it seems to me
You are the voice of the Spring.

Herald of Hope to the sad and faint-hearted,
Piper the gold of the world cannot pay,
Up from the limbo of things long departed
Memories you bring me to-day.

You are the echo of songs that are over,
You are the promise of songs that will come,
You know the music, oh, light-winged rover,
Sealed in the souls of the dumb.

All of the past that we wearily sigh for,
All of the future for which our hearts long,
All Love would live for, and all Love would die for
Wordless, you weave in a song.

Little brown brother, up in the apple tree,
My spirit answers each note that you sing,
And while I listen—earth-bound—it seems to me
You are the voice of the Spring.



THE new British Government appears to have disappointed some of its best friends early in its career. When one finds all the Labour men and some Liberals voting against it, and such papers as the *Speaker* chiding it, it may fairly be described as having quickly got into trouble. Nor is it in regard to one measure or one action that this criticism arises. The first serious collision was with those supporters of the Government and with the Labour members who are hostile to the maintenance of the army at its present strength, but particularly at its present cost. Mr. Haldane rather blankly refused to accommodate his attitude to this section of opinion with the consequence that on a division on a motion calling for a substantial decrease of the army a number of Liberal and Labour members were found voting against the Government.

This estrangement between the same elements and the Administration was intensified later over the clause of the Labour Disputes Bill brought in by the Attorney-General. It will be remembered that in the Taff Vale case it was decided that an action for damages could lie against a union, and that any mulct inflicted could be recovered from the union funds. The unions have been virtually waiting for the advent of a Liberal Government in order to have the law amended to exempt unions from this liability. The Attorney-General's bill went some distance to meet their views, reducing their liability almost to a vanishing point, but not going as far as a large number of Liberals were pledged to go by their constituents. It is stated that at least 200 supporters of the Government were thus pledged, and that many of them will adhere to their pledges. How the Government will manage to extricate itself remains to be seen.

But the incident which has been of most interest to the colonies was Lord Elgin's intervention in the domestic affairs of Natal. Owing to their resentment at a shilling poll-tax recently imposed on the natives, there has been a good deal of unrest amongst them. A sergeant and some police were endeavouring to enforce payment in a Zulu kraal when a row took place, and the sergeant and one of his constables were killed. The murder caused what looked very like a panic in the colony. The whites in Natal, numbering less than 80,000, are as one to ten. The greater part of them are gathered in the towns. The few, therefore, scattered throughout the country, surrounded by blacks who were known to be disaffected and resentful, took fright when news of the murder of the police was noised abroad. A wild rush was made for the towns, and the Kaffirs and Zulus realised that the proud white man was somewhat badly frightened.

The Government acted with energy. Militia regiments were called out, and the regular army authorities promptly despatched the Cameron Highlanders from Johannesburg to the scene of trouble. A number of natives who were said to be concerned in the murder were seized and tried by court-martial. A dozen of them were sentenced to be shot, seven being acquitted. It would appear that some colonial drew Lord Elgin's attention to the matter by cable, and the Colonial Secretary at once telegraphed the Governor stopping the carrying out of the sentence until he was better informed of the circumstances. There was undoubtedly a good deal of strain in the situation in Natal, and when the Government ascertained what Lord Elgin had done it immediately resigned. Lord Elgin was impelled to retrace his steps and to ask

CHINA'S AWAKENING—A *Punch* view

Ah Miss It, the great Golf Champion. | Miss Wun Lung Wing, President of the Ladies' Chop-stick Hockey Club. | Double U Gee, the Cricket Champion. | O Kiki, the famous Halfee Backee. | San Dow, much strongee man. | See Me Run, with some of his prizes.

["A new phase of China's awakening was shown a few weeks ago in the first great athletic meeting in that country."—*Daily Mail.*]

the Governor to induce the members of the Cabinet to resume their positions. This they did, and the executions were duly carried out. Lord Elgin made Sir Henry McCallum the buffer, saying in his second despatch that if the Governor had kept him informed it would not have been necessary to intervene.

There can be no question that the Colonial Secretary's course was ill-advised. It has been said that if there were a native uprising the Home Government would have to find the troops to suppress it. That would seem to furnish a strong reason for concern on the part of the Home Government in the manner of treating the natives, but it will be seen that a similar reason could be urged for frequent interference in the government of that or any other colony. It must be supposed that the people of the colony are as anxious to avoid exasperating the natives as the Home Government can be, for the brunt of the attack would first fall upon them, and the evil after effects would long be a handicap to the colony. Their interest in avoiding a native war cannot therefore be questioned, and when it is considered that they ought to be better informed than the home authorities as to how it may best be avoided, there can scarcely be a question about the injudiciousness of intervening. That the colonies entail great responsibilities on

THE ETERNAL FIGHT AGAINST THE SALOON IS STILL PROCEEDING

"THE SALOON'S WORST OFFENCE."—*Jacob Riis*
—From the N.Y. American

the Imperial authorities cannot be gainsaid, and it is, perhaps, difficult for the Englishman to discover what the countervailing advantages are. He has to look to the future when the development of the colonies will have more than doubled the might and resources of the Empire.

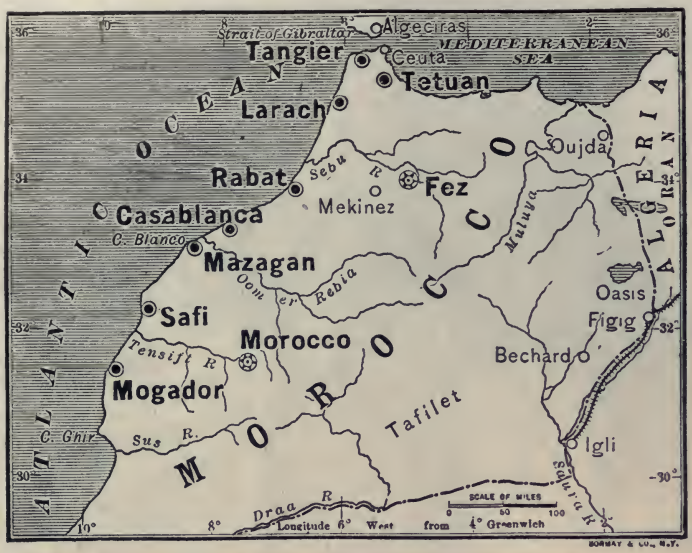
The Algeciras conference is, at the time of writing, virtually closed, and it is a matter for rejoicing that it has closed peacefully. On several occasions a stormy juncture was reached, but on the very day that the last word seemed to have been spoken, Mr. Henry White, the United States representative, was able to draft a clause with respect to the police that was acceptable to the chief contending parties. The two main contentions were as to the management of the bank which is to be established for the improvement of the financial administration of Morocco, and as to the administration of the police force intended for the maintenance of order. On the bank issue Germany rather had the better of it, and in regard to the police she succeeded in obtaining what looked like a concession. If she saved her face it was about all she accomplished. In the two things which it is supposed she aimed at, namely, the obtaining of a base for her fleet in the Mediterranean and the discrediting of Great Britain as an ally she has utterly failed. She has secured no port on the Mediterranean, and instead of discrediting the *entente*, she succeeded in proving to the people of the participating nations how strong and substantial the *entente* is. France was left in no doubt that Great Britain was prepared to stand not only steadily, but also boldly and even aggressively, at her side; while the people of Britain recognised in the temperate, firm, unwarlike attitude of the French people and their representatives a sober and solid France which was as far from swagger or hysterics as from panic or fear. The *entente* has come out of the Conference strengthened and sanctioned.

A Canadian Cartoonist's View of the Sincerity of Canadian M.P.'s

THE EXTRA INDEMNITY

Anti-Grab M.P.—"Did the Press get my Indignant Protest and Refusal to be a participator in this shameful grab?"
Cashier—"Yes, Sir."
A.-G. M.P.—"And did they get a good photograph of me indignantly refusing to accept it?"
Cashier—"Yes, Sir."
A.-G. M.P.—"Good! You can give it to me now!"
—The *Star*, Montreal.

Both countries changed their Governments but not their policies during the progress of the negotiations. France



MAP SHOWING THE EIGHT PORTS ON THE COAST OF MOROCCO TO BE POLICED BY FRANCE AND SPAIN

changed not only her Government, but also her ruler. As to Germany, there were some rumours that Von Buelow would retire. This is scarcely likely. It would be tantamount to an admission of a diplomatic defeat. This is the last thing that the Kaiser wants to do. So anxious were the French to save their rivals from chagrin that word was sent around to the French editors to avoid crowing. That the German Chancellor has been under a great strain seems indicated by his physical collapse in the Reichstag. One may well feel some sympathy with the Kaiser in that, though the military master of Europe, he has not been able to pick up any of the unconsidered trifles which have been lying around. He will probably recoup himself handsomely some day when a Holland or a Belgium, or a Turkey are being "adjusted."

The German press never loses an opportunity of discrediting the Monroe doctrine. The reason is obvious enough. The South American programme which the Pan-Germanic propagandists dream about cannot be realised while that doctrine is upheld, or has enough strength behind it to secure its enforcement. The German immigration to Brazil continues, and is being promoted by colonisation associations. The Germans preserve their language in their new homes and teach it in schools supported by public money. So much has Portuguese been displaced by German that the natives in those parts of Brazil where the Germans are settling speak German when they do not speak their own tongue. The ominous bar to this propaganda, however, is the Monroe doctrine. A United States newspaper the other day made the bold guess that while the Germans kept up the idea that the German navy was being strengthened for European uses, what was really aimed at was the future of the sons of the Fatherland in America. The builders of the war vessels in German docks were thinking more of the American navy than of the British navy. Germany has in her favour the law of utility. The resources of South America cannot remain forever undeveloped. The Latin races have failed as colonisers. The interests of the world demand that the sceptre of these lands shall pass into the hands of some more energetic race.

The Russian elections have resulted most satisfactorily for all who hate reaction on the one hand and anarchy on the other. The moderate party appears to have won all along the line, and we may hope to see Russia enter slowly and securely on the path of constitutionalism and the restoration of order.

John A. Ewan

MAY comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
All the earth is glad again,
Kind and fair to me.

May comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
Set his place at hearth and board
As they used to be.

May comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
Higher are the hills of home,
Bluer is the sea.

—*Bliss Carman*

THE TERRY JUBILEE

THE announcement that the new English paper, the *Tribune*, has taken the initiative in the celebration of Ellen Terry's jubilee is not altogether agreeable to those who cannot believe in anything but eternal youth for the great actress. However, facts and figures must occasionally be faced, and those who occupy the throne, as well as those who hold the stage, are reminded of anniversaries by an ever vigilant press. On the 28th of April, 1856, Ellen Terry, then a graceful little girl eight years of age, appeared upon the stage of the Princess Theatre in a performance of "The Winter's Tale," under the management of Charles Kean. From him she learned the elements of histrionic art, and before long it was seen that the pupil would win triumphs never achieved by the master.

In 1867, Miss Terry was first associated with Henry Irving, but it was under the Bancrofts, in 1875, acting the part of *Portia*, that she made her first great impression on London. In 1878 she began her long career with Irving at the Lyceum, which "forms the brightest period of British dramatic art in the nineteenth century." Theirs was an ideal artistic sympathy, and no one who saw Irving and Terry could forget the double magnetism of two such interpreters of the greatest English plays. Terry's *Portia* is as memorable as Sir Henry's *Shylock*, and it may be many a season before we shall hear such a voice, a "golden miracle," repeating the inspired phrases of the "Mercy Speech." It has been sullied by school-boy oration, spouted by tenth-rate elocutionists, and recited with dreary twang by youthful clergymen of all denominations. But to those who heard it from the lips of Ellen Terry, it was a revelation of the soul of Shakespeare, an experience of the highest in histrionic art.

An editorial writer in the London *Daily Mail* does mere justice to her gifts in the following paragraph: "The distinctive features of her brilliant career have been her versatility and the refinement and simplicity of her acting. She possesses that rarest and highest art which attains perfect naturalness and hides all appearance of effort. Whether in comic or tragic parts, she has been equally great and equally convincing. Other actresses of our time may have displayed greater dramatic emphasis; none has more exactly reproduced the action of human beings under all conditions. She has never exaggerated and never yielded to that excess which the Greeks reprobated. Her art from start to finish has been marked and distinguished by the observance of the golden mean. No one who has watched her upon the stage can be blind to the singular charm and directness of her impersonation, to the womanliness of her bearing, to the grace and dignity of her actions and attitudes. That her triumphs

FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN

Punch brings Shakespeare back to pay a tribute to Miss Ellen Terry who on April 28th will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage.

have been so many is one more proof that the British and American public are not such Philistines in matters of art as they are sometimes represented."

There is little doubt that the recognition of her jubilee will take a national, even an international form. The basis of the testimonial shall be a shilling fund, in order that the humblest of Miss Terry's admirers may become contributors. It is interesting to learn that the honorary secretary of the executive committee is Captain Harry Graham, who made many friends in Canada, where he acted for some time as Lord Minto's *aide-de-camp*, and whose talent in amateur theatricals, and as writer of witty verse, is widely recognised.

A glance at the record of those brilliant years at the Lyceum brings home to us the present poverty of dramatic productions, making us realise the justice of William Winter's fierce outburst two years ago, when he declared: "Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as 'actresses,' rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. . . . The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen." These are indeed the dark days of the drama, when cheap vaudeville is strong in the land, and George Bernard Shaw bobs up unserenely to tell us that Shakespeare wrote poor stuff. Wherefore, in grateful recognition of one who is in every word and gesture a great artist, and whose like we may not see again, it is to be hoped that a host of contributors to the Terry testimonial will show that appreciation is not a lost art.

THE SPRING COLONISTS

THERE is a certain buoyancy, such as we have never experienced before, in the Canadian atmosphere in these days. We have heard again and again during the last two years that this is to be "Canada's century," and that fortune has turned upon us a smile as broad as our wide Dominion. Certainly, the crowded colonist trains going out to the West look as if that were to be no longer a lone land. Many Ontario people have set out for Alberta and Saskatchewan this spring, but during the last two weeks most of the western-bound settlers have been from the British Isles. Regarding these newcomers a few words might be said, even if they prove a repetition of a former plea. The homesickness of the immigrant must be a desolating experience, and sometimes we native Canadians are too impatient with the Scot or the Englishman, or the Irishman, who does not

all at once find the St. Lawrence or the Saskatchewan much finer streams than the Thames, the Tweed, or the Shannon. We are people who go to and fro a great deal, and have few associations with the house where we were born. Most of these immigrants have been, like MacLaren's "Burnbrae," rooted in the soil, and it has been a sore trial to leave the old land, even if hard times befel them there, and though they may be looking to golden harvests in the new.

A Winnipeg paper, giving some advice to the newly-arrived English immigrants, tells them to learn the vocabulary of the man on the street. There follows a list of "dont's," some of which are timely, while there are others which the Englishman had better ignore. The adviser says: "Don't say 'gum' for mucilage—they will think it's chewing gum you want." That is a sensible warning with a certain commercial advantage. But when he remarks: "Don't say 'of course' for sure," any Canadian who has the slightest regard for the proprieties of speech indulges in a protesting shiver. If there is an ejaculation which is the hall-mark of the undiscerning and the vulgar, it is the assertive "sure!" Why the Winnipegger should make such haste to adopt Yankee colloquialisms we do not understand. It is this tendency to obvious common-place which led the Bostonian writer to exclaim: "It seems that the mission of America is to vulgarise the world." In that connection "America" means Canada also. It is true that Winnipeg has suffered many things because of the inefficient Englishman, the "remittance man," who can do nothing, who will do nothing, and who ends in suicide, leaving many mourning creditors. But there is no reason why the decent, hard-working English immigrant should be asked to drop the words "shop" and "tram" for their Yankee equivalents.

There is a highly useful word of counsel in the warning: "Don't, oh don't say ''Ammersmith is better than Winnipeg.'" The immigrant who grumbles because he doesn't find cathedrals in Canada, and who is constantly rubbing in the way they do things "at 'ome," is justly disliked. But most of the newcomers this year are a desirable class of settlers, who are anxious to learn the ways of a new land, and whose first strangeness should not meet with impatience and misunderstanding. Our fathers or grandfathers were once "just out" from England, Ireland or Scotland, and all that can be done by a friendly word and a readiness to "oblige a stranger," should be offered by Canadians to the people who are to hold our western lands.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH

Now appearing in the St. James, London, with Mr. George Alexander, in Mr. Pinero's new play *His House in Order*

A WIFE FOR THE WEST

SEVERAL months ago there was a paragraph in this department about "The Brides of March," in which reference was made to the announcement in a British paper that the Salvation Army was sending out young women as wives for the lonely bachelors of our prairie country. The British journal stated that there were ten thousand young Cana-

dians who desired to exchange "The Reveries of a Bachelor" for "The Ravings of a Benedict"—or something to that effect. Our comment said, among other things: "Ten thousand young men without wives form a pathetic band, and one really wonders where they are." It seems that an English paper copied that sentence and several others with the somewhat startling result that there came to this office a letter from a Staffordshire maiden saying modestly: "Would one (prairie bachelor) care to correspond with English girl age 22 or exchange picture postcards state age height occupation enclose photo etc." It may be seen from the foregoing extract that the English girl knows little of the gentle art of punctuation—but what do commas matter if she knows how to cook? Semicolons are a mere detail, but can she—oh, can she make a fluffy omelette and a tempting loaf of bread? The English girl gives her post-office address, but as THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is not a matrimonial agency, and does not wish to get into the hot water that sooner or later deluges the match-maker, the suggestion is merely made to the Staffordshire maiden that there are advertising columns in the Winnipeg and Regina papers.

THE DECAY OF SELF-CONTROL

IT is a great pity that the Canadian public is so addicted to the cheap magazine. There are welcome signs that the good British reviews are once more to become generally read by the Canadian people, and to that end may the British postal authorities awake and reform their rates! One of the most interesting London publications is the *Monthly Review*, published in London by the old firm of Murray, in Canada by Morang & Company. Among the most sprightly contributors is Mr. Basil Tozer, whose essays are always stimulating and frequently informing. Some months ago he wrote on "The Decay of Self-Control," in connection with which subject he said some alarming things about the modern British spirit, and made some comforting remarks about British women:

"In connection with this it is interesting to note that women, taken as a body, have of late years been developing greater power of self-restraint, and that intellectually—I quote the views expressed by men who have had exceptional opportunities of forming a just opinion—they have shown signs of possessing mental attributes hitherto unsuspected in the sex. This psychological development, however, would appear to have confined itself almost wholly to the section of the female population that has to make its way in the world. A well-known philanthropist of great wealth, who spends much of his time in moving unostentatiously and unrecognised among all sorts and conditions of men and women with a view to finding out for himself where money can be spent to the best advantage for the benefit of the multitude, believes implicitly that whereas a great proportion of the male population of every class is gradually drifting more and more into the habit of making self-gratification the be-all and end-all of existence, women, that is to say, women of average intelligence, whose ranks he declares to be steadily augmenting, are rapidly getting a more comprehensive grip of affairs, and coming to see more and more clearly what the nation lacks as a nation, and how its deficiencies can best be supplied."

Granting that Mr. Tozer's informant is correct, the outlook is still unpleasant, for a nation's self-control cannot depend on the women alone. It is the old story that Tennyson told us in the "Princess" half a century ago:

> "The woman's cause is man's,
> They rise or sink together,
> Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

Jean Graham

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

NEW TOWN SITES

LIKE Topsy in the play, the towns of Canada have had neither father nor mother, they have just "growed." Some of the newer town and village sites in the West have been platted according to design, and consequently have regular streets and square blocks. On the whole, nevertheless, it must be said that Canada knows nothing of the systematic and scientific making of a town-site. Nearly everything in this crude country is haphazard and without a scientific basis. Canada has been developed by ignorant, hard-working people, and its appearance is exactly what might have been expected. It is only fair to say that it is no worse than the other countries of America.

Several years ago, the Ontario Government, in providing for the construction of a government railway from the town of North Bay, on the C.P.R., to a point on James Bay, reserved the right to handle the town-sites. Presumably, the idea was to prevent the speculator from making excessive profits out of the permanent settler. The plan was excellent, and deserves every commendation. It marked a great step in advance.

It is now proposed by the Toronto *Globe* that the principle shall be extended to all town-sites along the Grand Trunk Pacific and its branches, and along all railways yet to be built in Northern Ontario. By such enterprise, the Government would get an increased price for such of the Crown lands as may be required for urban uses, while the residents of the new towns will not be unnecessarily mulcted.

There are other advantages in such a system. In the first place, a special commissioner could be placed in charge, and the platting of the town-sites could be made on a scientific basis. For example, a quarter section of land, 160 acres, will plot uniformly into 64 blocks, 264 feet square, with streets 66 feet wide surrounding each block. These blocks will subdivide into 12 lots, 44 by 132 feet, or 16 lots, 33 by 132 feet without alleys. In the centre, or business portion, this may be varied by making the lots 44 by 150 feet, with alleys 16 feet wide in the rear, making nine lots in a block 300 by 396 feet.* This is the simplest form of town-site. If there is a prospect of a large town, it may be advisable to have one or two main streets much wider. This is expensive, as the experience of Winnipeg has shown, but it has ultimate advantages.

Then again, there must be a certain grade in the town. Where filling in or cutting down is likely to be required, the bordering lots should be held back until these improvements have been made. The grade should be determined by a skilled civil engineer, and should bear a relationship to a possible water and sewage system. Moreover, there is an artistic side to be considered. There should be symmetry, uniformity and beauty, such as is now being worked out at Ottawa by a commission, and as is being suggested in Toronto by the Guild of Civic Art.

The river, or water front, is an important consideration. Vancouver has found some of her leading streets cut off from the water-front by too great generosity to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The water-front should be entirely in the control of the city, and no portion of it should be alienated. Toronto has lost part of her water-front by the encroachment of railways, and is now acquiring another part at a considerable expenditure. The water-front of every town should be made attractive and beautiful, while recognising the commercial necessities of all con-

*Civics, by Francis Sherman, p. 84.

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Who has just visited Canada on his way home from Japan

cerned. All these purposes may be inexpensively served by foresight on the part of the land department of the province concerned.

The subject is one which is interesting to the other provinces, as well as to Ontario. Hundreds of new towns will be platted in Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, during the next year or two. Each provincial government should lay down some general principles in a Town-site Act, and provide for some scientific oversight and direction. In this way, the revenues of each province will be generously augmented, and the best interests of thousands of future town-dwellers will be served. If everything in this connection be left to chance and the town-site speculator, the interests of the few will lay a grievous burden on the general prosperity. The Dominion Government, as owner of the Crown lands in the West, has a duty in this connection which requires immediate action.

PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITIES

THERE are a number of lessons for the other provinces in the recent report of the Royal Commission on the University of Toronto. This institution is the creature of the State, and up to the present time the appointments have been in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council—practically, the cabinet. This has not worked well. Political appointments were not of the best, and dismissals were unknown. The president was without either power, and consequently impotent to effect reform.

The Commission recommends that the power of appointment and dismissal shall rest in a Board of Fifteen Governors, appointed by the Government for six years. The president, however, is to have the initiative by recommendation. This makes the president responsible for the efficiency of his staff, subject only to the approval of the Board of Governors. The public will now know where to place the responsibility.

This plan is part of the great movement now proceeding for taking the power over permanent appointments out of the hands of political bodies, and placing them on the basis of merit and qualification. No provincial cabinet, dependent for its life on political support and subject to every kind of political influence, can be expected to make appointments with the same disregard of personal influence as an independent Board of Governors.

Among the other suggestions of the Commission, are recommendations that the School of Practical Science shall be united with the University as its Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering; that University College shall continue as now constituted, with a principal, faculty council, and registrar of its own; that the University shall provide for more of the chairs required in the Faculty of Medicine; that women shall be admitted to medical training; that a Faculty of Law shall be established, and arrangements made with the Law Society for that purpose; that there should be a School of Forestry, with a staff sufficient to cover both lectures and field work; that there be a Household Science department with separate building; that there shall be an art school in the near

future; that there might be a school of music; that the Agricultural College shall remain affiliated with the University; that a state veterinary college be established, and that there shall be a department of pedagogy.

It will be noticed that the Commission has not recommended a Kindergarten. The omission was probably unintentional. It seems a shame that such a comprehensive series of recommendations should not have been rounded out by such an institution where weary professors and overworked students might go to get relaxation and entertainment. It was thought, perhaps, that the botanical garden—note the qualifying adjective—would serve this purpose, but they forgot that during most of the College season the ravine is full of dead leaves and snow.

Seriously, though, the Commission's report is excellent, in spite of their too evident desire not to tread on the toes of any person or any class. Every graduate of a Canadian college would do well to peruse the sixty pages of this well-written document.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER

ONTARIO has two sensations just now, the new silver-mining camp at Cobalt, and the agitation over Niagara Falls power. Regarding the latter, the people have suddenly awakened to a realisation that the greatest asset of the province has been almost given away, and that a few capitalists would like to collect an annual toll of several million dollars from the people.

The following charters have been granted for the development of power on the Canadian side of the Falls, with the water requirements of each:

ONTARIO GRANT.

	Cubic feet per second
Can. Niagara Power Co.....	8,600
Ontario Power Co.....	11,700
Electrical Development Co.....	10,750
	31,050

DOMINION GRANT.

Niagara-Welland Power Co., unlimited.

Jordan Light, Heat and Power Co., unlimited.

Erie Ontario Power Co., unlimited.

On the American side, nine companies have been chartered, of which three are developing power. These require 32,800 cubic feet per second, as compared with the 31,050 feet required for the three Canadian companies now operating or about to operate. When all these works are complete, the volume of water going over the Falls will be 23 per cent. less than at present. Therefore, from a scenic point of view, it is almost time to call a halt, and this has been impressed on the Governments of Canada and the United States.

Ontario's excitement, however, is not so much over the destruction of the scenic beauty of the Falls as over the possibility of the holders of these franchises asking

M. FALLIÈRES

Président de la République, elected January 17th, 1906

exorbitant prices. On April 11th, a monster deputation representing many municipalities of Western Ontario waited on the Ontario Government and virtually demanded "Cheap Power." It has been shown that power can be generated at Niagara and delivered in Hamilton, Toronto, Brantford, Guelph and London at about $20 per horse-power. The companies propose to charge from $35 to $60. Hence, the people interested in manufacturing and lighting are up in arms.

The lesson for the rest of Canada would seem to be: government control of all water-powers. The monopolists of Montreal buy electric power, brought eighty miles from Shawinigan at $15 per horse-power, and sell it at about four times that price. The monopolists of Toronto propose to do the same. The monopolists of the other provinces are not likely to be less lenient than in Toronto and Montreal, hence the people must be on their guard. The only way, apparently, to prevent extortion is government operation or control. This, of course, has its dangers, but as time goes on these dangers will be minimised. It is a pity that capitalists could not be reasonable and just and such agitations as this be avoided.

It is becoming clearer day by day that hydro-electric energy is to be the great motive power of the next half-century, and likely to displace coal wherever it is easily available. Consequently both governments and people must carefully watch all legislation aiming at the control of any supply. Port Arthur, Orillia and other places have shown that municipally produced power can be sold as low as $15 per horse-power, as compared with steam-power at $30 a horse-power. Whenever this is possible, industries will be attracted and the expansion of a community assured. In Canada coal must always remain a very costly fuel, hence the greater need for safeguarding the control of its substitute.

The problem is by no means confined to the part of Ontario around Niagara Falls. It is general in Canada, because water powers exist everywhere. The verdict of the two commissions which have just reported in Ontario should be closely scanned by the publicists and manufacturers of the other provinces.

THE GENERAL FATHER

ANDREW CARNEGIE is working hard. Not content with having built up a steel industry which robbed the United States and Canada of millions of dollars by unjust profits, he continues his mad career. He hands out charity to people who need no charity, and thus debauches them—he gives library buildings to towns and cities that do not need them, or that should provide them for themselves if they do need them. I am quite convinced that Carnegie libraries will not be the blessing that many people expect. The people do not require more reading; they require less. All reading and no thinking makes people empty-headed. It is thought which develops, and reading is only useful where it assists thinking.

His latest mad project is to reform the spelling of English words. Here again he is trying to interfere with natural development. Spelling reform will come in good time, and there is no necessity for rush. Some good will be accomplished no doubt, but the result of the hurry will be more or less temporary chaos.

It seems strange that if Mr. Carnegie is so anxious about the public welfare that he has not done something towards the economic betterment of the masses. Ten million people in Great Britain and ten million people in the United States are on the verge of starvation. Twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons paupers! And yet the number of millionaires increases daily.

It is strange how the great reformers shun economic reform. They seem to believe in slums, over-crowded tenements, homeless working people, poverty and general distress. The people ask for bread; and Andrew Carnegie offers them books and spelling reform. Nor is Mr. Carnegie the only great failure as a philanthropist.

John A. Cooper

THE CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE

LITERATURE

"THE attitude of the modern mind towards letters may be expressed as one of unconcern," says Professor Theodore W. Hunt, in his new volume entitled "Literature,"* and one cannot but agree. So many people read books without any standard by which they may judge what is and what is not literature; and so many there are who seldom think of literature as a permanent influence in men's lives. There never was a time when there was more writing, more books being printed. Quality is being lost sight of in the pursuit of quantity. It is questionable if one in ten of modern books is literature. What is the test by which writing may be distinguished from literature?

The supplying of this test is the aim of Professor Hunt's most valuable book. His chapter on "The Mission of Literature" is especially good. He divides this mission into four parts: (1) The conception, embodiment and interpretation of some great idea or principle. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is a modern example, since it contains the great ideas of God and the universe, and of all the larger problems of life. (2) The correct interpretation of the spirit of the age. The writers of the Elizabethan age succeeded in catching and embodying the spirit of the time, therefore their greatness. (3) The interpretation of human nature to itself and to the world. Dickens is a good example of this feature. (4) The presentation and enforcement of high ideals. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Milton embody this feature. The voluminous writer of to-day cannot possibly retain the highest ideals. He becomes local or national, loses his cosmopolitanism and the generality which underlies all literature of the higher type.

In the first part of his volume, Prof. Hunt deals with the scope of literature, its relation to philosophy, politics, language, life, ethics and the arts. In the second part he takes up the more technical side of his subject, and treats of the genesis and growth of literary forms, primary types in prose and poetry, the more advanced forms of poetry and poetics and prose fiction. His closing chapter on "The Place of Literature in Liberal Education" is opportune, because too often its educational value is overlooked in this material age. It is not instruction or information merely, but inspiration. It may not assist directly in making a man a money-earner as other studies, but it is essential in the production of thinkers, of great citizens, of leaders in thought. Moreover, a study of literature must be carefully distinguished from the study of linguistics, the examination of technical forms of words and sentences.

FROUDE vs. FREEMAN

ONE of the interesting literary episodes of the last half century is in its last act. Freeman, Regius Professor of History in Oxford, author of several notable books, undertook to show the world that his fellow-historian, Froude, was inaccurate and unreliable, that his story of the Tudors was written with indecent haste and without due investigation. The result was that Freeman's reputation soared and Froude's dwindled. Froude had abandoned the modern Anglican Church and wrote in defence of Henry VIII and Cromwell, of Luther, Knox and Murray. The high churchmen hate the memory of Henry VIII, and consequently they were not pleased with Froude's de-

*"Literature: Its Principles and Problems," by Theodore W. Hunt, Professor of English in Princeton University. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

fence of him. Freeman's attack was welcomed as a defence of themselves.

Now, Herbert Paul, in a biography of Froude, tells us that the attack had no real justification, and was merely the result of personal spite. He consulted Freeman's copy of Froude's "History," now in the library of Owens College, Manchester, and there found his evidence. On the margins of the books Freeman had scribbled some notes, and among them are these comments: "A lie," "Beast," "May I live to embowel James Anthony Froude," "Froude is certainly the vilest brute that ever wrote a book." This is a great discovery; it tarnishes the memory of Freeman, and clears, to some extent, the memory of Froude. It enables justice to be done.

The whole story is worth reading again, and it may be found in Mr. Paul's "Life of Froude," or in an article in the February *Monthly Review*. It is not pleasant to know that so great a man as Freeman could have fallen so low as to allow his personal spite to run away with his judgment. It is best, however, that the public should be aware of the shameful efforts that have been made to make Froude's work unpopular.

IF YOUTH BUT KNEW

ELINOR SWEETMAN'S line, "If Youth but Knew," has been taken as the title of a new novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, authors of "The Pride of Jennico," "French Nan," etc. It is a story of Westphalia, when that kingdom was misruled by "Little Brother Jerome," whom Napoleon placed in a position of temporary authority. To label it an historical novel would not be unfitting, yet it would be somewhat unjust. That title has come into general use to bolster up much that is merely trash. The historical setting in this case is excellently done, and will apparently bear close inspection. The story itself is novel—the weird, fantastic fiddler is a character that is worth creating, and his philosophy of life is one that can be recommended as nobility itself. The young Austrian count who marries a German heiress, and is parted from her an hour after the marriage, is a hero who will appeal to British minds. Though Austrian, he is English by education, and through his mother has all the faults and strength of a typical Englishman, coupled with the pride of the Austrian nobleman. His adventures in Westphalia are sufficiently exciting to please the admirers of the "Prisoner of Zenda" or "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard." There is much less wanton blood-letting and swash-buckling, but there is no lack of thrilling incident. It is a finer poem of life than either of these works, and as such it reflects greater credit upon its authors. Nevertheless, it is not a book for children, and can only be understood and appreciated by those who have seen civilisation in its most aggravated forms and have realised the meannesses of motive that occasionally prevail amid wealth, social distinction and power.

AN INDUSTRIAL NOVEL

MRS. KEAYS, the Canadian novelist, has issued a new book which has aroused considerable attention and received both praise and censure. The *Literary Digest* contains the following summary of the plot:

> In "The Work of Our Hands," H. E. Mitchell Keays, with large outlook and wide sweep, shows a strange working out of destiny. Albeit her characters are only society and working folk of an everyday manufacturing city, she so swings the particular into the universal, so snatches the significant from the irrelevant, that we realise with new pity and terror that tragedy stalks in the frivolous and fleeting life about us.
>
> Christie Bronsart, the strong man who dominates the story, always gets his own way. He might be a composite of two or three of our great modern oligarchs of finance. He has a strain of the silk-soft artistic temperament; he is a connoisseur in emotions, a trafficker in sensations. He has also a streak of the blue-steel business temperament; he can drive a rival out of business into beggary, and then make terms with his conscience by running a fashionable church.
>
> His dreams have all come true. He has wealth, position, a brilliant son and daughter, a beautiful and accomplished daughter-in-law. And this young woman, by the way, is the last and fondest treasure—an only and beloved daughter—swept from an honourable rival whose bankruptcy, compassed by the

unscrupulous Bronsart, has been the firm foundation of that financier's fortune.

Yet this very affluence, this loading of his own family with luxury, proves Bronsart's final undoing. The lovely daughter-in-law, from whom knowledge of the shameful mistreatment of her father has been kept by the latter himself, finally learns of the iniquity that robbed him, and hastened her mother's death. The blood of the Covenanters in her veins has long been rebelling at the dawdling Vanity Fair of her life. She breaks with her husband, and torn by her scorn, and in the hope of regaining her love, he, too, leaves his luxurious life to try to learn something of the life of those toilers ever in the mind of his absent wife. In his quest he is mangled and brought to death's door by an accident in one of the factories that have built up the Bronsart wealth. To add to the sorrows of the house, Bronsart's daughter, a wilful, wayward, selfish girl, finding her affection scorned by a young John the Baptist, to whom she is only a shell of humanity, hating the burden of her riches, knowing nothing of the solace of working for others, turns to enter a nunnery, leaving her father humiliated by his daughter's unrequited love and crushed by her living burial.

So, his home a wreck, his name fated to die out, his riches an incubus, Christie Bronsart, who has had his own way to the uttermost, is thwarted through the blood and teaching of the man he has most injured, and is defeated by the ideals he has defied.

NOTES

Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, of Edinburgh and London, announce a book for young men which is sure to awaken the interest of many people in this country. The author is the Rev. Albert G. Mackinnon, whose father was a minister in Hopewell, Nova Scotia, and Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, and whose brother, the Rev. Clarence Mackinnon, is well known throughout the Dominion. Mr. Mackinnon is minister of the United Free Church, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and his Sabbath Evening Lectures are regularly published in the local paper. The volume is written in the language of to-day. The title is "Spiritually Fit: A Young Man's Equipment."

William Briggs has now in course of issue a capital story entitled "Sheila's Daughter," by Haile Baxter, for which Mr. John Innes is preparing a series of illustrations.

There has been unexpected delay in the publication of Dr. Fitchett's "Wesley and His Century." It will be interesting to find how a personality so striking and picturesque as that of John Wesley will be treated by the pen that gave us such delightful books as "Nelson and His Captains," "How England Saved Europe," "Deeds that Won the Empire." William Briggs will publish it at once.

Every Canadian public library looking for a fresh supply of cheap fiction with which to continue to weaken the minds of their customers, will find "Giant Circumstance," by John Oxenham, a splendid acquisition. This author recalls to the reviewer's mind that drinking song, and this particular topic:

> And he rambled, he rambled,
> He rambled all around,
> All about the town.
> And he rambled, he rambled,
> He rambled till the Butcher cut him down.

There are a lot of John Oxenhams rambling in modern fiction, but the Butcher is very slow. However, this cheap fiction keeps the printers busy and helps to use up the Education Department's annual grant.

The Second Annual Edition of the Commercial Handbook of Canada has just been published. It contains an encyclopædia of commercial information, including customs tariff; regulations, invoice forms, etc.; commercial laws, mining laws, laws on patents, copyright, trademarks, etc.; regulations affecting foreign corporations, also a board of trade register containing invaluable information regarding industrial and other opportunities offered by municipalities in Canada.

The Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, known to the reading public as Ralph Connor, has just received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater, Knox College, Toronto. It is an interesting fact that the hood used in conferring the degree is the one used in conferring the first D.D. degree from Knox College, fifty years ago, upon the late Dr. J. M. King, whose daughter is the wife of Mr. Gordon.

Idle Moments.

ENGLISH HUMOUR IN CANADA

THE manner in which the ordinary English immigrant makes himself at home as soon as he touches Canada is cause for constant surprise among railway officials. He never appears to be concern d or awed by his new surroundings, says the Montreal *Herald*, as the following incident, which occurred yesterday morning at the Windsor station, well illustrates:

It was just before the Pacific express left for the west. Three immigrants, arrayed in the customary cloth caps and leather leggings so much affected by those of their class, were taking a last look around before their train pulled out. A gentleman standing by had his attention attracted to the immigrants and, turning to his companion, said:

"Say, George, aren't those gaiters these fellows are wearing just the proper caper for hunting? By golly, I wouldn't mind getting a pair of them. They would just about suit me to perfection."

"Well, why don't you ask them if they wouldn't be willing to sell you a pair. It's pretty nearly time for them to shed the things anyway, and I dare say they wouldn't mind parting with a pair, for a consideration," replied George.

"Holy smoke, no!" said the first speaker. "I haven't got the nerve to ask 'em."

"Haven't the nerve, eh? Well, I don't mind tackling one of them. How much are you willing to pay?"

"Oh, about two or three dollars."

"All right. Just watch me get you the leggings."

With this parting instruction, the last speaker walked up to one of the new arrivals and made him acquainted with his errand.

"Wot?" said the Englishman. "You s'y you want to buy me bally ol' leggins, eh? D'ye hear that, Bill? 'Ere's a cove as wants to buy me bleedin' leggins. Well, blawst me if I don't sell 'em to you! But, look'ee 'ere, w'y the dickens cawn't you get 'em w'ere I got min'?"

"Where was that?" asked George, thinking that he would be given an address somewhere near Piccadilly.

"W'y," answered the immigrant, amid the guffaws of his companions, "I just walked down the street and bought a bloomin' bologna sausage, an' I peeled it an' put the bleedin' skins around me legs."

"All aboard!" sang the conductor.

And George was left to ruminate over the manner in which he might get a pair of gaiters for his more bashful companion.

ARE WE GOLD MINES?

THE hitherto silent revolt against surgeons' fees appears to be acquiring voice. There is a general feeling that these gentlemen profit unduly by their victim's fears—and gratitude. The pa-

The First Violin.—*Life*

MISTRESS (*after many remonstrances on unpunctuality*), "Really, Mary, you must try to be more punctual about serving the meals. When they are late, your Master blames *me*."
MARY. "Ah, well, Mum, of course *I* can go, but *you*'re a prisoner for life.—*Punch*.

tient certainly takes all the risks. That the service rendered may mean life to the patient is a poor excuse for robbers' tribute. An overcoat on a cold day is also a life saver, and with no risk to the patient. But if the tailor, for that reason, should demand a thousand dollars for the garment, we should resent it.

We are told, in a recent editorial in the New York *Globe:*

"Dr. Doyle may get $500 for a story which it takes him four or five hours to write. Dr. Morris receives $1,000 for the extirpation of an appendix, completed in twelve minutes—twice as much earned in a twentieth the time. Furthermore, if we may trust Dr. Morris's prophetic powers, the time is approaching when $5,000 will not be considered exorbitant pay for such a feat."

But why does not Dr. Morris charge $5,000 to-day? Why wait? If that operation is worth $5,000 to-morrow, it is worth it to-day. And why stop at $5,000? Why not make it $10,000?—or a million?

Talk about plumbers!—*Life*.

WILLING TO RETIRE

A CERTAIN prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath, and continued: "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At this point a tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said, "I'm going home."—San Francisco *Argonaut*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS AS CANOE MAKERS

DRYING THE FRAME IN THE SUN

THE Montagnais Indians inhabitants of the Lower St. Lawrence, use the canvas covered canoe almost altogether. These canoes last them for about a year. Not that the canoe is by any means too old for use by that lapse of time, but merely that the civilised Indian of to-day prefers to make a new canoe each year, and save himself the trouble of hauling his old one out of the woods in the spring.

These Indians go to the forest for their winter's hunt in September, canoeing up the rivers and portaging across to the large lakes, where they pitch their tents, and wait for the snow to fall. The canoes are covered with boughs and left by the shores of the lake. When there is enough snow to travel comfortably on snow-shoes, they proceed on to their hunting grounds, where they hunt and trap all winter, coming out to the Hudson Bay Co.'s settlements in April, or when the ice on the rivers begins to break up.

There are only a few Indians of each tribe who can make a really good canoe, so they are commissioned by the other Indians to make their canoes for them. In exchange they receive their worth in pelts. These canoes are valued at from thirty to forty dollars. In making a canvas-covered canoe, after having decided upon its dimensions, the first work is to prepare the wood for the sheathing and timbers. Where cedar can be obtained it is preferably used, but as cedar is not to be found on the Lower St. Lawrence, tamarac or spruce is

THE TEMPORARY FRAME BEING WEIGHTED DOWN ON TOP OF THE CANVAS WITH ROCKS

SEWING THE CANVAS TO THE GUNWALE

utilised. Having procured the rough logs, the Indians proceed to split them into the requisite widths, and then with their crooked knives pare the pieces to the necessary thickness. The ribs or timbers, which are about three inches in width and one-quarter inch thick, are then trimmed, and moulded from the largest bend for the centre, to the narrowest at the bow.

The wood is then carefully dried, and when completed (the frames of the canoe having also been made), building operations commence by spreading on the level ground canvas for the covering of the canoe; on this is placed a temporary frame, which is weighted down with rocks. Then from sticks driven into the ground at each end of the frame, the same is suspended in position and sustained there by supports resting on the lower frame. Sticks are also driven in beside the frame in a slanting way, drawn in with twine at the top, thus preventing the gunwale from moving. The canvas having previously been drawn up, and thrown over this gunwale, it is cut into the proper shape and securely sewn. This process being completed the rocks and lower mould are removed, the stem and stern pieces inserted from the inside, and the timbers or ribs follow in their regular order, the ends fitting under the gunwale. The surplus canvas at the two ends of the canoe is then cut away, carefully sewn over and gummed with a mixture of resin and oil. Lastly a narrow strip of wood is nailed on top of the canvas-covered gunwale to prevent the chafing and tearing of the canvas. The canoe is now ready for its finishing coat of paint.

It is really surprising to one who is not acquainted with the Indians' art of packing, to find how much they can stow away in one of these small conveyances. One family of four or five, with their tents, provisions, traps and hunting dogs, usually find ample accommodation in one of these canoes. They are very light and easily handled in swift water. In length they average about fifteen feet.

Year after year they follow the same trail, till they know every bend of the river, every tree on the banks. There little children first open their eyes to this world and breathe in the fresh sweet air of the forests. There also, in the depth of the silent forests, passes away many a weary soul, out of the forest of darkness to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Kate Wilson

THE CANVAS CANOE FINISHED

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS
A Department For Business Men.

A FOOLISH SYSTEM

THE system of filling our civil services, federal and provincial, on the recommendation of local politicians instead of by competitive examination, is well illustrated by the following item from the Huntingdon *Gleaner:*

"There was a meeting of the Liberal Association on Thursday, with a full attendance of delegates. The object of the meeting was to nominate a successor to the position of customs officer in Havelock, made vacant by the death of the late A. Fiddes. There were only two nominations, Alex. Waddell and J. W. Curran, the other candidates withdrawing. A ballot resulted in J. W. Curran receiving thirty-six votes and A. Waddell seventeen. Mr. Curran therefore received the nomination. He is well suited for the position and his being chosen gives general satisfaction."

Popular election is a funny way of selecting a man for the permanent civil service, but by what Act of Parliament was the selecting of customs officers delegated to the Liberal associations throughout Canada?

If good men are required for the civil service, and they are required for every other service, surely the system of competitive examination should be introduced. If Canada is to have efficient public service, there must be a reasonable system of filling appointments. Government ownership and government operation are impossible under the present system, as the civil service is now filled with party servers. Many of these men are capable, many are honest, and many of them would have succeeded, no doubt, in gaining their positions if the competitive examination had been the only avenue. That, however, does not justify the present foolish system.

The wrong is two-edged. It injures the member of Parliament or Legislature by occupying his time with debasing and lowering patronage-dispensing. It injures and lowers the service by introducing into it men who have no qualifications for the positions into which they are pitchforked because of their party services.

Our public life is at stake. The efficiency of our public services is at stake. Civil service reform is an immediate necessity.

A number of letters have been received. Here is a sample:

FROM PROFESSOR SHORTT

Kingston, Ont., April 4th, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your circular with reference to the proposed Civil Service Reform League. You may certainly count on me for all the support and encouragement I can give to such a movement, which is one I have long desired to see inaugurated. It is impossible to secure an efficient civil service, or to prevent it from being the victim of party manipulation, until the whole system is taken out of politics and placed upon an independent basis of merit and capacity.

I believe in party government as the only workable one in a democracy, because in a progressive society men are certain to differ in their views as to the most expedient public policy for the time. But as this has nothing to do with the most efficient administration of affairs, once the policy is settled, so the civil service is not a matter which should come under the control of the party system. Moreover, experience proves that, in so far as it does so, it is demoralising alike to the party system and to the civil service.

That civil service reform is practicable, the experience not only of Europe but of America has proved, and it is a reflection on our public spirit as Canadians that we are so far behind other civilised countries in this respect. I sincerely trust that the movement will meet with the approval and support of all good citizens. Yours sincerely,

ADAM SHORTT.

INFLUENCE OF PARLIAMENT WANING

MR. R. L. BORDEN, the Opposition leader in the House of Commons, in addressing the students of Toronto University recently, told them among

other things, that the influence of Parliament was lessening, and incidentally acknowledged the defects of the party system. It did not require the word of the leader of one of the great political parties to convince the people of the country that respect for their highest legislative body was rapidly diminishing. But that such a fact should be voluntarily admitted by a man so much in the public eye is designed to draw general attention to it. When a man, who is so immediately concerned in upholding the dignity and privileges of Parliament makes no secret of its waning power over the people's esteem, things must be in a bad way indeed. But the individual who has observed with care the trend of political events in the Dominion during the past twenty years will not be disposed to wonder at this declining influence. When we find, as we have found during that period, that both parties are resolute to sacrifice the interests of the people to the expediency of the moment, and that the virtue which appears so vigorous in opposition rapidly expires under the relaxing warmth of office, it would be amazing if the public mind were to remain unimpressed. When we remember the foulness which characterised the declining years of Conservative rule, the corruption and dishonesty which was rampant in almost every department of the administration, and the efforts to coerce a young and growing province of the Confederation, we must admit that the Opposition party of to-day has very little cause of complaint against the popular revolt which drove it from office. Nor will a close scrutiny of legislation during the past few years under the present regime give much occasion for congratulation. The same departmental dishonesty, it will be acknowledged, does not prevail, but the same resolute determination to make everything serve the interests of the party exists in no less a degree. We have had an illustration, too, of a Government, elected largely because of its strenuous opposition to coercion, adopting the same policy which was disastrous to its predecessor, and relying on a tremendous majority and the venality of Parliament, to carry into effect measures which were obnoxious to a free people. How is it possible that the country, perceiving these things, and finding throughout the length and breadth of the land that its representatives in Parliament were either afraid or ashamed to meet their constituents and explain their legislative acts, could retain its respect for the party system or for the legislators elected under it?—Vancouver *Daily Province* (Liberal).

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

We are trying to get the names of a thousand good citizens who are willing to become members of a Civil Service Reform League. If you are willing to be one of that thousand, put your name and address on a post card and address it as follows:

"Civil Service, Care of The Canadian Magazine Toronto."

When the necessary names are secured, the details of the organisation will be sent you and you can then decide whether or not you will join. Civil Service Reform is one of Canada's greatest needs.

THE HUGUENOT

After the Painting by Sir John Everett Millais

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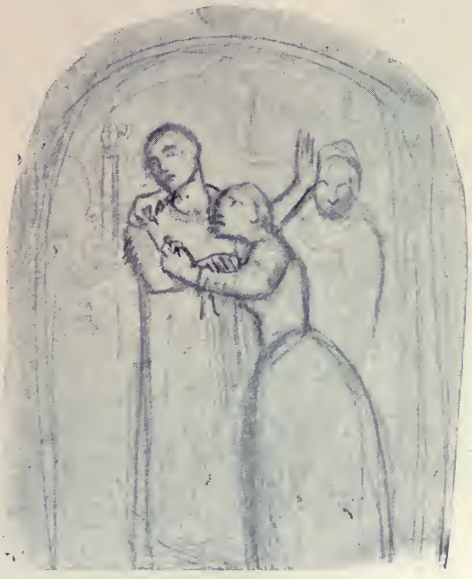
The Story of a Picture

Sir John Everett Millais' "The Huguenot"

By FREDERICK DOLMAN

"NO artist," wrote Sir John Millais in his only published piece of literary work, *Thoughts on our Art of To-day*, "ever painted more than four or five masterpieces, however high his general average may have been." Whilst accepting this dictum, the admirers of Millais might differ a good deal as to the "four or five masterpieces" in his case. The nearest approach to unanimity would, perhaps, be obtained in respect to "The Huguenot"—they would not all place the picture as the first or even the second, but few would question its claim to inclusion in the small and precious company. The story of "The Huguenot" may therefore be told as typifying, practically, as well as any single picture can be said to typify, the work of John Everett Millais.

This much can be said, notwithstanding the fact that "The Huguenot" was produced quite early in the artist's life—when he was only twenty-three years of age, to be exact. For Millais' genius was a plant of rapid growth, owing little or nothing to academic training. He could draw before he could talk, at nine was working from the cast in the British Museum, at eleven was a student at the Academy schools, and whilst still in knickerbockers won their most important prizes, the appearance of "Mr. Millais" causing a positive sensation of amazement and incredulity at the formal distribution. So entirely wrapt up in art was his childhood that Millais is said to have received no ordinary schooling after the age of ten, and the literary and general knowledge he possessed in manhood were almost entirely of his own acquirement. He was but seventeen when his first picture, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," was hung at the Royal Academy and was mentioned by an eminent French critic as one of the best historical pictures of the year. Three years later his original genius showed itself in "Lorenzo and Isabella," one of the first manifestations of that revolt against dominant art traditions which was called the pre-Raphaelite movement. Although bitterly attacked by the conserv-



STUDY FOR THE FIGURES IN "THE HUGUENOT"

A facsimile (exact size) of a sketch in the possession of Mr. John G. Millais

STUDY FOR FIGURES IN "THE HUGUENOT"

A facsimile, exact size of original sketch

ative majority among the critics, the picture, at this early age, gave reputation to Millais and actually led to his election as an Associate of the R.A., an election which had to be revoked, however, when it was found that the artist was not yet twenty-one. Upon the work of this early pre-Raphaelite period the whole of the work of his brilliant career was based; the method and style of "The Huguenot" continued, in the main, to be his method and style for the rest of his life.

Of the circumstances under which "The Huguenot" was painted, Sir John Millais has left a fairly complete record in the diary and letters as published by Mr. J. G. Millais in his admirable "Life" of his father. It was begun in the autumn of 1851, whilst the artist was rusticating in Surrey. Millais was staying with three fellow-painters — Holman Hunt, Charles Collins, and his brother William—at Worcester Park Farm, near the village of Cheam. Millais had just completed "Ophelia," for which a picturesque little pond in another part of Surrey had been of service. Turning about for a new subject the sight of an old wall in the farm garden suggested to him the painting of two lovers whispering their confidences to each other, as they nestled together under its friendly shadow and amidst the fragrance of the flowers. Millais at once started to work upon the background of his proposed picture.

The four friends worked hard at their respective tasks from early morn to dewy eve. After dinner, drawing their chairs around the fire which chill October made so agreeable, it was their custom to talk over their day's work, and frank critics they were of each other's shortcomings. Holman Hunt objected to the scheme of Millais' picture as being conventional and commonplace; a pair of lovers softly communing together had been the theme of the painter ever since the world began to draw; whilst, regarded from another point of view, the bare presentation of such a scene on canvas was a sacrilege on the greatest of human feelings, which ought not to be made even in the name of

Art. At first Millais turned a deaf ear to these reproaches, but as the argument was repeated night after night, it eventually unsettled him in his purpose. Hunt suggested an incident during the War of the Roses. The Lady was to be an adherent of the Red Rose, her lover of the White Rose, the latter had scaled the walls of her castle-home and was inducing her to fly with him. The old wall in the farm garden, however, did not altogether correspond with what historical accuracy required in such circumstances, and this idea being abandoned, discussion arose as to the possibilities of a similar incident arising out of the struggle between Puritans and Cavaliers.

STUDY FOR FIGURES IN "THE HUGUENOT"
Exact size of original sketch

While the advantages and difficulties of this subject were under consideration, Millais suddenly recalled a certain scene in the opera of *The Huguenots*, which he had recently witnessed in London. The scene, of course, was that at the close of the Third Act, when the Catholic heroine, Valentina, vainly tries to persuade the Protestant hero, Raoul, to remain with her and avoid the danger of St. Bartholomew's Day, the young Huguenot chief, despite his love for Valentina, resolutely going forth in order to warn his followers and share their peril. This episode, he instantly decided, should be the subject of his picture, Hunt and his other companions warmly approving his decision when it was explained to them.

This decision taken, Millais set to work again with the energy and enthusiasm which, natural enough at this age, remained with him until his death. He got his mother, then residing in Russell Square, Bloomsbury, to gather together for him at the British Museum all the necessary historical data respecting costume, etc., in readiness for his return to London in the early winter. In the meantime he worked at the background of his picture, painting the old farm wall with a thoroughness which is most impressive, when represented by the entries in his diary. All through October and November, as the diary attests, he was giving

FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL STUDY FOR "THE HUGUENOT"
Exact size of sketch

almost undivided attention to the wall. It was not until December 5th that he records "Finished well." The task, it need hardly be said, was not nearly so simple as it might seem if we looked at the picture to-day, mellowed as its colours have been by time. St. Bartholomew's Day, with which the picture is necessarily associated, is in August, and Millais, painting his wall on the brightest days that were vouchsafed to him in Surrey during October and November, had to bear this fact steadily in mind. When the picture came to be exhibited he was accused of having forgotten it by one critic, who asserted—evidently with the little knowledge that in horticulture, as in other subjects, is often a dangerous thing—that nasturtiums never flowered in August. As a matter of fact, it is believed that the nasturtiums in the background of this picture were painted by Millais from some studies which he had made in a Surrey garden during the preceding August. But to adapt the climatic effects of late autumn to those of the height of summer required a painstaking care and a vigilant regard for opportunities, which fully explain the length of time devoted to this piece of painting by an artist who was by no means usually a slow worker. In the result there was ample repayment, for in the beautiful colouring of the background in "The Huguenot" is an important part of its charm. The background in such a picture, with only two simple figures, often contains—as Millais doubtless realised keenly—the secret of its success.

All through this period of concentration on what, in one sense, was a small piece of work, Millais was living, it is interesting to note, a boyishly happy life. At any rate, that is the impression given to us by the entries in his diary. He romps with the farmer's children, and roars with laughter when they give him the nickname of "Long Limbs." He chops wood for the house fires, and rejoices in the healthy and invigorating exercise. When, as the autumn advances, he finds the need of protection from the weather whilst painting the wall, the young artist hits upon the expedient of a straw hut, and constructs it with his own hands. Then, there is the story of a practical joke which Millais played upon his hosts that illustrates the high spirits with which he entered into work and play. It was a very wet afternoon and work out-of-doors was impossible. As a means of relieving the tedium of his imprisonment in the farmhouse sitting-room, Millais, on

the impulse of the moment, began painting the door of a cupboard, which was much prized by the farmer's wife. When this lady entered the room the picture was on the point of completion, and she became very angry over such a desecration of her household, declaring that the nasty paints must be immediately washed out. Before this could be accomplished, the vicar's wife happened to call, and was promptly shown Millais' misdeed. Instead of sympathising with the indignant dame, however, she carefully examined the offending painting, and then quietly offered a beautiful Indian shawl she was wearing in exchange for the cupboard door. The farmer's wife eagerly closed with such a bargain, and her anger was changed to delight.

THE LATE SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

President of the Royal Academy, 1896

As soon as the background of "The Huguenot" was satisfactorily finished, Millais packed up his traps for London in order to get to work on the figures. Before leaving Worcester Park Farm, however, the design of the picture, as suggested by the scene in Meyerbeer's opera, had been modified in several respects more than once. In the diary he refers several times to making pencil sketches for "The Huguenots," four of them doubtless being those which, by the kindness of Mr. J. G. Millais, are reproduced in these pages. As these clearly show, the artist at one time contemplated introducing more than two figures into the scene. He seems to have intended having one or two priests standing by the Huguenot's side, and with the symbols of their church uplifted endeavouring to second the girl's efforts in shaking his resolution. The idea was happily abandoned in favour of the simpler *motif*. But after consulting *The Protestant Reformation in France*, Millais modified the picture in another direction, the shape which it finally took being explained in a very

interesting letter which he wrote to one of his friends towards the end of his stay at Worcester Park Farm:

"It is a scene supposed to take place (as doubtless it did) on the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day. I shall have two lovers in the act of parting, the woman a Papist, and the man a Protestant. The badge worn to distinguish the former from the latter was a white scarf on the left arm. Many were base enough to escape murder by wearing it. The girl will be endeavouring to tie the handkerchief round the man's arm so as to save him; but he, holding his faith above his greatest worldly love, will be softly preventing her. I am in high spirits about the subject, as *it is entirely my own*, and, I think, contains the highest moral. It will be very quiet, and but slightly suggest the horror of a massacre. The figures will be talking against a secret-looking garden wall, which I have painted here."

The rest of the picture was painted at the house of the artist's parents in Bloomsbury Square. It is recorded that Millais, accompanied by Holman Hunt, witnessed another performance of the opera in order that he might study the pose of the two figures in the particular scene which had inspired the picture. Many of the figures in Millais' pictures were painted from volunteer models, and this was the case with the man's figure in "The Huguenot." The volunteer was Mr. Arthur Lempriere, then a young officer in the Engineers, who afterwards rose to the rank of major-general, and member of a family who were old friends of the Millais family in the Channel Islands. Mr. Lempriere gave the artist all the "sittings" required, with the exception of several just before the completion of the picture, when the services of a professional model had to be obtained. He always remembered, as illustrating the painter's method of work, that after several sittings Millais scraped the head out of the canvas because it did not please him, and did the work over again. When the picture was finished, Millais sent his friend, as "model's fee," a water-colour drawing, together with a canary bird and cage.

Millais had likewise two models for the young lady in "The Huguenot," Mrs. George Hodgkinson, a cousin of the artist, and Miss Ryan, a beautiful girl, who "sat" professionally in the studios of most of the leading artists of the time. Miss Ryan married shortly afterwards and had a sad after-history, beauty in her case proving to be a fatal gift. Otherwise, Miss Ryan would probably have figured in many of Millais' later pictures. In "sitting" for "The Huguenot" she had a comparatively easy task, but now and again Millais' method of work led him to be somewhat exacting from his models. In painting his "Ophelia"—which immediately preceded "The Huguenot"—he induced his young lady model to lie in a bath filled with water, which a spirit lamp placed underneath kept warm. The object of this experiment was to enable the artist to obtain the effect of water upon Ophelia's hair and clothes. One day the spirit-lamp went out and the water in the bath got rapidly colder. Millais, absorbed in his work, did not notice the accident, and the young lady with a heroic, but mistaken sense of duty to art, silently endured the coolness of the water till the artist had finished. As the sequel the model had a serious illness, and on her recovery her father made a heavy claim for damages against Millais, which he compromised by the payment of the doctor's bill and other expenses.

"The Huguenot" was duly accepted and fairly well hung at the Academy of 1852. As far as the general public were concerned, it was a great and immediate success. "Crowds stood before it all day long," wrote a well-known art chronicler. "Men lingered there for hours and went away but to return. It had clothed the old feelings of men in a new garment, and its pathos found almost universal acceptance." But the popular verdict was by no means endorsed by all the critics. The criticisms were for the most part, however, of a somewhat captious character. It was pointed out, for example, that the man's arm could not reach so far around the lady's neck, and that he was seemingly in the possession of only one leg.

It was probably because of such criticisms that the artist was not able to obtain more than £250 for what was the most discussed picture of the year. It was purchased by an art dealer and publisher, Mr. D. T. White, the predecessor of the firm of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., who paid this sum in instalments,

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

After a Painting by Sir John Everett Millais, now in the Tate Gallery London

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

After a Painting by Sir John Everett Millais, now in the Tate Gallery, London

which were voluntarily increased by £50 when engravings of the work were beginning to obtain a large sale. It was first engraved in mezzotint by Mr. T. D. Barlow, R.A., in 1856, and has been since engraved two or three times in other styles, the total sale of the prints undoubtedly being very large. It stands to the credit of *Punch*—Tom Taylor himself wrote the laudatory notice—that in its pages was first prophesied the distinguished position which "The Huguenot" was destined to obtain among English pictures of the nineteenth century. "The Huguenot," it may be added, is now in the possession of Mrs. Miller, of Preston, having left the dealer's hands, needless to say, at a much higher price than was paid to Millais.

As this story of "The Huguenot" clearly shows, the method of Sir John Millais in the production of such a picture was exceedingly simple. A few pencil sketches such as are reproduced in these pages, one or two studies in colour, and the artist set to work upon the picture itself. If he went astray in his purpose, if anything failed to satisfy him, the offending piece of work was scraped out from the canvas and a fresh start made. This method, so different from that of Lord Leighton and Albert Moore, was not incompatible with extreme care. "I may honestly say," Millais once wrote, "that I never consciously placed an idle touch upon canvas, and that I have always been earnest and hard-working." But Millais had a horror of the labour which shows itself in a picture—to him the highest achievement was the art which conceals art. He was fond of saying that half his pictures—and those in oils alone number between three and four hundred—he would like to throw into the sea if he might choose the half which were to be thus sacrificed. Included in them would be most of the

THE BLIND GIRL
After a Painting by Sir John Everett Millais

works on which he had bestowed the greatest amount of labour.

"The Huguenot" would assuredly come within neither category. It probably represents the average of the artist's work in the matter of speed. The extreme example of expedition was probably "Cherry Ripe." This was a portrait of a little girl, Miss Edie Ramage, who was the belle of the fancy dress ball given by the proprietors of the *Graphic* in 1879. She was dressed in the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Penelope Boothby," and on the morning following the ball was taken in the same costume to Millais' studio. Sir John was charmed with the child, and

arranged there and then to paint her portrait for a thousand guineas. It was begun and finished within a week, and in the artist's own opinion was one of the finest things he ever did. The public thought so, too, 600,000 copies of the Christmas Number of the *Graphic*, in which a coloured reproduction was the *pièce de résistance*, being sold. "Cherry Ripe" is almost paralleled, having regard to the character of the two works, by "The Last Rose of Summer," exhibited in 1888. This was a portrait of his daughter painted in four days, and it held an equally high estimation in his own judgment.

These may be compared with the amount of time given to the production of "The Vale of Rest." It is recorded that when working at this picture Millais was at a standstill for a whole month because "the line of a woman's back conflicted with the rest of the composition, and he did not see how to prevent it." Even with such painstaking care the picture, as it was hung at the Royal Academy in 1858, did not fully satisfy him; some time afterwards it was largely repainted. As finally completed, the picture was a great favourite with Millais, and yet for years it remained unsold at the price of £500. Time brought its revenge when at the Graham sale in 1886 it was knocked down for three thousand guineas, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Tate purchasing it for presentation to the nation.

A somewhat similar incident happened in the painting of "Knight Errant," the one important example which Sir John Millais has given us of the nude figure. As first painted, the girl's head was towards the spectators. But in this form the artist was dissatisfied with the work, which he contemplated destroying. As an alternative, Millais cut the head out of the canvas and had another piece of canvas sewn in upon which he painted the head in profile, which, being done, made the picture more pleasing in his eyes. These occasional *contretemps* were doubtless the defect of Millais' method in thinking out a subject mentally, and doing so little in the way of preparatory sketches. With respect to one picture—"The Rescue," a vivid representation of a London fire scene—Millais did make the experiment of preparing a complete cartoon, which was traced on to the canvas. It is to be supposed that the experiment was quite unsuccessful, for it was never repeated.

When Twilight Came to the Garden

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

THE garden moved with the life of day,
Then stilled as the great day waned;
And saw how the darkness fought the light,
So the skies and the world were stained;

How from the western twilight field
The bleeding day withdrew;
And the garden wept, then silently slept,
'Neath numerous tears of dew.

The flowers drooped in the breath of night,
And grieved at the night's delay;
Till donning the tints of the eastern skies,
They danced at the birth of day.

A New York Season of Drama

Second Paper

By JOHN E. WEBBER

CANADA must bear the reproach of having done little or nothing up to the present either toward fostering a national drama, or for the encouragement of dramatic art. She depends—a fact which economic conditions will sufficiently explain perhaps—for her chief supply of theatrical entertainment on this great American market. But she does now and then contribute a real "star" to the dramatic firmament, and one of the fairest of these is Miss Margaret Anglin, whose highly successful Broadway debut in *Zira* proved such an important event of the earlier dramatic season. The recognition of this talented young actress was instant and complete, and the achievement places her at once in the front rank of contemporary artists.

Zira, an adaptation of Wilkie Collins' *The New Magdalen*, with the locality changed to South Africa, and the time made coincident with the last days of the Boer War, while furnishing some highly theatrical situations, notably the clash of the two women in the third act, is not an altogether worthy vehicle for so accomplished an actress. Its dramatic sincerity is frequently open to question, and the keynote is strangely out of tune with modern thinking. Yet even this melodramatic heroine of a century ago Miss Anglin managed to clothe in a new and unexpected dignity, and in the scene alluded to which forms the dramatic climax of the piece, rose to tremendous heights of real acting power.

Miss Anglin seems to have all the natural equipment of a successful actress—personality, temperament, a fine stage presence, a rich, musical voice (rare enough on this American stage), magnetism, and histrionic qualities of a high order. Of her deeply artistic conscience, we have long been aware, but this sudden maturity and unfolding of her powers were unforeseen, even by those who have followed her career with confidence. To see her now in a great rôle, say as "Magda," should be an early experience, and viewing the splendid technique at her command, even the big Sudermann rôle would seem justified.

The literary event of the early season was Mr. Fiske's notable production of Maurice Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna* with Mme. Bertha Kalich in the leading rôle. This happened also to be the first presentation of this great drama on any English stage, although for some time successfully played at various European centres. There were unavoidable disappointments in the casting of so many important parts, but these are minor in view of the larger achievement. And

MARGARET ANGLIN AS "ZIRA"

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS IN THE "PRINCE CONSORT"

that a play of such rare poetic beauty and intellectual interest should be produced at a time when these qualities are supposed to be the theatres' least concern, commands our highest admiration and praise. In material splendour alone the result was a distinct achievement, and rarely have we seen a performance of such innate dignity or more serious artistic purpose.

From the rising of the curtain on the besieged city of Pisa, with the scene of the sacrifice of Giovanna, Guido's beautiful wife, who to save her people from hunger and death accepts Prinzvalle's terms, "to come to his tent alone, clad only in a cloak"—to its fall on Pisa's deliverance and Giovanna's return undishonoured, with their deliverer—the drama moves in stately measure through a vast pageant of mediæval emotion, sustained and elevated always by lofty imagination, and throbbing with lyric rapture at almost every moment of the way.

Mme. Kalich, the interesting and clever actress, whom the play practically introduces to the English stage, has long been in the Yiddish theatres of the east side, where her activities have heretofore been confined. There are necessarily imperfections and crudities in her technique, and new standards of acting to be acquired before the transit from an east side to a Broadway "star" can be considered accomplished. But the quality is there, and that of a superior sort, and her performance disclosed a wealth of tragic resources and a pagan richness of temperament seldom found on our colourless stage. And once, at least, in the big final scene, she met the demands of the situation with a fine burst of tragic emotion.

The dramatisation of novels is almost invariably disappointing, and our persistent efforts in this direction, in the face of adverse experience, is an interesting commentary on the literary condition of the American play market. Causes, if we were seeking them, are readily enough suggested in our material pre-occupation, and the absence of any distinct intellectual movement in the country. In fact so firmly are we caught in the vortex of our industrial well-being as to seem blissfully indifferent at times to our mental and spiritual whereabouts. And with the soul's springs run dry, how should art flourish! It may also be that contemporary life does not lend itself readily to artistic interpretation, for the "American" types we have had presented are either like the "Music Master" direct importations from an older order of things, seen temporarily against an American social back ground, or like the "Squawman" and "The Heir to the Hoorah," hail from that romantic and idyllic west where nature's wilds are still unbroken by the ploughshares of Mr. Carnegie's shops.

The dramatic version of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *The Marriage of William Ashe*, to which we return, while not a noticeable exception to the rule laid down, was especially fortunate in its presenta-

tion, and provided at least a much needed literary flavour to our dramatic repast.

The Walls of Jericho, by Alfred Sutro, proved a highly successful first venture in Mr. Jas. K. Hackett's managerial enterprise, and with a one act piece, *A Maker of Men*, served to introduce the well-known translator of Maeterlinck as a dramatist on his own account. Both are dramas of rather distinct moral purpose, written to defend certain homely, old-fashioned virtues from modern iconoclasm.

A Maker of Men, for instance, which had such an exquisite presentation at the hands of Margaret Illington in the rôle of wife, is a prose rhapsody on simple domestic life at a hundred pounds a year. While *The Walls of Jericho* openly scores society for Bridge and other vices that are supposed to thrive

MR. DALLAS WELFORD AS "MR. HOPKINSON"

OTIS SKINNER AS ABBÉ DANIEL IN "THE DUEL"

in its exclusive circles, extolling at the same time the cardinal virtues of motherhood and wifehood, it is not so deep as a well perhaps, but certainly as wide as a church door, and far too obvious for a social satire such as it sets out to be. It has acting qualities, however, and the capable presentation, with Mr. Hackett and Mary Mannering (Mrs. Hackett) in the leading rôles, though somewhat broad, had much to do with the play's popularity.

Madison Square Theatre, the little theatre around the corner, under the direction of Mr. Walter N. Lawrence, offers another encouraging example of the artist's conscience in theatrical management. *Mrs. Temple's Telegram* and *The Firm of Cunningham's* were the successful offerings of a year ago,

MADAME BERTHA KALICH IN "MONNA VANNA"

Photograph by Byron, New York

and this year *The Prince Chap*, *The Man on the Box* (a dramatisation of Harold McGrath's novel, by the way), and *The Greater Love*, have found equal favour. Utmost care in casting and rehearsing are the features of this theatre's work, and the result has been a finesse and subtlety of execution that invariably appeals to the discriminating playgoer.

Other successes of the early season, major and minor, but worthy of note, were Mr. Augustus Thomas' *De Lancey*, a less important comedy than his *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*, but expressly written for Mr. John Drew, and admirably suited to that actor's well-known talents.

Pierre Berton's *La Belle Marseillaise*, a stirring romantic comedy of that romantically unfailing period, the Napoleonic era, in which Miss Virginia Harned found abundant scope for her versatility of dramatic expression, and the display of her own personal beauty and charm.

In Clyde Fitch offerings we had *Her Great Match* and *The Toast of the Town*, each in the hands of interesting and clever actresses, through whose attractive personalities the pieces attained a certain degree of success. *The Squawman*, an interesting melodrama of Western life, with a strong infusion of British sentiment and character, with Mr. William Faversham in the title rôle, also scored one of the popular triumphs of the year. *As Ye Sow* is another melodramatic offering of considerable human interest, having to do with the lives and experiences of the honest Cape Cod folk.

The Prodigal Son, a dramatisation of Hall Caine's novel of similar title, deserves to be mentioned in more important company perhaps, but in spite of a sumptuous mounting, and a talented cast, it did not find favour with the public. Still failures were rife at that time, and our "moral awakening" had not yet come.

Shakespeare has been receiving a fair share of public attention, and between judicious modernising and Elizabethanising, will no doubt continue to wear a look of novelty for some time to come. Although joyous worship of the immortal bard, under modern conditions, is not to be expected, there still remain fortunately the Shakespearean conscience and the Shakespearean convention. The Greet players in their Elizabethan propaganda had a season of several weeks' duration at Mendelssohn Hall, and were freely patronised by ladies' seminaries and other institutions of learning. The work of this company, however, falls so far short of the inspired standard which Miss Matthison set, as to be scarcely recognisable. There is no longer either distinction or inspiration in the performances, and whatever interest remains is of an antiquarian rather than dramatic order.

In sharp contrast to the destitution of the Elizabethan stage, both in scenic display and acting ability, was the second New York season of the Sothern-Marlowe-Shakespearean combination—a conjunction of 'stellar" talent effected a year ago for the purpose of producing Shakespeare in some worthy manner. The initial offerings were *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and to these have now been added *Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*. The second season was under the same distinguished social patronage as marked the first, and constituted one of the brilliant episodes of the dramatic year. Miss Marlowe's charms of acting and beauty of person have long been the admiration of the American public, and her poetic "Juliet" was ever a delight to mind and eye. "Katherine" and "Portia," however, though each charming in its own way, were less successfully conceived and carried out. But "Viola" rivals even her own fair "Juliet." Mr. Sothern proved a rather athletic Petruchio, but his "Shylock" and "Benvolio" were finished performances of the highest merit.

America has, no doubt, derived her chief dramatic inspirations in the past from the parent English stage, and New York still turns Londonward for the artistic flavour of its season's work. Happily the bond between these two centres of the English-speaking theatrical world is drawing closer, and an Anglo-American stage has become now a mere question of marine knots which improved shipbuilding will ultimately bridge. In which physical fact we may recognise one of those broad economic sweeps

(not often taken into calculation) by which we are being constantly impelled toward our artistic and every other destiny. This year we have been less favoured than formerly in respect to distinguished visitors, the only arrivals under this class during the first half season being Mr. E. S. Willard and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose simultaneous appearance brought the season up to Christmas week with a fine glow of dramatic life.

A year ago, on the other hand, besides the ever popular Mr. Willard, and that still more serious favourite, Mr. Forbes Robertson, we had the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with Sir Charles Wyndham after an absence of twenty years, and of extending American hospitality for the first time to that delightful, lovable, old English comedy actor, Mr. Edward Terry, whose "Dick Phenyll" of classic fame seemed to restore to us one of the lost arts. Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Miss Ellis Jeffreys were also with us then.

Mr. Willard, for his New York engagement, added to his well-known repertoire, Sydney Grundy's adaptation of *A Pair of Spectacles*, and a dramatisation of Kipling's *The Man Who Was*. With the Grundy comedy Mr. John Hare has made us quite familiar. But Mr. Willard's was the first presentation in America of the Kipling piece, although Mr. Beerbohm Tree had already produced it in London with considerable success. As "Benjamin Goldfinch" Mr. Willard found no particularly new field for the display of his well-known charms of acting. It was a pleasing and agreeable performance—in fact very much Mr. Willard as his rôles so frequently are. In *The Man Who Was*, however, the actor strikes an entirely new note, revealing himself at once as a character actor of splendid depth, and possessed of mimetic gifts and acting resources to which his other rôles offer only passing clues. It is not a sustained dramatic performance, of course, in fact may also be measured in moments. But those moments are intense, vivid, even thrilling, and wholly convincing in their dramatic appeal.

The work of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is too well known to call for extended comment at this late date. For an entire generation she has been the most conspicuous artist in the world's stage—the summit and crown of all that the modern world, old and new, has achieved in the art of dramatic expression. Now she comes to say farewell, to remind us that the immortal is mortal after all, and that she is growing old. It is impossible to realise this except by a mathematical process, so perfect is the nightly illusion of youth still. Not in face and feature alone—these are easily enough ministered to by the accessories of the toilet—but in the lithe grace, the supple form, the elastic step, the vivacity and sprightliness of every move, lie the deeper, subtler deception. Her acting, too, shows all of its old time vitality, and if it be true that the meridian is passed, and that shadows lengthen and deepen on the hillside, the summit is still bathed in glorious sunlight.

As an interpreter of the woman heart, Bernhardt has had no equal. Some of the types, however, which she has most successfully portrayed are not universal by any means, but representative rather of conditions that are local and in the nature of things ephemeral. Indeed, only the genius of their interpreter has saved many of them alive to this day. But everything that Bernhardt touches turns to gold, even such exotic types as "Camille" and "Sappho." And so fine, so rare, so perfect is the medium of the transforming art that passion itself takes on ideal qualities not far removed from spiritual.

Coming down from the summits of Bernhardt's genius, we again enter the lowlands, and the later half season. The scene before us is one of increased activity, incident to the New Year changes, and many of the offerings bear witness to the spirit of festivity which is abroad at such time. Others command our more serious interest. While still conspicuous in the field, are some of the successes already achieved in the earlier season. In immediate prospect, too, and holding the promise of as high, or even higher achievement, are three plays which we shall notice presently, as representative of the later season's work. Alfred Sutro's

The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt, Henri Lavedan's *The Duel*, and R. C. Carton's inimitable *Mr. Hopkinson*.

Among the successful new offerings in lighter vein were *Julie Bon Bon*, an exceptionally entertaining comedy of New York life by Clara Lipman, who also enacts the title rôle, and an out and out clever farce comedy by Leo. Ditrichstein under the suggestive apothecary title *Before and After*. Each of these struck a note of instant popularity.

Miss Henrietta Crossman too, one of our most charming comediennes, opened at the Garrick in a new version of Sardou's comedy *A Scrap of Paper*, under the euphonious if misleading title of *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*. This, with a serious one act drama *Madeline* by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, providing a double bill of considerable strength and dramatic range.

Mr. Henry Miller (another distinguished Canadian actor by the way) replaced *Zira* at his theatre with a production of H. V. Esmond's *Grierson's Way*. But in spite of Mr. Miller's own artistic performance in the central rôle, the piece proved as sorry a failure as the same author's *Love and the Man*, which Mr. Forbes Robertson produced a year ago.

Mr. Richard Mansfield's annual engagement is always an event of the season, and occurring, as it did, in Lent, provided the only important break in that season of dramatic fast. Whatever one's personal opinion of the merits of Mr. Mansfield's acting may be, there is no denying the place he holds in the estimation of the public. By common consent he is upheld as the foremost of living American actors, and whether his individual work as an actor entitles him to such a place or not, his efforts to foster the best in dramatic art in this country, command the admiration of all. His exacting repertory, to which has now been added no less than Schiller's classic *Don Carlos*, is abundant evidence of this desire. That an artist of his apparent temperamental inflexibility should appear in so many and such various rôles, with a certain, though not by any means equal, distinction in all, argues much for the sincerity of his art, as well as for the strength of his own personality. But perhaps this is as far as praise should go.

Mr. Hopkinson, of which we spoke, is by common consent the drollest piece of Cockney humour that has come out of England in a generation. And Mr. Dallas Welford, who enacts the humorous title rôle in the American production, is voted the funniest man that has crossed the Atlantic in many a day. Moreover, this latest English arrival is an artist, subtle and finished, producing his efforts, broad as they are at times, legitimately, and without unnecessary exaggeration or the slightest tendency to buffoonery. *Mr. Hopkinson* is the story of a little vulgar Cockney bounder, heretofore a grocer's clerk, who finds himself suddenly rich, through inheritance. By reason of this wealth, too, he is sought by the impecunious members of a certain smart set, who agree to take him up. And his subsequent efforts to qualify socially for the part supply an inexhaustible fund of humorous entertainment.

One of the most brilliant engagements of the entire season was the return visit of that charming English actress, Miss Ellis Jeffreys (who has since appeared in Canada) in Mr. Sutro's new and clever comedy *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*. Miss Jeffreys made her American debut a year ago as "Queen Xenia" in *The Prince Consort*, afterwards appearing in the more buoyant rôle of "Lady Gay Spanker" in a distinguished revival of *London Assurance*. Recognised at once as an artist of exquisite modulations, and possessed of rare personal grace, social charm, and quite remarkable beauty, Miss Jeffreys became an instant favourite in both the social and dramatic world of this metropolis. In the recent engaging rôle of "Lady Clarice Howland"—a prepossessing widow of thirty, drawn into the matrimonial market by an over solicitous mother and sister, to whom her protracted widowhood has become a source of anxiety, financial and otherwise, Miss Jeffreys found still further opportunity for the display of the fine arts of the *comedienne* as well as of the charms of an English lady.

Hardly less interesting than the performance is the new rôle in which the

comedy presents the author, Mr. Sutro. The apotheosis from a writer of drama of such obvious moral purpose as *The Walls of Jericho* and *A Maker of Men*, to this delightful comedy of manners and morals, which Mr. Winter found "as bright as gold, and as sweet as roses," with its fine literary breadth, its naive understanding, its generous but wholesome reading of life, so amiable of human follies, so accidental in its seriousness, and sparkling always with the gayest of wit and humour. With its artistic values all so nicely adjusted, is truly an event in letters of more than passing interest. It is as if the author had suddenly emerged from the dressing gown and slippered quiet of his English fireside, in which the others were plainly conceived, and found himself on Piccadilly in frock coat and tile. Neither article of dress in quite the latest mode perhaps, but carefully brushed withal, and the latter tilted to a proper angle rearward. True, he pays his sixpence to morality in the end, but only sixpence, and with so much to the good, why carp over a trifle?

The Duel, by Henri Lavedan, the noted French academician, with which we conclude, has in Mr. Louis Parker's excellent translation produced the same profound impression in New York as attended its presentation in Paris some time ago. As a drama of serious argumentative interest, this is the season's masterpiece and achievement. It handles a treacherous modern problem with philosophic insight, breadth and subtlety, and the argument, by which the situations are developed, is carried on at all times with dignity and fine intellectual vigour.

The Duel is nominally one between the church and atheism, with a woman's soul for the prize. Or in less rhetorical statement, it is the secular versus the religious attitude towards a social question, the ever perplexing one of marriage. "Dr. Morey," an eminent specialist in hereditary diseases and a sceptic in religious opinion, has conceived an attachment for the "Duchess de Chailles," whose husband, an incurable, has been taking treatment at the specialist's sanitarium.

The feeling is reciprocated, but the duchess who is conventional at heart resists and, in her self conflict, falls back upon the church and the confessional. This intervention of the church is particularly exasperating to the secularist, and to add further piquancy to the situation, the unknown young priest, of whom the duchess has sought spiritual aid, proves to be the doctor's long estranged brother. An accidental meeting finally brings all three together in a scene of intense dramatic interest. When the intellectual conflict has exhausted itself, human considerations assert themselves, and the ethical duel becomes at length a selfish conflict between mere men, and brothers, for the love of a woman.

The Duel is the big ethical drama of the year, big in thought, big in theme, and big in execution. Mr. Otis Skinner heads an unusually strong cast in the presentation, and his own performance of the "Abbe Daniel" will rank as the best individual acting effort of the season. And with the single exception of his performance with Mrs. Le Moyne some years ago of Browning's *In a Balcony*, the most finished piece of work he has done.

Nature's Seers

BY INGLIS MORSE

THE clouds and rains and winds
Are Nature's seers,
Which voice the coming change,
As night breaks and the dawn clears.

When the Dominion Was Young

The Second of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY

A CONSIDERABLE number of the New Brunswick senators and members of the first Parliament, together with a goodly quota from Nova Scotia of the members of both Houses, who had come to St. John on their way to Ottawa, and three or four representatives of the leading newspapers of both Provinces, set sail from St. John for Portland on a chilly November morning of 1867. There was then and for nine years later no railway connection between the eastern and western Provinces of the new Dominion. The Intercolonial Railway was but in embryo, and the Grand Trunk from Portland to Montreal formed the only direct outlet for the St. Lawrence Provinces to the Atlantic.

It seemed more then than it had been, or now is, to be a member of Parliament. In the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Legislatures the members had received a sessional allowance of $300 each, and the heads of cabinet portfolios $2,400 a year. In the new Parliament to which we were going these Senators and Commoners were to receive $800 each, and the Cabinet Ministers $5,000 each. These modest figures have since been increased once or twice, then they seemed quite princely. Moreover, these honours and distinctions were new. It is needless to say that the representatives on their way to attend the first session of a national Parliament felt their importance. Like Benjamin Franklin when first he donned a long-tailed blue coat, they felt "tall and strong and dignified."

I remember that as we sailed down the Bay of Fundy there arose a considerable discussion as to the proper title of a Senator. "Honourable" seemed quite too small and insignificant a designation. Why, even the members of the petty Legislative Councils were styled Honourable! "In my opinion," said a Senator from Nova Scotia, "the proper title is 'Senator of Canada.'" And then he threw himself back in his chair with the air of a statesman whose infallible dictum had settled a great and weighty matter of national concern.

Joseph Howe was on board, clad in grey. And, oh how the Nova Scotia "Antis"—anti-confederates—idolised their venerable leader. Sometimes he read, and once as he read he laughed. A stranger at the other end of the table also read and laughed. Each soon attracted the attention of the other. "May I ask," inquired the stranger, "what is the volume that seems to amuse you as much as mine amuses me?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Howe, "it is the Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington, first volume." "I have the second volume," replied the stranger. Sometimes to the delight of his phalanx of anti-unionists, Mr. Howe talked. He was, indeed, a most engaging conversationist. And then his admirers stood around his chair, they buzzed about him like bees around their queen bee, sometimes touching him reverently, laughing at his jokes, listening admiringly to his abundant store of anecdotes. Among other things he told us of his trip through Ireland on a jaunting car with Sam Slick for a companion, and protested that there was more fun in Ireland to the square acre than in any other country under Heaven. At dinner his devoted followers heaped his plate with good things in the presence of his enemies, and when, after the repast, he dozed in his chair, a hush fell on the ship, and it was whispered that the great man slept.

We reached Portland at 3 o'clock in the morning, and Uncle Sam's customs officers were on hand to remind us that we were now in a foreign country. The late Joseph C. Crosskill, of the Halifax *Reporter*; the late Samuel Watts, of the

Woodstock, N.B., *Sentinel*, and myself representing the St. John *Telegraph*, hastened to the nearest official and told him we were newspaper men going through to Ottawa. "All right, boys," he said, as he chalked our trunks unopened. Just then along came Senator R. L. Hazen, of St. John. Addressing the customs officer he said, "I am a member of the Senate of Canada. If you want to search my luggage you can do so." The officer replied quietly, "I'll look at it, all the same." So the newspaper men got first to the hotel and were at table partaking of refreshments before the parliamentary contingent arrived. The latter were not all in the most agreeable mood. They murmured against the customs regulations and cast envious glances at the feasting newspaper men. One Senator as he passed our table paused to remark, "All a man needs is to say that he belongs to the press and he can go anywhere and do anything."

The trip up the Grand Trunk was uneventful. It was night when we reached Ottawa. The following morning a party of the Maritimers went out to see the sights. Reaching Parliament Square and surveying thence the three splendid edifices to the north, east and west, we paused. One member lifted up his hands and exclaimed in a single word the thought of many—"Extravagance!" These Canadians—the people of Ontario and Quebec—were clearly extravagant in the opinion of the Maritime men. We had heard before of "the miles of cornice and acres of plaster," but now we saw with our own eyes the gigantic piles, the tall towers and gilded vanes, and we *knew* that the "Canadians" were extravagant. As we entered and gazed upon the columns of marble and polished granite, and all the splendid appointments of the two chambers and the library, this impression was deepened. We did not then know that at the first session, so soon to begin, some thirteen millions of dollars was to be voted. How times have changed! Now our Parliament without hesitation votes six times the original thirteen millions in one session.

The opening was a grand affair to the men from the east, although Lord Monck was the plainest and least ostentatious of all our Governors-General since the union of 1867. Ottawa was a garrison town then, and the officers of the Prince Consort's Own Rifles were present, including Lord Cecil, brother of the late Marquess of Salisbury, and many other scions of the British nobility, their rich uniforms spangled with medals adding lustre to the scene. The two days' ceremonial of opening was a new feature to the Maritime men. And then there were the mace and the wonderful genuflexions of the Usher of the Black Rod, Mr. Kimber. No provincial Legislature east of Quebec ever had a mace. Canada had long ago adopted it. (An earlier mace was captured by the American invaders when Little York (Toronto) was sacked and burned in 1813, and is now preserved as a trophy at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.) The mace formed a subject for inquiry and speculation. There it was, a copy we were told of that which lies upon the table of the greatest deliberative assembly in the world. A ponderous club of metal, its body of silver covered with gold, and its top surmounted with an orb and crown. Indeed, it had cost £800 sterling. The mace, we were told, though modelled after the war-club of the middle ages, is the symbol of the power and prerogatives of Parliament. It is related to the sceptre of kings, and even to that of Jove himself, and by which he sometimes swore a tremendous oath inviolate to gods. The functions of the mace, in the language of Haversham Cox, "befit that ancient symbol of the authority of the Commons which is associated with so many eventful passages in English history, and which was never yet insulted with impunity, but when liberty received a wound." And yet some of the Nova Scotian Antis made light of it. "What is it for?" was asked. "The mace?" replied Dr. Forbes, of Queens; "Oh, I suppose it is to give spice to the proceedings!" We did not then know, what we all know now so well, that without the mace there can be no real Parliament, and that it is so sacredly inseparable from Mr. Speaker, that to pass between

him and it during a sitting would be parliamentary sacrilege. Fortunately no man has yet ever ventured to do so, and the fates only know what would happen if one did.

On the first day of the opening, after returning from the Senate, whither it seemed they had been called in vain, came the election of Speaker. This formality as carried out was then a novelty to the men from the east. The members were in their allotted places, Ministers and Opposition leaders confronting each other and the Clerk, W. B. Lindsay, at the table. Sir John Macdonald arose, the first to speak in the new Parliament he had done so much to create. He addressed the Clerk, who arose and silently pointed his finger at Sir John. The latter, in a few complimentary words, nominated Hon. James Cockburn, of Northumberland, as Speaker. When he was seated Hon. George E. Cartier arose and addressed the Clerk, who arose and extended a digit as before, remaining standing and pointing, while Mr. Cartier, speaking in French, briefly seconded the nomination. It seemed there was to be no other nomination, and the Clerk was about to declare Mr. Cockburn elected Already Sir John and Mr. Cartier had stepped briskly out into the open space before their desks to escort the Speaker elect to his throne, when suddenly a voice from the back bench on the right, speaking in French, called a halt. It was the voice of Joseph Dufresne, of Montcalm, who objected that Mr. Cockburn did not speak the language of the people of his Province, and insisted warmly that the Speaker should be conversant with both the English and French languages. Mr. Cartier replied in French in a conciliatory tone that though Mr. Cockburn did not speak French he understood it very well. Thus the first question debated in the Parliament of the Dominion was the interminable one of the dual language system. There were some angry mutterings from the French members, but Mr. Cockburn was at once declared elected and escorted to his chair. There, standing, he made the prescribed acknowledgment, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, D. W. Macdonnell, placed the mace upon the table. So the first House of Commons was organised and constituted.

TO BE CONTINUED

Noon Day

BY KATHERINE HALE

BUT yesterday the piper Spring
Sat blowing tunes that turned to green,
And through the little naked boughs
The colour of his song was seen.

As soft the tunes the piper played
So soft the green—like mists of night.
Then wound our love, a slender lane,
With dear, indefinite delight.

But now—before we knew—'tis June.
So deep, so dark the leaves have grown.
The pipe is lost: the lane has led
Down to the Gate of Life—My Own.

Art and the Tariff

By ARNOLD HAULTAIN

THE Tariff Commission, unfortunately, has brought its long and arduous series of sittings to a close. Only in one instance, so far as the present writer is aware, did there appear before it any but representatives of the industrial and commercial classes. Yet, I venture to think that there are in the Canadian Customs regulations anomalies affecting not a little the interests of the literary and artistic classes which might with justice have been brought before its notice. Compared with the manufacturers of implements and the vendors of edibles, the makers and lovers of pictures and books no doubt are a feeble folk. Yet they form a portion of the community, and if their existence is so far recognised as that such things as pictures and sculpture and books are made subjects of statutory legislation, they have a right surely to be heard as to the effects and tendencies of such legislation.

Madame Bernhardt is reported to have called Canada semi-barbarous, and to have declared that we neglected literature and the arts. I am not sure that the Divine Sara did not speak more truly than she knew; but it is against Canada's politicians, not against her people, that she should have aimed her gibes. Few people, in their way, are more literary or more artistic. Has any country in the world a state-aided education so literary? And how we pride ourselves upon our Mm. Fréchette, our Dr. Drummonds, our Archibald Lampmans, our Bliss Carmans, our Charles G. D. Robertses, and our Sir Gilbert Parkers! Do we not, too, wax voluble about our Canadian literature, and strive by many means to evoke for it a patriotic support? We pet our painters. We give our poets berths in the post office. Though by the grace of nature an agricultural community, and by the grace of a protective tariff a manufacturing one, few peoples are so keenly susceptible to the benignant influences of the gentler arts, to poetry and minstrelsy, to the play of fancy, to imagination, to intellect, to emotion. No; had The Bernhardt been cognisant of this, she would have held her peace. It is against our politicians she should have aimed her gibes.

For example, my attention has recently been called to a delicate little puzzle in connection with art and the Canadian tariff. The duty on works of sculpture is thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* if executed in marble or granite, thirty per cent. if executed in any other material—a refinement of discrimination, the reason for which (let me say in passing) is beyond my unpolitical understanding. Now, suppose a Canadian sculptor (as in this branch of art might be extremely probable—indeed beneficial) chose to reside abroad. Does it not seem just a little hard that if his friends, or say his native town, chose to honour or encourage him by sending him an occasional commission, does it not seem a little hard that the work of his brain and of his chisel should be subjected to this virtually prohibitive tariff? Canadian painters may import their pictures free. What grievous sin have Canadian sculptors committed against their native land that their works should be thus rigorously excluded from its shores? I have been at pains to consult one of the very best known of our Canadian sculptors (residing in Canada) upon this point, and the only light he can shed upon the subject is this: "Dear Sir, I can only say that the law is the law, as I know to my sorrow. There is no reason why it should be so." Ever since I have been in Canada I have heard complaints (to me, I confess, apparently much uncalled for) about the pricks against which Canadian art and Canadian literature have had to kick. But here surely is an anomaly into which, though small, it might be well to inquire. I do not suppose that any Canadian sculptor living in Canada would for one moment object to competition

with a fellow-Canadian sculptor living somewhere else. For myself, I do not think he would—or should—object to any competition whatsoever. Art and literature recognise no political boundaries. On the contrary, literature and art are keenly interested in what writers and artists are doing the wide world over, and much would they give for the freest opportunities for seeing and becoming acquainted with their work. Fancy Vienna putting up a barrier against ideas from Berlin, or Paris excluding thought and imagination from London! To put an embargo on ideas, to exclude the product of thought and imagination by a customs line, is to the writer and to the artist a thing not only abhorrent but absurd.

But this thirty-five per cent. duty on works of sculpture is only one example out of many which show the attitude taken by our politicians towards art and literature. Take the ten per cent. duty on books. It is not excessive, certainly; but why should there be any? Books, I presume it will be conceded, are written for readers. And readers seek in books inspiration, information, or enjoyment. Whom does this duty benefit? Not the readers of course, because it increases the price. Not the foreign author, for it lessens his sales. Not the native author, for, on the one hand, the more books any author has access to the better; and, on the other hand, the greater the taste for books also the better. Besides, nobody is going to buy my book, or my picture, or my statue, because he has to pay duty on somebody else's! Heaven forfend that I should ask him to! What more degrading, what more derogatory to the *amour propre* of an artist—whether in sound, colour, form, or words—than a fiscal embargo on the work of a fellow-artist! If the duty is imposed for revenue purposes only, perhaps one should not complain. Yet, why the raw materials of the intellectual worker should be subjected even to this tax I fail to see. Raw materials in the realm of trade are usually admitted free. This duty on books is a duty on the very fount and origin of intellectual inspiration, information, and pleasure. It is the most ridiculous tax that a nation calling itself civilised could levy; and in a young country like Canada, whose leisure class is small, and whose intellectual class is poor, it is worse than ridiculous, it is cruel.

The repeated attempts of Canada to obtain an exclusively Canadian copyright, is another instance of this short-sighted policy. If I understand the law of copyright as it now exists, a book published anywhere in the British Empire is *ipso facto* copyright throughout the Empire—nay, more, in all the countries signatory to the Berne Convention. And these include nearly all civilised nations (the United States declined to sign). What more could one want? You publish in Montreal or Toronto, and not a publisher (outside the United States) dare put a finger on your book. And yet, if I am not mistaken, Canada does—or perhaps I should say did—want more. If I am not mistaken, more than one of her politicians has more than once asked that if a foreign author did not print his book in Canada, any Canadian publisher might put his finger upon it, might indeed lay thievish hands upon it, and publish it willy-nilly the author's consent! If I am wrong, perhaps the Canadian Copyright Association will correct me. But if I am right, what I ask is this: What possible benefit could accrue either to the Canadian reader or to the Canadian writer if the foreign author were put to the double expense of printing here as well as in his native land? Besides, why dictate to a producer how he shall dispose of his wares? What right has any government to say to a man, If you do not print here, we shall let our publishers steal your book? Surely what a man produces belongs to him and to nobody else, be it a boot, a boiler, or a book.

The simple fact of the matter is this. In the United States there is a heavy duty on things literary and artistic. But in the United States the printers, paper-makers, typefounders, typesetters, binders, and publishers have prevailed upon the government to permit them to steal any book that is not set up, printed,

bound, and published by them—because they want more work and wages. They do not care a straw about the foreign author. What is he to them? Not theirs to argue about abstract justice. What they want is concrete work and concrete wages. Well, Canada, I am afraid, has been trying to do something of the same kind. It is in the interest, then, of the mechanical classes, not in the interest of the intellectual classes, that these duties and restrictions are imposed. The very last thing the intellectual classes ask for is "protection" of any kind. To them the word is meaningless. I venture to say there is not a painter or a sculptor or a musician or an author in Canada who wishes the slightest hindrance to be put on the importation of any painting, statue, song, or book from any quarter of the globe, so it were good. (About worthless work there may be a difference of opinion; but you will look in vain through the list of dutiable articles in the Canadian Customs Tariff for any mention of this.) So it be good the more the better. The only conclusion to be drawn is that it is in the interest of the mechanical trades that these impediments are put. Well, does it really redound to the benefit of Canada as a whole thus to make the interests of her intellectual classes subservient to those of her mechanical?

So too, with painting. A duty of twenty per cent. is levied on all pictures saving only those by artists of repute. Who decides upon the repute we are not told. (Copyrights are registered in the office of the Department of Agriculture). I presume the appraisers of the Custom House will settle the precise moment at which a future Turner will become reputable. Monticelli must have puzzled them a bit in days gone by. (I wonder what decisions were arrived at during the Whistler *versus* Ruskin trial . The Ontario Society of Artists, too, I believe, desire a duty of $10 per picture on all paintings; and the reason adduced is that unscrupulous dealers palm off "daubs" as the works of artists of repute. No doubt it is often difficult to prove that a supposititious Corot is not a veritable Corot—they tell us that the former abound. Yet that the connoisseur should be mulcted in order that the ignorant may be protected seems a curious justice.

Why cannot politicians leave art and literature alone? Surely the revenue produced by these curious and laborious meddlings is not commensurate with the ill-feeling which they arouse. Why may I not buy a picture by a painter unknown if I like it? I can buy a miserable, a very miserable, magazine duty free—and almost post free, if it comes from the United States.

This reminds me that there is that delicate little matter of postage on periodical literature. Far be it from me to attempt to weigh in the balance the respective merits of English and American magazines. But what I do know is this, that if I want a *Quarterly* or a *Contemporary Review* I have to pay eight cents a pound postage on it; but if I want a *Harper* or a *Munsey* I have to pay only one cent a pound. Why there is imposed upon the literature of the mother land a postal rate seven hundred per cent. greater than that imposed upon the literature of a foreign and rival country. . . . . Well, perhaps I had better just say that this too is beyond my unpolitical understanding. But this, I take it, is in the hands of the Imperial, not in those of the Canadian, post office authorities. Surely it would be worth some sacrifice to somebody to wean our youth from ideas American and to feed them on literature Imperial. Some day this may cost the Empire much.

The Divine Sara then, perhaps, spake more truly than she knew. But, as I have said, it is against our politicians that she should have aimed her gibes.

The Live Wire

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

"WHO is this young gentleman or lady?" Dr. Clay asked of Pearlie Watson one day when he met her wheeling a carriage in which was a very fat baby.

"This is the Czar of all the Rooshias," Pearl answered gravely, "and I'm his bodyguard."

The doctor's face showed no surprise as he stepped back to get a better look at the Czar.

"See the green plush on his kerridge!" Pearl said proudly, "and every stitch he has on is handmade, and was did for him, too, and he's fed every four hours, rain or shine, hit or miss!"

"Think of that!" the doctor exclaimed with emphasis, "and yet some people tell us the Czar has a hard time."

Pearl drew a step nearer, moving the carriage up and down rapidly to appease the wrath of the Czar, who was expressing his disapproval of the delay in a very lumpy cry.

"I'm just 'tendin', ye know, about him being the Czar," she said confidentially. "Ye see I mind him everyday, and that's the way I play. Maudie Ducker said one day I never had no time to play cos we wuz so pore, and that started me. It's a lovely game."

The doctor nodded. He knew something of 'tendin' games, too.

"I have to taste everythin' he eats for fear of Paris green in it," she said, speaking now in the official voice of the bodyguard. "I have to stand betune him and the howlin' mob thirstin' for his gore!"

"I believe he howls more than the mob," the doctor said smiling.

"He's afraid we're plottin'," Pearl whispered. "Can't trust no one. But he ain't howlin'; that's his natcheral voice when he's talkin' Rooshian. He don't know one English word, only 'goo,' but he'll say it every time. See now. How is um pecious luvvy-duvvy? See the pitty manny! Pull um baby toofin."

The Czar, secure in his toothlessness, was not at all alarmed at this threat, and rippled his fat face into dimples, triumphantly bringing forth a whole succession of "goos."

"Ain't he a peach?" Pearlie said with pride. "Some kids won't show off worth a cent when you want them to, but he'll say 'goo' if you even nudge him. His mother thinks 'goo' is an awfully childish word, and she's at him all the time to say 'daddy-dinger,' but he don't seem to take to it. Say, Doctor," Pearlie's face was troubled, "what do you think of his looks? Hasn't he a fine little nub of a nose? Do you see anything about him to make his mother cry?"

The doctor looked critically at the Czar, who returned his gaze with stolid indifference.

"I never saw a more perfect nub on any nose," he answered honestly. "He's a fine big boy, and his mother should be proud of him."

"There now, what did I tell you?" Pearlie cried delightedly, nodding her head at an imaginary audience. "That's what I do be sayin' to his mother, but she's so tuk up with pictures of pretty kids with big eyes and curly hair, she don't seem to get used to the Czar here. She says his nose is so different, and his voice is not what she wanted. He does cry lumpy I know. You see, the kid in the book she's readin' could say 'Daddy-dinger' long before it was as old as the Czar is. He can't pat-a-cake, or wave a bye-bye, or this-little-toe-went-to-market, or nuthin'. I never told her what Danny could do when he was this age, but I'm tryin' hard to get him to say 'Daddy-dinger,' she has her heart so set on it. I must go now."

The doctor lifted his hat, and the imperial carriage rolled on.

Pearl had gone a short distance when she remembered something.

"I'll let you know if he says it, Doctor," she shouted.

"All right, Pearl, thank you," he smiled back.

When Pearl turned the next corner she met Maudie Ducker. Maudie had on a new plaid dress with velvet trimming.

"Is that your Sunday dress?" she asked, looking critically at Pearl's faded little brown wincey.

"My, no!" Pearl answered cheerfully—the family honour had to be sustained—"This is just my morning dress. I wear my blue satting in the afternoon and on Sundays, my purple velvet with the watter-pleat and basque-yoke of tartaric plaid, garnished with lace."

"Yours is a nice little plain dress—that stuff fades tho'—Ma lined a quilt for the boys' bed with it, and it faded grey!"

Maudie Ducker was a "perfect little lady." Her mother often said so. The number of days that Maudie could wear an apron without its showing one stain, was simply wonderful! Maudie had two dolls with which she never played. She could not bear to touch a baby because it might put a sticky little finger on her pinafore.

When Maudie made inquiries as to Pearl's Sabbath-day attire, her motives were kinder than Pearl thought.

Maudie's mother was giving her a party. Hitherto the guests on such occasions had been selected with great care, and with respect to social standing, blue china, and correct enunciation. This time they were selected with still greater care, but with respect to their father's politics. All Conservatives and undecided voters' children were invited. The fight-to-a-finish-for-the-Grand-Old-Party Reformers were not invited.

Algernon Evans (otherwise known as the Czar of all the Rooshias), only son of J. H. Evans, editor of the *Millford Mercury*, could not be overlooked. Hence the necessity of inviting Pearl Watson, his bodyguard.

Millford had two weekly newspapers, one Conservative in its tendencies, the other one Reform. Between them there existed a feud long-standing, unquenchable, constant. It went with the subscription list, the printing press, and the good-will of the former owner when the paper changed hands. It blazed in the editorials, it even coloured the local news.

McSorley, the Liberal editor, being an Irishman, was not without humour; but Evans, the other one, revelled in it. He was like the little boys who stick pins in frogs, not that they bear the frogs any ill-will, but for the fun of seeing them jump. He would sit smiling over his political editorials with utmost good humour—sometimes throwing himself back in his chair and laughing like a light-hearted boy, and then those who heard him knew that the knife was turned in some one.

One day, Mr. James Ducker, lately retired farmer, sometimes insurance agent, read in the Winnipeg *Telegram* that his former friend, the Hon. Thomas Snider, had chaperoned an Elk party to St. Paul. Mr. Ducker had but a hazy idea of the duties of a chaperon, but he liked the sound of it, and it set him thinking. He remembered when Tom Snider had entered politics a few years ago, with a decayed reputation, a strong and growing thirst for alcoholic stimulants and about four dollars in cash. Now he rode in a private car, had a suite of rooms at the Empire, and the papers often spoke of him as "mine host Snider."

Mr. Ducker turned over the paper and read in another column that the genial Thomas had replied in a very able manner to the toast, "Our Guests," at the Elks' banquet at Ryan's, St. Paul. Whereupon Mr. Ducker became wrapped in deep thought, and it was during this passive period that he distinctly heard his country's call. The call came in these words: "If Tom Snider can do it, why can't I?"

The idea took hold of him. He began to brush his hair artfully over the bald spot. He made strange faces at his mirror, wondering which view of his countenance would be best to have photographed for his handbills.

He saw himself like Cincinnatus of old, called from the plough to the Senate, but he told himself that there couldn't have been as good a thing in it then as there is

now, or Cincinnatus would not have come back to the steers!

Mr. Ducker's social qualities developed amazingly. He courted his neighbours assiduously, stopping to have protracted conversations with men whom he had known but slightly. Every name on the voters' list began to have a new significance.

There was one man whom he feared—that was Evans, editor of the Conservative paper. Sometimes, when his fancy painted for him a gay and alluring picture of carrying "the proud old Conservative banner—that has suffered defeat, but, thank God, never disgrace!" (quotation from speech he was preparing) "in the face of the foe," he would inadvertently think of Evans, and it gave him goose-flesh!

Mr. Ducker had lived in and around Millford for some time, and so had Evans. Evans had a most treacherous memory—you could not depend on him to forget anything.

When Evans was friendly with him his hopes ran high, but when he caught Evans looking at him with a boyish smile twinkling in his eyes his vision of chaperoning an Elk party to St. Paul became very shadowy indeed!

Mr. Ducker tried diplomacy. He withdrew his insurance ad. from McSorley's paper, and doubled his space in Evans', paying in advance. He watched the train for visitors and reported them to Evans. He wrote breezy little local briefs in his own light cow-like way for Evans' paper.

Mr. Ducker was very hopeful. A friend in Winnipeg had already a house in view for them, and Mrs. Ducker had decided what church they would attend and what day she would receive, and many other important matters that it is well to have off one's mind and not leave to the last. Maudie Ducker had been taken into the secret, and she began to feel sorry for other little girls whose papas were content to let their families live always in such a poky little place as Millford. Maudie also began to dream dreams of sweeping in upon the Millford people in flowing robes and sparkling diamonds. Wilford only, of the Ducker family, was in darkness. His mother said he was too young to appreciate the Change.

The approach of Nomination Day hastened the date of Maudie's party. Mrs. Ducker told Maudie that they must invite the Czar and Pearlie Watson, though of course she didn't say the Czar—she said Algernon Evans and that little Watson girl. Maudie objected on account of Pearl's scanty wardrobe and the Czar's moist little hands, but Mrs. Ducker, knowing that the Czar's father was their long suit, stood firm.

Mr. Ducker had said to her that very morning, rubbing his hands and speaking in the voice of a conspirator, "We must leave no stone unturned, my dear; this is the time of seed-sowing. We must pull every wire. The Czar was a wire, therefore they proceeded to pull him. They did not know that he was a live wire until later.

Pearl's delight at being asked to a real party was good to see. Maudie need not have worried about her appearing at the feast without a festal robe, for the dress that Camilla had made her for the musical recital was just waiting for an occasion to air its loveliness. Anything that was needed to complete her wardrobe was supplied by her kind-hearted mistress, the Czar's mother.

But Mrs. Evans stood looking wistfully after her only son, as Pearl wheeled him gaily down the walk that bright afternoon. He was beautifully dressed in the finest of mull and Valenciennes. His carriage was elegant. Pearl, in her neat hat and dress, was a pretty little nurse-girl. But Mrs. Evans' sweet face was troubled. She was thinking of the Mellin's Food Baby she had so coveted, and Algernon was—so different, and his nose was—strange, too, and she had massaged it so carefully, and when, oh! when would he say "Daddy-dinger"?

Algernon was not envious of the Mellin's Food Baby that afternoon, nor worried about his nose either, as he bumped up and down in his carriage in glad good humour, and delivered full-sized gurgling "goos" at every person he met, even throwing them along the street in the prodigality of his heart, as he waved his

fat hands and thumped his heavy little heels.

Pearl held her head high and felt very much like the bodyguard as she lifted the weighty ruler to the ground inside the Ducker gate; Mrs. Ducker ran down the steps and kissed the Czar ostentatiously, and as she carried him into the house, she poured out such a volume of admiring epithets that Pearl followed in dazed bewilderment, wondering why she had not heard of all this before.

Two little girls in very fluffy short skirts sat demurely in the hammock, keeping their dresses clean, and wondering if there would be ice cream within doors. Maudie worried out "Mary's Pet Waltz" on the piano to a dozen or more patient little listeners. On the lawn several little girls played croquet. There were no boys at the party. Wilford was going to entertain the boys, that is the Conservative boys, the next day. Wilford stood at the gate disconsolately. He had been left without a station at his own request. Down at the tracks a freight train shunted and shuddered. Not a boy was in sight, and Wilford knew why. The farmers were loading cattle cars.

Pearl went around to the side lawn where the little girls were playing croquet, holding the Czar's hand tightly.

"What are you playin', girls?" she asked.

They told her.

"Can you play it?" Mildred Bates asked.

"I guess I can," Pearl said modestly. "I am always too busy for games like that."

"Maudie Ducker says you never get time to play," Blanche White said with sincere pity in her voice.

"Maudie Ducker is away off there," Pearl answered with dignity. "I have lots of fun, and don't you forget it, and it isn't this frowsy standin'-round-doin'-nothin', that you kids call fun, either."

"Tell us about it, Pearl," they cried, flocking round her. Pearl's stories had a charm for them.

"Well," Pearl said, taking the Czar on her knee as she sat on the grass. "Ye know I wash Mrs. Evans' dishes for her, and lovely ones they are, too, all pink and gold with dinky little ivy leaves crawlin' out over the edges of the cups; I play I am at the seashore and the tide is comin' in o'er and o'er the sand, and round and round the land, as far as eye can see. I put all the dishes into the big dish-pan, and I pertend the tide is risin' on them, tho' it's just me pourin' on the water. The cups are the boys and the saucers are the girls, and the butter-chips are the babies. Then I rush in to save them, but not until they cry 'Lord save us, we perish!' Of course I yell it for them, good and loud, too, you bet; people don't just squawk at a time like that—it often scares Mrs. Evans even yet. I save the babies first. I slush them around to clean them, but they never notice that, and then I stand them up high and dry in the drip-pan. Then I go in after the girls and the boys, and I save the mothers and fathers, too, that's the plates, and I rub them all well so's they won't ketch cold, and I get them all packed off to bed in the china cabinet, every man-jack o' them singin', 'Are we yet alive and see each other's face.' Mrs. Evans sings it for them when she's there, and they soon forget they were so near death's door. Then I get the vegetable dishes and the bowls and silverware, and all that, and I pertend that's an excursion, and they're all drunk, not a sober man on board. The capt'n commands them to make merry, and they're singing 'We won't go home till mornin', when crash! a cry bursts from every soul on board. They have struck upon a rock and are goin' down! Water pours in at the gunnel (that's just me with more water and soap, you know), but I ain't sorry for them, they're old enough to know that wine is a mocker, and strong drink is ragin'. But you bet they get sober prit' quick when the swellin' waters burst over them, and come rushin' upon deck with pale faces, and I've often seen a big white bowl—he's the capt'in—whirl round and round, dizzy-like, and say "Woe is me!" and sink to the bottom. Mrs. Evans told me that's what he says. Anyway, I do save them all at last, when they see what whiskey's doin' for them. I rub them all and send them home. The steel knives they're the worst of all, but tho' they're

black and stained with sin, they are still our brothers. So I give them the Gold Cure—that's the bath-brick, and they make a fresh start."

"That's a lovely game," Lily White said rapturously.

"When I sweep the floor," Pearl went on, "I pertend I am the Army of the Lord that comes to clear the way from dust and sin, and let the King of Glory in. Under the stove the hordes of sin are awful thick—they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. But I say the 'Sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' and let her have it! Sometimes I pertend I'm the woman that lost the piece of silver, and I sweep the house diligently till I find it, and once Mrs. Evans did put ten cents under the door mat just for fun, for me to find, and I never know when she's goin' to do something like that for me."

Here Maudie Ducker, who had joined the group on the lawn, and was listening in dull wonder, cried, "O, here's Pa and Mr. Evans they are going to take our picture!"

The little girls, roused out of the spell that Pearl's games had woven around them, immediately began to group themselves under the trees, and to arrange their little skirts and frills.

The Czar had toddled on his uncertain little fat legs around to the back door, for he had caught sight of a redhead that he knew and liked very much. It belonged to Mary McSorley, the eldest of the McSorley family, who had brought over to Mrs. Ducker an extra two quarts of milk which Mrs. Ducker had ordered for the occasion.

Mary sat on the back step until Mrs. Ducker should find time to empty her pitcher. Mary was strictly an outsider. Mary's father was a Reformer. His paper was in opposition to dear Mr. Evans' paper. Mary was never well dressed, partly accounted for by the fact that the stork had visited the McSorley home so frequently. Therefore, for all these reasons, any one sufficient in itself. Mary sat on the back step, a rank outsider.

The Czar, who knew nothing of these things, began to "goo" when he saw Mary. She reached out her arms, and he stumbled into them. Mary fell to kissing his bald head. She felt more at home with a baby in her arms.

It was at this unfortunate moment that Mr. Ducker and Mr. Evans came around the rear of the house. Mr. Evans was beginning to think rather more favourably of Mr. Ducker as the prospective Conservative member. Poor old goat, there are plenty worse (he was thinking); he has no brains, but heaven help us! what would a man of brains do with that bunch in Winnipeg? Brainy men make the trouble. The Grits made that mistake once—just once—and see what trouble they got into!

Mr. Ducker had adroitly drawn the conversation to a discussion of children. He know that Mr. Evans' weak point was his little son Algernon.

"That's a clever looking little fellow of yours, Evans," he had remarked carelessly as they came up the street. (Mr. Ducker had never seen the Czar closely). "My wife was just saying that he has a remarkable forehead for a little fellow."

"He has," the other man said smiling, not at all displeased. "It runs clear down to his neck."

"He can hardly help being clever if there's anything in heredity," Mr. Ducker went on with infinite tact, feeling his private car drawing nearer and nearer.

Then the Evil Genius of the house of Ducker awoke from his slumber, sat up, took notice, and smiled. The house that the friend in Winnipeg had selected fell into irreparable ruin. Poor Maudie's diamonds vanished at a touch! Mr. Ducker's dream of carrying the grand old Conservative banner in the face of the foe, ceased to be a dream and became a nightmare!

They turned the corner and came upon Mary McSorley, who sat upon the backstep with the Czar in her arms. Mary's face was hidden as she kissed the Czar's fat neck, and in the general babel of voices within and without she did not hear them coming.

"Speaking about heredity," Mr. Ducker said suavely, speaking in a low voice, and looking at whom he supposed to be the latest McSorley, "it looks as if there

must be something in it over there. Isn't that McSorley over again? Low forehead, pug nose, bulldog tendencies." Mr. Ducker was something of a phrenologist, and went merrily on to his own destruction.

"Now, the girl is rather pleasant looking, and some of the others are not bad at all, but this one is surely a regular little Mickey. Now, Evans, I believe a person would be safe in saying that that child will not grow up a Presbyterian, what do you think?"

Mr. Evans was the Worshipful Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Lodge, and well up in the Black, and Mr. Ducker was sure that this remark would appeal to him. It did.

"Ignatius McSorley will never be dead while this little fellow lives," Mr. Ducker continued, laughing gaily and rubbing his hands.

The Czar looked up and saw his father. Perhaps he saw the hurt in his father's face and longed to heal him of it, or perhaps the time had come when he should forever break the goo-fetters that had lain upon his speech. He wriggled off Mary's knee, and toddling uncertainly across the grass, held out his dimpled arms with a glad cry of "Daddy-dinger!"

That evening while Mrs. Ducker and Maudie were busy fanning Mr. Ducker and putting wet towels on his head, Mr. Evans sat down to write.

"Some more of that tiresome election stuff, John?" his pretty wife asked, as she proudly rocked the emancipated Czar to sleep.

"Yes, dear, it is election stuff," he answered, as he kissed her tenderly, "but it is not a bit tiresome."

Several times during the evening and far into the night, she heard him laugh—his happy, boyish laugh. James Ducker did not get the nomination.

Mother o' Mine

BY H. REMBE

MOTHER o' mine, dear mother o' mine,
Oh! when I think of thee,
Tears fill my eyes, yet all my heart
Is filled with joy and glee.

Thou wast so good, thou wast so true,
So full of love and grace—
There's nothing in the wide, wide world
Like at mother's heart a place!

If thee I forget, dear mother o' mine,
If I e'er forget thy love,
I should be forgot throughout all time
In this world and above.

TANGIERS—BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY

An Experience in Tangiers

By FRANK CARREL

TANGIERS has a population of about 35,000, and is a small, ill-built town, situated on two hills. Its collection of miserable flat-roofed and windowless houses front on narrow, irregular, unpaved, filthy streets, from which come a succession of fearfully bad odours. It has fortifications and walls, which would not be worth much now, but at the time it was taken by the Portuguese in 1471 were probably of some service.

Tangiers was given to Charles II, King of England, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, and was held by the English until 1683, when on account of the expense and the inclement climate (now considered differently) it was evacuated, and the fortifications dismantled. It was subsequently a nest of pirates. Of late years it was visited by Europeans as a health resort, but has now become over-run with an unruly and uncontrolled population. We were not long in the precincts of the city before being quite satisfied of this fact in more ways than one, and it was with good fortune that we managed to get away with our clothes and belongings, not to speak of our lives.

The street in front of our hotel was about six feet wide, and here it was intended that we should mount our donkeys for our sight-seeing ride through the town. We did so, but it was a task and undertaking which might test the whole London police force. The donkeys came from somewhere, but principally the little doorways in front of the hotel, where they were kept in reserve for the coming of our party. The mounting process was like Balaam let loose. It seemed that everyone who climbed on a "moke" found three or four owners squabbling and fighting in front of him for the position of running behind and directing the little animal as we went along. We had half a dozen guides, but we needed half a regiment instead to make one feel that his life was safe. Then there was the presentiment of rolling off the odd-shaped, stirrupless saddles on to the hard cobble stones, for you never knew when your foot-postillion would startle the donkey with a crack on the back or a poke in the side with a sharp-pointed stick.

The streets were crowded and congested, being full of pedestrians in every kind of Oriental garb and garment possible.

TANGIERS—THE TOWN GATES

Women walked about with faces covered. Large, handsome men, with huge fezes and a flunkey to clear the way in front, and another to protect them in the rear, seemed to have the right of way, and everybody salaamed and stepped aside to let them pass by. These distinguished gentlemen were officials, priests, or some elevated caste.

We rode at varying speeds through the motley town until we came to a square, known as the Kasbah, at one corner of which was a group of about fifty professional blind beggars, huddled together in ragged clothing. I was informed they were waiting for the Sultan to send them something to eat and keep them from starving, which he does about three or four times a week. From the back of my donkey I attempted to take a kodak picture when half of them arose and made at me with uplifted walking sticks. It was too late! I had them, and also sufficient time to raise my camera stand in defence. Although supposed to be blind, they appeared to see quite plainly, and made no mistake in the direction they took to get near me.

We made a halt at the jail, where 170 prisoners are chained in very small cells. Most of them were there for debt and piracy. Our guide told us that any of them could purchase his liberty at any time, if he could secure the necessary money. On the floor of the entrance was a pile of bread loaves weighing less than a pound each, one of which, with water, is the daily ration of a prisoner. Next to the prison, up an alleyway, was the Governor's harem, which could only be visited by the ladies in our party, who reported to us afterwards that it was composed of eight women, two extremely large, six hideously ugly, and one fairly good-looking.

On another side of the square was the

TANGIERS—PRINCIPAL MOSQUE GATE

Court of Justice, consisting of a small building with open front, much resembling a covered-in stage of a small open-air theatre, and, sitting in the doorway of an inner chamber, was a grey-bearded Pasha. He sat on a throne which looked like an old-fashioned footstool, while along the two sides of the enclosure, or in the wings, were seven or eight serious-looking Moors sitting on the ground with legs crossed and backs against the wall. The latter were the learned representatives of the legal fraternity of Tangiers. There was also a dirty-looking soldier with a cunning face lolling about. We were, however, fortunate in seeing a case tried, which was most amusing. The prisoner at the bar was a man brought before the court by a decrepit old miser for a debt of two shillings. The accused acknowledged the claim, but pleaded abject poverty, and for a time carried on like a wild man. How the case ended we never knew. If he did not pay up he would probably go to jail.

We continued on through little narrow streets, climbing more hills, passing more processions of the native mixture of inhabitants until we came to another open square, surrounded by a few houses. This, we were informed, was the residential part of what little foreign element live there. In the centre of the open space were a number of dirty, ragged tents, under which were housed several beggarly looking families, or gypsies. We crossed this square, and began a descent to the town again, passing three or four respectable residences of the foreign consuls. Then we arrived at one of the most interesting sights of Tangiers, the great Soko, or market-place. Here all the native traffic is carried on. We saw strings of laden camels, with their drivers from the far interior; fruit stalls, and stalls piled high with gaily-covered carpets and wearing apparel; the snake-charmer and the story-teller, each with his eager audience on the ground before him; groups of squatting women, enveloped up to the eyes in *haiks*, looking like small tents, and the throng of idlers in picturesque Eastern costumes. All went to make up a picture as un-European and novel to the tourist as fancy can paint. Every now and again could be heard the voice of the Muezzin from the minaret calling the faithful to prayer, or announcing the flight of the hours by his sand-glass.

We rode through the strange crowd,

TANGIERS—THE ARRIVAL OF OUR PARTY IN THE PRISON SQUARE

TANGIERS—GRAND SOKO (MARKET)

who elbowed and crushed against us at every turn. This seemed to stimulate our donkey-owners to cruelly use their sticks more furiously than ever, and to drive the animals among the pedestrians without respect for anyone. We descended more hilly streets of the same size and width, about six feet, passing several mosques into which no European dare enter. Beyond their tessellated towers and gabled roofs of glazed green tiles, they possess no special or extraordinary features. One of them is said to be occupying the site of an English cathedral.

It was the same medley of people we passed and repassed —the Genouah from Timbuctoo, with their peculiar head-dress of shells and strings, and their clanking symbols; the Susi, in dark blue linen, or black and brown jelabas; the mountaineers, tall and fair; the men from the Ghurb, or fertile plains, enveloped in the numerous folds of their coarse *haiks*; while the rich town Moors, on gaudily-caparisoned horses or mules, stood out conspicuous among them all.

When we arrived at the entrance to our hotel, there began a scene which many of the party will never forget. Our donkey-owners immediately demanded money, although they had already been paid by our excursion organisers. To this unwarranted demand we more or less responded with a sixpence or even a shilling. This did not satisfy them; they held out for half-a-crown, or two shillings. Some of our party immediately resented the request, and they were surrounded by hundreds

TANGIERS—THE AUTHOR MOUNTED, AND IN THE REAR THE DRIVER OF THE DONKEY

of friends of the donkey-owners who proceeded by threats and menaces to badger the strangers. Some were driven into corners where articles such as canes, umbrellas, cameras (mine was held in ransom in this fashion), were snatched away from them, and held by two or three until they got what they wanted. There were no police, and our few guides had all they could do to keep the entrance to the hotel clear for those of us who could run the gauntlet in safety. It was a dangerous experience, tinuous clamour was kept up during the lunch hour.

The meal was fairly well served by splendid looking Moors, who had no scruples about soliciting their "tips" at the conclusion of the repast as though it were part of the bill of fare. Then, when we got out of the dining-room, we found several of these natives with large Moorish brass plates, standing at almost every corner, and we were told that we were expected to put something in them for the benefit of that part of the hotel staff

ALGERIA—NATIVES AT WORSHIP

for had one of the party allowed his temper to get beyond his control, as we were all inclined to do, and struck one of the natives, it would not only have been serious for him, but the rest of the foreign visitors as well. Almost all those around us were armed with long knives. Furthermore, if there was any arresting to be done by the miserable army, if called out to quell such a disturbance, it certainly would have been the Europeans who would have been the victims. We fortunately all got inside the hotel door, which was being garrisoned by more than half the hotel staff. Nevertheless, a con- which could not be seen, but our party by this time were getting tired of this kind of begging, or had no more money to contribute, and they were poorly patronised.

There was a feature of the luncheon which was rather amusing to a Canadian. Our orchestra consisted of a Portuguese, who played the harp, and a Spaniard, who played on a mandolin. This combination surprised us all by starting with "Marching through Georgia," following with "Way Down upon the Suwanee River," and "The Old Folks at Home." After the playing of the latter I was

ALGIERS—INTERIOR OF THE GREAT MOSQUE

deputed to have the music changed to something Oriental or characteristic of the country we were visiting. I must not omit to mention that the musicians also went around with a plate, so that in addition to paying for our lunch, it seemed that we were expected to pay for everything that went with it.

But with all these inside troubles and professional beggars we had no idea what was waiting for us outside. It appears that the donkey-owners had taken their animals somewhere, probably to a stable, although I doubt their ever seeing such a fold, and had returned to the hotel front and there awaited us, with about several hundred supporters, including men, women and boys, determined to continue their badgering for more money. We left the hotel for the pier, a five-minute walk, never dreaming of molestation. Nevertheless every inch of the way had to be fought, and it was all we could do to keep the ladies protected from having their dresses torn from them or their parasols and bags snatched out of their hands. We placed them in the centre and formed a cordon around them; then everybody held together as closely as possible, and jostled and edged a passage through the unruly mob as best we could under the circumstances. Needless to say, it was a very trying and disagreeable experience. We all managed to arrive at the first gate of the pier, where we left a great majority of our importuning friends on the outside. We had to pass three gates to reach the end of the pier where we embarked on our steam launches to join our ship. Even inside these three barriers we found vendors, but our party was a good-sized one, and we were able to hold our own.

We might have left the town in peace but for a scene which caused considerable excitement when we were in the launches ready to start. Two powerful Arabs jumped into one of the boats and demanded money from one of our passengers who was about to use his stick on the intruders, when it was explained that these men, unsolicited, had performed some

ALGERIA—PLAYING DOMINOES

little assistance when the launches came to the wharf. They demanded eight shillings, and to amicably settle the excitement, our excursion organiser gave them the money.

When we saw the last of Tangiers that night, as we steamed out of the wretched harbour, few were sorry, notwithstanding that our stay was the most exciting of any we had experienced on the cruise. Many good stories were told that evening in the smoking-room of the roguish tricks of those natives of Tangiers, who knew a shilling from a sixpence as well as any beggar in London. One gentleman had to pay two shillings to redeem his walking-cane from several small boys who got him in a corner, threatening him in a very wild manner. After lunch one of them turned up with a lead piece, accusing him of having given it to them, and demanding to have it changed. This was too much for the gentleman's constitution, and after a very indignant display of wrathful phrases, the would-be impostor offered to compromise for half the amount. Of course this is an old Mediterranean trick.

THE VEILED WOMAN OF MOROCCO AND ALGERIA

Other such tales were told which seemed very ludicrous when related amidst the fumes of tobacco smoke and convivial company, but when being enacted bore a different aspect.

We sailed for Gibraltar, the greatest fortress in the world, and the next day we lunched in the same hotel as the members of the Moroccan International Commission at Algeciras, surrounded by a fleet of foreign warships. Our experiences in Morocco were quite sufficient to show us the necessity for such a congress as was then being held. It is to be hoped that some police system will soon be established in the Sultan's domains.

ALGECIRAS, SPAIN—ALL HOUSES HAVE THEIR GROUND-FLOOR WINDOWS BARRED

SAN FRANCISCO CITY AND BAY, SHOWING THE FERRY BUILDING (TO THE RIGHT WITH STEEPLE), THE DOCKS, AND THE FERRY BOATS RUNNING TO BERKELEY, OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA. ALL THIS PART OF THE CITY WAS BURNED WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FERRY BUILDING AND THE DOCKS TO THE LEFT

The Destruction of San Francisco

By J. A. HOLDEN

THE early morning of April 18th was warm and "close," in contrast with the typically cool evening which preceded. I had been awake, in my home in Oakland, about half an hour when I heard a rumbling in the distance. This occurred about fourteen minutes past five o'clock. My thought was, "Here comes an earthquake." Thinking it would be like the one we experienced last year, I did not trouble to leave my bed. In a few seconds came the shock. Bang! Then the house seemed to be thrown one way, then back, then one end kicked up its heels and then another. This lasted for about one minute—59 seconds according to the records. I was busy hanging tight to the bed which was inclined to move about the room.

A friend tells me that when she heard the rumbling she ran to the back door of her home, which, it happens, looks towards our house. When the shock came, the tall trees at the back of our building bent right over almost to the roof-tree, then back in the opposite direction. Then they danced a jig. Her house was raised about four feet and then dropped back in its original position. Her observation agrees with my sensations.

We have been building a larger house nearby on the hillside, and when the earthquake struck us, I said to myself, "Bye-bye new house." When we went out to see what had happened, there stood our beamed, lath and plaster house as if nothing had occurred. Outside there is but one crack and inside but two. To me it seems wonderful that there are any houses standing after such a shaking. Only one serious accident occurred in Oakland; a wall fell upon a lower building and killed five people. But eleven miles away, across the Bay, the people of San Francisco were not so fortunate.

To describe what happened in detail is impossible. The tall buildings rocked,

grated against each other, and swayed as trees in a wind. Cornices fell, chimneys toppled over, and a few buildings collapsed altogether. Out in the Mission district, for example, the roadway sank ten feet, and the houses fell, killing and wounding many people. Some crawled out from the debris, half naked and besmeared with blood, dazed and bewildered. Some parts of lower Mission Street, over which I have since travelled, have sunk from one to four feet, leaving the buildings, which were built on piles, standing that height above the present level of the roadway. In other cases, the buildings have sunk with the street. In front of the huge Ferry Buildings at the foot of Market Street, there are cracks in the roadway from one to six inches wide, and in places there are depressions several feet in depth. The lodging houses in this district collapsed and many lives were lost.

SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL—WRECKED BY EARTHQUAKE

Yet the earthquake was as nothing in comparison with what followed. It was not thought that San Francisco would ever have a great conflagration such as was the fate of Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, Ottawa, and Toronto. There were many wooden buildings; in fact, almost all the buildings were of wood, except the modern steel and stone office buildings. Dr. Lyman Abbott once wrote that San Francisco was the most wooden town he ever saw. However, most of the building material was redwood, which is slow burning. This, with an efficient and generous fire service, was thought to be an ample safeguard. Nevertheless, as in Lisbon in 1755, so in San Francisco in 1906—a conflagration followed the earthquake and was even more disastrous to property. When the fire in 1755 ceased, the most beautiful city in

THE MISSION DOLORES—A CHURCH BUILT IN 1776 BY THE SPANISH FRIARS, THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS IN SAN FRANCISCO—DESTROYED BY FIRE

Photograph copyrighted by Detroit Pub. Co.

MARKET ST. AND THE "CALL" BUILDING AFTER BEING SWEPT BY THE FIRE. THIS WAS THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT.

Photograph by J. A. Holden

Europe was a mass of ruins; when that of 1906 had spent its fury the greatest city on the Pacific Coast of America was three-quarters ashes and debris.

Within twenty minutes after the earthquake, a hundred fire-calls were sent in to the different stations. In a few minutes more the whole available force was out. The engines got to work but the supply of water gave out immediately —the engines gave a cough, the nozzles spat air, and the men gazed at each other in consternation. The suction pipes were dropped into the sewers, but that supply was soon exhausted. Black despair settled upon every person. The city was doomed, for the flames were gathering strength in several quarters. The soldiers were called out, gunpowder and dynamite were secured, and a great fight began. From hour to hour, from day to day, it continued, but the flames spread relentlessly. Soon Golden Gate Park, with its 1,050 acres, was the only refuge, and at one time it contained about 200,000 homeless people — millionaires, bankers, merchant princes, professional men, workingmen, and the inhabitants of Chinatown, all were on the one level. Food, furniture and wealth were gone; there were only men, women, children and domestic pets. A hundred babies were born that first night in the park, and the general suffering for many nights was intense.

On April 25th, just a week after the earthquake, I decided to pay San Francisco another visit before sending my MS. to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It was

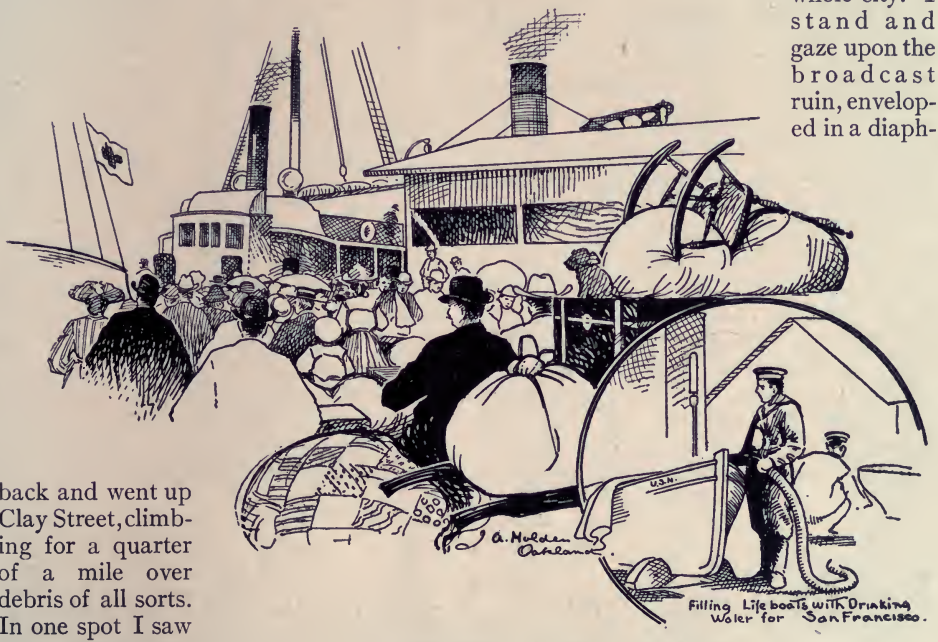
"EXAMINER" BUILDING IN CENTRE; "CHRONICLE" BUILDING TO LEFT; "CALL" BUILDING TO RIGHT

Photograph by J. A. Holden

difficult to get over. but with the Editor's instructions in my hands, I secured a pass from the Governor's headquarters in the Oakland City Hall. When I got out of the Ferry Buildings, on the San Francisco side of the Bay, I was almost lost. It was difficult to tell just which was Market Street, that great three and a half mile thoroughfare. Up to the Call Building, there was nothing to be seen but tottering walls. I wanted to go up the street, but the guard refused to allow me on account of the dynamiting of the ruins. I turned back and went up Clay Street, climbing for a quarter of a mile over debris of all sorts. In one spot I saw seven horses and three waggons buried under a fallen wall—and a sickening sight it was. From here I went to the Canadian Bank of Commerce, corner of Montgomery and California Streets, to get a photograph. The building was completely gutted. Just as I got the camera into position, all the homeless pieces of tin cornice which hang down everywhere began to clang, and brick and mortar to fall. All plainly said, "Earthquake." I snapped the camera and ran. Unfortunately the negative was spoiled.

From here, I went up Fifth Avenue to Kerney, past the Hall of Justice, to Chinatown. From the Ferry to Chinatown was a fifteen minutes' walk—but it took me an hour and a half to climb all the obstructions. The underground city, with its swarms of devils incarnate, was a scene of desolation. The filth of which it was proud was gone—Chinatown was at last washed and purged. Its secret recesses were revealed and it will never be rebuilt.

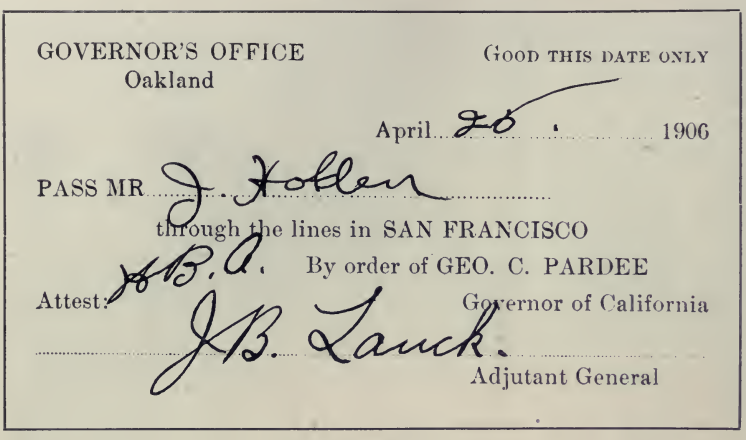
Over more debris and on, I at last came in sight of the Hopkins School of Art: Here over a million dollars' worth of art and architecture had gone up in smoke. From this point one gets a view of the whole city. I stand and gaze upon the broadcast ruin, enveloped in a diaphanous pall of smoke—a huge graveyard of cremated ambitions and hopes.



REFUGEES LANDING AT OAKLAND
Sketch by J. A. Holden"

I have sketched some of the incidents I saw. The scene at the foot of Broadway, Oakland, was typical of several days. It was here that most of the relief boats from San Francisco landed the refugees from the burning city. The wharves were constantly crowded with persons seeking for relatives and friends and many pathetic scenes were enacted.

When the water supply ran out, drinking water rose to 50 cents a glass. The steam-tugs and other boats on the Bay came to Oakland and loaded up with the



GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
Oakland

GOOD THIS DATE ONLY

April 20 1906

PASS MR J. Holden

through the lines in SAN FRANCISCO

Attest: H.B.A. By order of GEO. C. PARDEE
Governor of California

J.B. Lauck.
Adjutant General

THE AUTHOR'S PASS

precious fluid. Tanks, barrels, buckets, bottles and even the holds and the lifeboats were filled.

People went crazy with fright and despair. An incident of this kind occurred near the Flood Building about four o'clock on the morning of the third day after the earthquake. The dynamite had all been used. Realising what this meant under the circumstances, one of the firemen, bloody and begrimed with two days' hard fighting, distracted out of his senses, rushed along Market Street shouting, "Good God! The dynamite's all done and the city is doomed."

The tales that might be told of the suffering endured are legion. The sick and injured that were caught by the flames before they could be removed; the unfortunate wretches who took too much liquor from abandoned saloons and were overtaken by the advancing fire and burned in the streets; the children who were separated from their parents by death or accident and wandered about aimlessly until overcome by fire and smoke or rescued by the noble men and women whose first thoughts were always for those who were helpless; the numerous anguished persons seeking for loved ones who might or might not have perished; these are but outstanding incidents in one of the world's greatest tragedies.

Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions

By A. P. COLEMAN, Professor of Geology, University of Toronto

IN this age of applied science we are apt to think that the forces of nature have been conquered and compelled to do our bidding. We boast of the millions of horse power developed by harnessing waterpowers or burning coal under boilers, and of our railways and ships and steel-built cities; then comes a minor volcanic eruption, throwing the largest city of Italy into terror of imminent destruction; or a slight shiver of the earth's crust toppling into ruin the greatest city of the Pacific Coast, and we are forcibly reminded that against the larger forces of nature we are as helpless as the anthill before the ploughshare.

Of the natural forces working about us, some are fairly well understood and even taken for granted, such as wind and running water, drawing their energy from the sun; but there are other forces whose source of energy is the mysterious interior of the earth far below any insignificant drill hole or mining shaft which man can sink. It is these subterranean forces which cause earthquakes and volcanoes, now and then destroying a city and rousing our terror; and unfortunately the hearths where they originate

are so far beyond the reach of study, that we cannot predict their outbreaks for even a day ahead, as our meteorologists can the weather. Professor Matteucci with his finger on the pulse of Vesuvius can only record, but not foretell with any certainty, the mountain's actions; and a great earthquake may come without a moment's warning.

Our theory of the causes of earthquakes and volcanoes must depend therefore on our ideas of conditions far below the surface of the earth. We know that the temperature rises about one degree for every sixty feet of depth, as a well is drilled or a shaft sunk, and if the heat continues to increase at this rate it is evident that a few miles down all ordinary rocks would be melted under the usual surface conditions. Except for a thin, solid crust the earth should be molten to the centre, if heat has the same effect at great depths as at the surface; but it has been proved that the earth as a whole is as rigid as steel or even much more rigid, so that no large part of the interior can be melted. This is a very curious result of modern investigation, for the rocks of the surface have hardly a tenth the strength of steel, and we know from mountain structures that at a few miles depth the strongest rocks cannot support the weight above them but flow like pitch under any shifting of the load.

We must think of the earth, then, as having a thin outer layer, cold and brittle, easily cracked and fissured, overlying a warmer plastic layer slowly yielding to changes of pressure, and a hot interior of which we know little except that it is as heavy as iron and more rigid than steel. The earth is slowly shrinking, either by loss of heat, or as some think, because its particles are still settling together and giving off steam and gases. As the crust of the earth is no longer

San Francisco Burning from The Oakland ferry boat
Good God!! The Dynamite's done!! The City is doomed!!
Shooting Vandals
J. A. Holden S.F. & Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO BURNING—FROM THE FERRY BOAT

A DISTRACTED FIREMAN SHOOTING VANDALS

Sketches by J. A. Holden

cooling or losing gases it must adjust itself by breaking or crumpling up as the interior shrinks beneath it.

Earthquakes and volcanoes are only incidents in the processes that elevate continents, build mountain chains, and deepen sea bottoms; and the real cause of all these mighty changes is to be found in the shrinking of the earth's interior and the wrinkling of its crust to adapt itself to the lessened surface.

Suppose that the land along the Pacific Coast has long been slowly rising, while the sea bottom has been settling down, there comes a time when the rocks at the junction of land and sea can no longer stand the strain, but suddenly break and shift a few inches or a few feet. There is a violent shock which travels through the earth's crust outwards in all directions, and we say there has been an earthquake. Earthquake waves are like sound waves except that they travel much faster, at a rate of from two to six miles a second, and their undulations are very long and low, the change of level from hollow to crest being seldom more than half an inch, and often less than a millimeter (1-25 of an inch).

It seems incredible that so low a wave should destroy massive buildings, until we remember the fearful swiftness of the blow coming at the speed of 10,000 to 30,000 feet per second. The whole earth trembles when there is an earthquake at any point, so that the delicately poised wire of the seismograph at the Toronto or Ottawa observatory vibrates and records a shock in California or South America, or Japan; though the record is a few minutes late because of the time necessary for the waves to travel the distance between the two places.

The slipping of the strata which makes the earthquake may show itself to the eye as open fissures or a "fault" in the geological sense, one side standing higher than the other. In a recent earthquake in Burma, a fault crossed a river, which now has a fall of about 20 feet, where the water once flowed smoothly; and in Alaska a rise of 47 feet was found at one point after an earthquake.

Often the origin of the shock is due to a shifting of the sea bottom, as proved by the breaking of cables. In such earthquakes the sea first retreats from the shore and then rushes back as a wave 50 feet high, sometimes sweeping away towns and villages, and drowning thousands of people. The coasts of Japan and of western South America have been devastated more than once by such "tidal waves." The centre of disturbance in the late earthquake in California must have been inland, however, since no serious ocean wave was noticed on the coast.

Earthquakes may last a few seconds or minutes or may continue for months or even years, as in Calabria from 1783 to 1786; and they are apt to occur again and again in the same region, with intervals of years or of a generation between destructive shocks. The line of faulting allows slip after slip as the adjoining areas slowly adjust their level to the changing conditions.

From the human point of view the history of earthquakes is one of dire calamities, of cities ruined without warning, their inhabitants perishing by thousands under falling walls. One of the most disastrous was that of Lisbon in 1755, when 60,000 people lost their lives in six minutes, many of them by the sinking of a new pier in the harbour to which they had rushed to avoid the falling buildings. The earthquake of Ecuador in 1868, when 40,000 perished in a quarter of an hour, was probably the most fearful during the past century, though there have been great losses of life through earthquakes in Japan and the East within recent years.

The late earthquake in San Francisco does not compare in the number of its victims with many of the thousands of earthquakes recorded in the past, but it has special interest as the first where a great modern city with lofty buildings has been shaken. It has been a surprise to many that the tall steel buildings suffered so little when much lower structures of brick and stone crumbled to ruins. Evidently elasticity and firm binding of the parts together so that the building vibrates as a whole are prime factors of safety in an earthquake region. The most serious defect seems to have been

the brittle material of the watermains, which were quickly shattered and carried no water to fight the flames which sprang up immediately, sweeping the great stretch of wooden buildings so characteristic of Pacific Coast cities.

Earthquakes often occur in regions where there are volcanoes, and it has suggested that they are connected; that, for instance, the movements of molten rock beneath the surface might cause earthquakes; but there are many earthquakes far from volcanic activity, and we may conclude that neither is the cause of the other, but that both result from the adjustment of the earth's crust to its shrinking interior, as mentioned earlier.

LIBRARY OF AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION, SHOWING EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKE

There is hardly any actual fire in volcanoes and no real smoke, so that the intense heat of the lava must be accounted for in some other way. It is generally held that everywhere a few miles below the surface the rock is hot enough to melt if it were not under tremendous pressure, and that a lightening of the load by the doming up of the strata or the opening of fissures in mountain-building may relieve this pressure. The white hot layer of rock then becomes liquid and expands greatly, forcing itself upward through fissures, and perhaps reaching the surface. There it piles itself up as a hill or a mountain with a cup-shaped crater, and a new volcano has arisen. All deep-seated rocks seem to be charged with water and other gases, retained in spite of the intense heat because there is no way of escape. When the lava rises to levels of less pressure the compressed steam expands and passes into the air as great columns of steam, the "smoke" of the volcano. When the lava is very hot and fluid, as in the Hawaiian craters, the steam escapes easily without explosions, and the molten rock flows swiftly down the mountain side like so much honey, till it slowly cools miles away from its outlet, or even pours over some cliff into the sea with tremendous turmoil.

On the other hand, there are pasty lavas from which the steam can escape only by force with appalling explosions like that of Krakatoa in 1883, when half of a mountainous island was blown into fragments and scattered over all the adjoining sea and islands, while fine dust spread over millions of square miles. In this eruption and the feebler one on Martinique four years ago, no lava flowed and everything given off by the volcano was flung into the air by the action of steam.

Most volcanoes lie between these two extremes and pour out lava from some

SAN FRANCISCO—THE BUSINESS DISTRICT AFTER THE FIRE

This view shows how the steel-frame buildings braved both the earthquake and the fire

fissure, while steam explosions are scattering loose materials over the country round, as in the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

The flow of very fluid lava once played a large part in the history of the western States, India, the north of Ireland and other parts of the world, where thousands of square miles are covered with sheets of basalt; but at the present day this type of eruption is less important. The small lava streams of modern volcanoes make fine spectacles at night, and sometimes threaten or destroy villages on the flanks of Ætna or Vesuvius, but they seldom advance fast enough to cause loss of life.

Explosive eruptions, however, are the most terrifying and dramatic geological activities in the world at the present time. Masses of red-hot lava are hurled thousands of feet into the air, cooling as they ascend and battering descending bombs into fragments of all sizes down to the finest dust. Bombs from Krakatoa fell twelve miles away, pieces as large as a man's fist were tossed twenty-five miles from the volcano, while finer sand and dust buried the tropical vegetation for hundreds of miles, darkening the sun so that noonday was as black as midnight. The condensing steam of the explosions fell as torrents of rain, changing the volcanic ash to mud; and, as usually happens in eruptions, vivid lightning flashed through the darkness.

The same effects, though on a far smaller scale, have accompanied the late eruption of Vesuvius, the thickly falling ashes crushing the roofs of the nearer towns and villages, and covering the city of Naples with a pall of grey.

No volcanic eruptions or destructive earthquakes have been recorded in Canada, though a somewhat violent and long continued earthquake occurred in Quebec in 1663, when the Indians declared that "the trees were drunk." No damage seems to have been done, however, to the small settlements of the time.

In Ontario there were, however, once vast outpourings of volcanic rock and also explosive eruptions near Lake Superior, in the Sudbury district, and at other points in the north; and doubtless there were great earthquakes while the Laurentian mountains were being elevated; but these events date from the most distant geological formations, and are now of interest mainly for the ores brought up by the eruptive rocks of the time.

Recent volcanic ash and even cones with well-formed craters are known in northern British Columbia and the Yukon, but there has been no eruption in the short known history of those regions, nor have there been notable earthquakes; so that we may safely look on Canada as geologically the most quiescent country in the world. Peace and stability are characteristic qualities of Canada from the geological point of view, since our times of storm and stress ended long ago.

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI

AT ACOBARRA

HAL AISBET, the man by whom Oora Galbraith was rescued, had been one of the pioneers of northern Australia. Acobarra, his house—or rather collection of houses—stood on a hill on the mainland overlooking the Straits, and his flag, floating from the highest point of the headland, dipped to passing vessels of importance and was saluted in return. Acobarra, part cattle-run, part pearling station, had a life of its own which though cut off, comparatively speaking, from civilisation, was hardly less varied and exciting than the life of the settlement.

When the pearling fleet was in, white, black and yellow men congregated in a little native quarter that ran along the beach, and the more important of Aisbet's crews occupied the better-looking cottages farther back among the palms. Aisbet was absolute lord in his own domain. He was a dead shot, and kept order in rough but effectual fashion. The blacks, who on the wilder parts of that coast are savage cannibals, had begun making raids on his station, but now regarded him as "Debil-debil," and kept away. The Papuans, whom he occasionally visited, were friendly and allowed him to do a good trade in native products, and he was a power in certain of the islands where missionaries were sometimes glad of his protection. He had himself married the daughter of a missionary, once a beautiful girl, still a handsome woman—straight as a dart, athletic as a man, and as good a sailor as her husband had in his fleet of pearling luggers. So, too, was their daughter of seventeen, who helped her mother in nursing Oora back to life again. But it was now the time for the pearlers to go out, and Mrs. Aisbet always accompanied her husband, practically taking the command of the floating station, and proving that there was no cleverer trader in the Timor and Arafura Seas. This year it had been settled that her daughter should go with her on the cruise.

Susan Galbraith thought it an extraordinary life for civilised women to lead, and decided that for her own part she preferred the solitudes of gidya and gum forest, and the legendary romance of the bush, to the seething human interest of a Torres Straits settlement. She was a little jarred by the queerness of the Acobarra household, the unconventional Aisbet women, the black and brown servants, the Malays and half-castes, the Dutchmen—so-called, but who were mostly Germans—the beach-combers and "shellbacks," and all the other strange folk who at this time came about the Acobarra headland. Susan could not appreciate the picturesqueness of her present surroundings, which, however, she was ready to admit would appeal strongly to her sister, were Oora only in a condition to enjoy them. But, alas, since Hal Aisbet carried the poor blistered form on shore wrapped in a sailor's overcoat, Oora had lain insensible to all that was going on around, existence for her being only alternations of delirium and stupor. Her nervous system had received so severe a shock, and the fever which followed on those terrible hours of exposure was of such serious nature that the doctor, whom Hal Aisbet had fetched over from Thursday Island, declared at first that she could not recover. But she was still alive when her father and sister arrived, having taken the first possible steamer north, and every day the flickering hope grew stronger. Then good Patsy, who had remained be-

hind, as she and her husband could not both leave Narrawan without a manager, got a bush friend and his wife to take temporary charge of the station and the two elder children, and with her baby came north to her step-daughter's assistance, Mr. Galbraith going back by the return steamer. The family migration was necessary, for it would not have done to interfere with Aisbet's plans. Though Oora was out of actual danger at the date fixed for their pearlers' departure, she was nevertheless too ill to be moved for some weeks to come. It was therefore arranged that the Aisbets should lend their house to the Galbraiths until Oora could be taken south.

The Aisbets were gone at last, and a wondrous quietude had fallen on Acobarra. The flag had been hauled down from the flagstaff on the hill; the laggard sailing boats of the pearlers were no longer visible even as white specks in the sea; it was afternoon, and Susan Galbraith, worn out with nursing and relieved by the knowledge that Patsy was there to share her responsibilities, rested in the verandah and realised how intensely soothing to racked nerves was the sense of lull that now pervaded the head station. And apart from the cares of Oora's illness, poor Susan was racked with anxiety about her own unhappy love-affair. For no word had come to her of or from Wolfe. She was supposing that he had gone up to the Yellaroi, and had no notion that he had been on board the *Quetta*. Being painfully assured of the loss of her own relatives, Susan shrunk from the harrowing details of the wreck, and she had been in too close attendance upon Oora to pay heed to casual visitors from Thursday Island, or to any gossip of the settlement which came through them. Moreover, Wolfe's name was not down in the list of those lost or saved, for he had only gone on board the *Quetta* at Cooktown, and had not been entered in the second-class passenger list. Besides, he was in much the same critical state as Oora from fever and exposure on the raft, and consequently, with the exception of Flash Sam, who for reasons of his own was not communicative, no one at Thursday Island had any clue as to his identity.

Susan, as she leaned back in her canvas chair, worn and wraith-like, gave the suggestion of a tired angel clad in white muslin and incongruous black ribbons—ribbons worn as a sign of mourning for her uncle and aunt. The oval of her face seemed to have elongated; her skin was pallid and transparent; her hair, simply parted and less elaborately dressed than usual, appeared to have lost vitality, and her soft blue eyes had a scared look. In truth, she had been very much frightened while watching at Oora's bedside. She had never before nursed anyone in the grip of fever, and Oora had raved of terrible things—it was no wonder that Patsy felt shocked and astonished. In her delirium she had seemed to be going through experiences so revolting to Susan that she had wondered how Oora could have come out of them alive.

Bye-and-bye Patsy came round the verandah from Oora's bedroom looking worried and puzzled. Patsy did not take any more than Susan to the Polynesian and Asiatic elements at Acobarra. The cook was a Kling; the indoor servants Japanese boys; the outdoor ones Chinese and Kanakas. Now that the Aisbets had left, except their two selves and a nursemaid Patsy had brought with her from Townsville to mind the baby, there were no white women on the place. The overseer who managed the cattle and looked after things generally, lived in a cottage apart and was unmarried. It was too far for the ladies of Thursday Island to come visiting and Patsy was wishing that they were all back at Narrawan. Susan saw, however, that something more than social and domestic difficulties perplexed her mother.

"Oora's asleep," Patsy began. "She just woke up to drink her beef tea, and poor enough stuff it is that that creature in the dirty turban makes. I'll have to be after getting her something that's got more nourishment in it. She's that weak I dare not let her lift her head, but the worst of the fever is over now, I believe, with that spurt last night. My word! that bothered me, Su. However Oora

could let herself go on like that I'm sure I can't make out."

She looked questioningly at Susan, but the girl did not answer, and Mrs. Galbraith plumped into a cane chair and fanned herself with a palm leaf.

"My goodness, it does feel nice to be quiet after all that racket this morning," she said. "I declare I'd sooner live in the middle of a mob of bullocks at Narrawan than here in a camp of pearlers. And as for a tribe of good old bush blacks, they'd be a treat after these nasty brownish yellow breeds! The best thing they have here is the mangoes!"

Patsy stooped and helped herself from a basket of the fruit that stood on the floor of the verandah. She attacked the mango in an absent manner, spilling the juice over her hands and lap, and then threw the fruit away, to be swooped down upon by a crow, while she rubbed herself with her pocket handkerchief.

"Beastly things!" she ejaculated, not making it clear whether she alluded to the crows, the Malays, or the mangoes. After a pause she exclaimed suddenly:

"Su, *can* you make it out?"

"Make what out, Patsy, dear?" Susan had grown very gentle of late.

"Why, make out who the man is that Oora was raving about last night—that man who seems to have been making love to her, or that she was making love to, out there in the sea after the wreck. Seems a queer time to choose for such blarney, with the water full of sharks and people drowning all round. Do you think her rambling *could* have been all fancy?"

"I can't tell you, Pat."

"Girls don't go on like that all out of their own head," continued Mrs. Galbraith, sagaciously. "Sure, I never heard anything so outrageous. Do you think your poor Aunt Leitch could have been aware of what Oora was after?"

"Aunt Leitch was drowned directly the ship went down," answered Susan, sadly.

Mrs. Galbraith shuddered.

"Yes, yes, I know it was awful. I can't bear to think of it. I feel as if I never wanted to hear the *Quetta* mentioned again. But I meant before that. The man must have been a saloon passenger? What was his name, do you know?"

"Oora has never spoken his name. Patsy, I wouldn't say anything more about it. Oora will tell us the truth when she comes to herself."

"I'm not so sure of that. She wouldn't have the face to own up to such doings if she were in her right mind," said Patsy, who had strict Irish views as to propriety. "Have you heard what became of the fellow? Was he saved, too?"

"I don't know."

"But didn't your father ask any questions of anyone?"

"There has been nobody to ask questions of, Patsy," replied Susan, impatiently. "Oora was by herself in the water, as you know, when Mr. Aisbet picked her up. If he'd been any later, he said, she must have gone. Mrs. Aisbet told me she'd never seen anything so dreadful as the blisters on Oora's body."

Mrs. Galbraith shuddered again.

"They're bad enough now. But didn't your father make any enquiries over at Thursday Island? Wasn't he horrified to hear Oora talking in such a way about a man?"

"He didn't know much about how she talked. It is nearly always at night, and I've been taking the nights till you came. I tried to keep Dad and the Aisbets out of Oora's room when she was excited. And then Dad—" Susan hesitated.

"Well, what else, Su? Your Dad would tell me himself, so you may as well, now he's gone."

"Father was thinking a great deal about Harry," said Susan, speaking slowly, as though she found the subject painful. "You know he heard something at Thursday Island?"

Mrs. Galbraith looked at her stepdaughter with quickened interest.

"No, I didn't know. Duncan said nothing. There wasn't time—my arriving only yesterday, and he going away to-day, and there was all the station work to tell him about. We shifted the sheep from the Ten Mile, and then some of the cattle Wolfe helped to get in headed back again from the Iron Bark country. Now, if Wolfe had only stopped on as Duncan wanted, everything would have

been all right, and your Dad needn't have hurried off like this. I suppose you haven't heard whether Wolfe is coming back, Su?"

"No," said Susan shortly, and turned away.

"Well, I always said there was something queer about Wolfe," observed Patsy, placidly. "It isn't a bit surprised I'd be if he never turned up again at all."

There was a pause during which Susan kept her face averted, and Patsy seemed to be weighing matters.

"I noticed that Duncan looked mighty troubled last night," she said, "but it didn't strike me that he'd have Harry on his mind up here. Sure, now I understand the whole thing, Su."

Susan answered with an effort.

"Do you really, Patsy? It's more than I do."

"Why, you see your father's been fretting his heart out these last months over Harry, though he was too proud to let on that he was sore. It was after he lost the track of the boy at Charters Towers, and he's been doing all he could to get on it again. I know he saw Kirby the last time he was down (Kirby was the local solicitor), and I believe he told Kirby to offer a reward. He wouldn't say anything to you, because of you and Harry being twins, and knowing how bad you felt about it. And Duncan's that close and stuck up in his opinion, it goes against him to own himself in the wrong. But I could tell my poor old man was blaming himself for having been too rough on Harry—thrashing him when he was a kid, and chaining him up that time. Sure, I'm glad Duncan heard at last. How was it? What's the news he's got, Su? Does he know where Harry is now?"

"No, Pat. That's the trouble. Dad only knows that Harry has been with bad companions, and he thinks that something has happened to him—something dreadful—and that they're keeping it from him."

"But what is it, anyway, that makes him think so?"

"I'll tell you all I know. Dad was over at Thursday Island, and went into a kind of bar place to get a drink. There were some diggers and bushmen talking and drinking, and one of them was a man called Flash Sam, who used to come and break in horses at our old station Bunda, till Dad discovered what a bad lot he was and sent him off. That was before your time, Patsy. Harry and I were about twelve. I remember the row there was because of Harry being somehow mixed up in it. He was always trying to go to the men's huts against Dad's orders. Well, Dad said it suddenly struck him that Flash Sam might know something about Harry, and he went up and asked him straight. Flash Sam was rather taken aback, he said, and blurted out that he and Harry had been mates for a time at the Diggings. Father asked what Diggings, and Flash Sam prevaricated and contradicted himself, and at last said it was at Charters Towers, and they had been prospecting together afterwards, and Harry had left him in the bush somewhere near the Palmer. Oh, Patsy, think of it! Our father's son—a Galbraith—my brother—the mate of a blackguard like Flash Sam!"

"My dear, there isn't much good in taking it in that sort of way. It's what a lot of people besides Galbraiths have to put up with in Australia. Sure, my own brother died on the spree in a shanty out west. Anyway, it couldn't have been Lady Susan's blue blood that you're so proud of, Su, that came out in Harry. I expect he had a big drop in him of another colour, and I shouldn't wonder if the thrashings hadn't had something to do with his being a bit crooked. I said that once to Duncan. It was how I got to know what he was feeling himself, and I'd have bitten my tongue out afterwards rather than have rubbed it in like that on the poor old man. But my father who'd knocked about a good bit, and knew something, used to declare that to thrash a boy was the safest way to send him to the devil. You've got to lift up the wrong sort, not beat them down, and poor Harry seems to have been the wrong sort from the time he was a kiddie."

Patsy spoke in her frank way, not

meaning to be unkind, but she added hastily:

"Mind you don't repeat that to the old Dad."

"Do you think I should?" exclaimed Susan. "But I believe your father was right. Harry might have been different if he'd had affection instead of harshness. And to have been such a lad when he ruined his life! It's true though, he wasn't a real Galbraith. Oh, I know, I know," she went on miserably. "I know that he drank and boasted, and cheated and told lies. I know it all and I loathe it all, but I can't get away from the fact that he's my twin brother."

Susan's enforced calm broke down and she wept bitterly. Patsy tried to comfort her, but it was some minutes before she could be got to resume the story of her father's meeting with Flash Sam.

"No, Dad couldn't get any definite dates or particulars out of him as to when he had last seen Harry. Flash Sam grew abusive, and swore he wasn't going to do father a good turn when father had done him such a bad one in turning him off Bunda and setting the district against him. He said if he did know what had become of Harry he'd be even with us by keeping us on tenter hooks if he could, and that father had been very hard on Harry and deserved to suffer for it. Poor old Dad told me that with tears in his eyes, Patsy, and I didn't know how to comfort him. I felt somehow like lead. I don't know what has come over me lately. I don't seem to feel about the things in the way I used."

"Never mind," said Patsy. "One can't feel about things and sit up nights on end for ever so long and nurse brain fever—all at the same time. Don't you worry at not feeling, Su, but be thankful that you don't—*if* you don't," Mrs. Galbraith added sharply.

Susan smiled through her tears.

"You are rather a comfort, Pat."

"Well, go on. What next? It doesn't seem to me a bit like my old man to put up with cheek from anybody. Two or three years ago he'd have upped with his stock-whip on Flash Sam. I'm not one to worrit, Su, but as you've begun it, I'll tell you that I've been uneasy about your father. He hasn't got his old spunk, and there are signs about him I don't like But this may account for them. How long ago was it that he saw Flash Sam?"

"Oh, only a few days."

"I wonder he didn't go to the Resident and get the Government people to look up Flash Sam."

"He did, but Flash Sam seems to have gone away or hidden himself."

"*I'd* have made him speak," said Mrs. Galbraith, savagely.

"Dad said he didn't want to have a row in the bar. Besides, some other men came in, and one of the—a bushman or a digger took off Flash Sam and began asking if he'd seen *his* mate—the other man's mate. Dad waited to get hold of Sam again, but there was a lot of shouting and drinking going on, and Dad said there came some kind of a scrimmage, and when he looked again Flash Sam and the other man had gone off and were not to be found. The bar-keeper didn't even know their names, and there was an end of it. That's all I can tell you, Patsy. Dad may find out something more if he stays at Thursday Island to-night. Or, perhaps he won't go down this steamer."

"The Milligans can't stop at Narrawan over the week, and he must get home, or there'll be ructions on the station," said Patsy. "However, I expect something will turn up soon, and I'd sooner he set Kirby to ferret the business out, for if Flash Sam has to be paid for his information it had best be done through a lawyer. Your father's idea is to give Harry a fresh start in New Zealand, or somewhere down South. I'll be thankful when it's done, and the poor old chap has his mind eased of remorse."

An infant's fretful cry sounded from the other end of the house. Mrs. Galbraith started up, saying, "There's baby awake. I'll go to Oora and send the girl to the child."

She went round the corner of the verandah again, but presently came back. "Oora's sleeping quietly. Now, Su, just you go and take a turn on the beach. It will freshen you up, and you won't feel so down in the mouth."

Susan took the advice, and putting on her hat, strolled along the shore at the

foot of the headland which sloped gently to the sea. She left the jetty and the little settlement of huts behind her, and crossed a small rocky point overgrown with jungle, beyond which was a tiny bay and beach of coarse sand in which some boulders of black rock were embedded. The end of the point made a natural breakwater, and in its shelter was a little private bathing place used by the Aisbets. The girl seated herself in the shadow of the rocks above the bathing-place.

It was getting on in the afternoon and a cool breeze had sprung up. The little port was quite deserted to-day. Hal Aisbet's schooner and all the pearling luggers that he owned having gone out, only one lugger and two or three small fishing smacks left for the use of the station were moored at the jetty. Susan found something dreamy and soothing in the slow, regular boom of the surf, and in the whistling sound made by the wind in the tops of some cocoa palms behind her. The sea looked peaceful and smiling. Green islands made emerald patches here and there; gleams of white sand showed bright against the green. There were bêche-de-mer fisheries on some of the islands, and she could see one or two small craft, their sails bellying in the pleasant South-east Monsoon.

Presently Susan noticed that one of the boats was bearing from the direction of Thursday Island towards the Aisbets' jetty. It passed round the rocky point, and Susan saw that a man in the stern of the boat put up a pair of glasses and looked at her. She wondered vaguely if her father had changed his mind about taking a steamer on the morrow, or if any of the pearling party had returned. After a little while she heard a step coming over the neck of the point and turned, with a startled movement, to see a man walking towards her—a short, thick-set person in a neat blue serge suit, which sat with a jaunty air upon him, fitting his square, burly form with particular trimness. Susan recognised the brown, strong face at once. It was her old Sydney admirer, Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux.

She was not wholly unprepared for the sight of him. She knew that the *Clytie* was cruising somewhere in Polynesian waters, and guessed that Brian had received her note bidding him welcome to Narrawan.

Of course, Susan thought she ought to have written again after the *Quetta* disaster, but the Aisbets told her of how Mr. Cordeaux sailed over to Acobarra before her own arrival there, to enquire after Oora, and she had understood from them that he was not at present with his ship, but spending part of his leave in seeing something of bush life on the coast. Evidently he had now returned from his trip.

CHAPTER XII

BRIAN GOES A-WOOING

SUSAN showed no particular agitation at the sudden appearance of Cordeaux, and he had no reason for supposing that parting from him had caused her suffering. Yet it was impossible for him to doubt that since their last meeting she had been going through a phase of acute emotion. He was shocked at the change in her, though he naturally attributed it to distress about her sister's illness and grief at the loss of her relatives in the wreck of the *Quetta*. So for the first few minutes of their conversation he would not broach the painful subject.

"I heard you were here," he said, "and that's why I have come. Of course to ask after your sister as well. I hope she's better?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Susan; and he went on:

"You don't mind my breaking on your solitude? I saw you from the boat, so instead of going up to the house, I thought I'd come round and meet you. You weren't going back yet? May I sit down, too?"

He did not wait for her permission, but clambered to a jutting part of the little cliff close to the boulder on which she again placed herself. His position raised him slightly above her, and he had to bend forward to see into her face. She had taken off her shady hat, for the cliff sheltered them from the sun, and sat quietly listening to him as he told her of his recent doings. It seemed to him that she had grown much more sedate. There

had been about her before a certain subdued self-consciousness which he had liked, and which now seemed lacking. Had he been subtle enough to analyse the reason for his approval of this quality in her he would have understood that the self-consciousness of a pretty woman is a compliment to the man with whom she is talking, for it shows that she is not indifferent to his opinion. But Brian Cordeaux was far too simple for any such subtleties of analysis.

"The beach would be the jolliest place in the world if it wasn't for the mosquitoes and sandflies," he remarked, keeping carefully to the commonplace. "Still, you seem to be pretty free from them here."

"The wind has blown them away the last day or two," she answered. There was silence, then he exclaimed abruptly:

"Can't I do anything?"

And as she turned to him in surprise, he added ruefully:

"It makes me miserable to see you looking so wretched and worn out. Of course I know what a rough time you've had. I've been so awfully sorry for you all. And seeing you like this makes me want to try and comfort you—though I don't know how. But I can't even offer you the consolation of chocolate nougat—there isn't a branch from Charbonnels in Torres Straits. Do you remember how angry you used to get when I chaffed you for being like all Australian girls, fond of lollipops?"

He laughed agitatedly, and she could not help laughing with him. He did not stir her heart in the least, but she thought what a good, kind brother he would have made. If only Harry had been like him—the very thought was a stab.

"I'm so thankful that your sister is better," he went on. "She really is quite out of danger now, I hope?"

"The doctor said so last time he saw her," Susan answered. "He seemed to think she would get well soon now. He says she must have extraordinary stamina to have lived through all those hours in the water."

"By Jove, yes!" Brian exclaimed. "There isn't a woman in a million who could have gone through what she did. I expect it's like a nightmare—the thought of it."

Susan shuddered. "She was delirious, but the fever has gone now, though last night it returned a little. My stepmother's coming excited her." Susan spoke confusedly, and added: "But now she is quiet and sleeping peacefully."

"That's good!" A sudden thought struck Brian, and he began impulsively, "Do you know, I've wondered several times if she could have been a girl some fellows we picked up told me about. There were three of them on a sort of raft with a pole for steering gear." He stopped, seeing that a look of apprehension had come on Susan's face, and that she shrank from the subject.

"I daresay it wasn't your sister at all," he went on lamely. "No, I come to remember that it didn't sound as if the girl could have been your sister."

Susan drew a little breath of relief. "Why?" she blurted out.

"Oh, well, I don't fancy from the way they talked that she could have been exactly a lady. I expect she was one of the second-class, or steerage people. Miss Galbraith, you've turned quite white. It's a shame of me to go raising up what must be a nightmare to you, too."

"Yes, it is," she answered frankly. "Don't talk about that awful time to Oora or anybody. The doctor said we mustn't; he wants her to forget it."

"I don't wonder," replied Brian, sympathetically, "and I'll steer clear of the subject and not ask any more awkward questions. But I expect when she gets over all this, your sister won't be allowed to forget her feat of endurance. She might compete with the fellows who are always trying to swim across the Channel, and I should think she would beat the lot."

"Oora has always been a splendid swimmer. The blacks at Bunda taught her," said Susan.

"And you?"

"Oh, I used to be awfully frightened of sharks. But Oora was never frightened of anything—on land or water."

"That's lucky for her, but I don't think I care about women being as brave as all that," said Cordeaux. "If everyone

of them was, there'd be nothing for us men to do in looking after them."

"Do you think that's all women are good for—to be looked after?"

"No, some of them are meant to be worshipped," he answered huskily, "but I like to do the looking after—when—I like the women. I never hankered after heroines in private life—there, you're starting and shaking again, and it isn't even a sandfly this time," he added, tenderly.

"Well, you see, I am not a heroine."

"I shouldn't care for you so much if you were. Don't be angry with me for saying that."

"I'm not angry."

"No. I almost wish you were. You seem too tired and too apathetic to be angry."

"I was saying something like that to Patsy this afternoon."

"That you felt apathetic?"

"Leaden—as if I couldn't feel."

"Perhaps that's because you've been feeling too much," he hazarded. She nodded, and then the concern in his face and some freakish womanly impulse for which she could not account made her add—certainly not in an apathetic manner:

"Oh, I've been so unhappy."

He put out his hand, strong, square-tipped, capable—a true sailor's-hand, and laid it sympathetically on hers. But she winced so unmistakably that he withdrew it at once.

"I wish I knew what it was you've been unhappy about. Your sister's illness, of course—but only that partly. She'll be all right soon now that she's turned the corner. It's wonderful how quickly they pick up when the corner's turned. I'm afraid it's not only your sister."

Her silence was confirmation of his suspicions.

"Is it somebody else?" as she still kept silence. He paled visibly under his tan, and his lips twitched in his anxiety. "I wish you'd tell me," he whispered urgently.

"I—I can't."

"But you can tell me this at least. Is it only since you've been up here that you've felt so unhappy?"

"No—no," she faltered. She looked towards him for an instant and blushed under his eager, perplexed gaze. "Never mind, Mr. Cordeaux. It's true that I've been unhappy, but I can't possibly tell you why. Please don't ask me."

"I must ask you one question. I do beg you to answer it. Is it because of any other man?"

She put out her hand remonstrantly and shook her head in a way that might have meant either a negative reply or a mere rebuke.

He chose the first interpretation. "Then there is no other?"

"Hush! hush! you mustn't question me. You have no right," Susan cried.

"That's true. But it isn't my fault. It's the fault of Fate. Don't punish me for that. I wish I had the right."

"Fate is responsible for a great many things," said Susan, trying to ignore the passion in his tones.

"Well, Fate—or the Commodore of the Australian Naval Station, or a rascally Portuguese half-breed who incited the natives of Namounea to kill some British subjects—whatever you like to call it, was to blame for my not telling you six months ago that you were the one woman in the world for me," he said impetuously. "There now, Miss Galbraith, it's out, and all my prudent resolutions with it."

"Oh! oh! it's very wrong and foolish of you to act against your prudent resolutions," answered Susan, taking refuge in banter.

"I know it is. But no man's resolutions will stand up against the suggestion of another fellow. Ah! you won't take me seriously—but please—please, Miss Galbraith, you must. I'm a blunt sort of chap, and when I begin to speak I generally find that I say too much and that the safest thing would have been to say nothing. But at all events I hope I'm straightforward."

"Of course you are. That's why I like you."

"The only reason? Thanks. Now, I want you to be just as straightforward to me. If any other lucky devil has been promoted over my head I suppose I must grin and bear it; but for goodness

sake, don't tell me that I've got to retire on a small pension of sisterly sympathy."

She laughed. "I observe that notwithstanding your extreme seriousness you are still able to turn a joke."

He made a rueful grimace.

"I was born so. Surely you wouldn't have me pull a stern and tragic face?"

Susan laughed again softly.

"I couldn't fancy you pulling a stern and tragic face."

"Couldn't you? Well, you should have seen me when we had our brush with the natives of Namounea. But Miss Galbraith, I'm really as serious as ever I can be. Won't you answer me frankly? Are you engaged to be married to any other man?"

Susan looked out seaward, avoiding his earnest eyes, while confused thoughts surged vaguely through her mind. She was so sore and miserable that she had a wild impulse to tell him the truth. But if he knew the truth he might not think so highly of her, and Susan had the feminine weakness of wishing to stand well with every man—especially a man who had ever admired her. Besides, she could scarcely explain the situation without betraying Wolfe's secrets, and in any case it was humiliating to herself. Susan had a painful suspicion that she had let herself love unsolicited. That was what she minded most. That was what she could not tell Brian Cordeaux.

So at last she answered deliberately, but with a faint tinge of bitterness in her tone, "No, I am not engaged to be married."

She could not help seeing from the sudden relaxation of his features and the relief in his eyes how sharp his suspense had been. "Ah! then there's hope for me," he cried. "I'm not a bit afraid of philanderers. You are not the sort of girl to go in for half and half love-affairs. Everything would have to be on strict lines for you. *You* wouldn't let yourself down to anything else. There's too much dignity about you."

Susan turned scarlet. She was ashamed, yet glad that she had said nothing about Wolfe.

"But, of course, that makes no difference," she faltered.

"Yes, it does, to me—all the difference. It decides me to speak out. I thought I wouldn't, but I feel now that I must. Of course you saw in Sydney that I was in love with you?"

"No—no—don't say that."

"It's true, and there's no good in pretending you didn't know it. Well, I thought a lot about the justifiability of proposing to you, but I'm pretty sure I should have made a fool of myself if Fate hadn't stepped in and carried you off to Mossvale that week and me and my ship to Namounea. Still, I'd fairly well decided that I wasn't in a position to warrant my asking a girl like you to marry me, seeing that I was only—"

"Oh yes, I know," she interrupted with a nervous little laugh. "You told me—I think almost the first time we met—that you were only the younger son of a younger son and had neither money nor expectations. I remember your words. I saw that you wanted me to understand from the outset that you weren't the kind of well-born Englishman for an Australian girl to—" She stumbled and laughed again.

He reddened uncomfortably.

"To waste powder and shot on. You needn't be cruel, Miss Galbraith. What a beastly cad you must have taken me for! I don't know how such an idea could have got in your head—in connection with yourself. As if you were the type of Australian girl who—"

"Yes—who?"

She liked turning the tables on him, and found keen feminine pleasure in his confusion.

"Oh, well, there were some girls in Melbourne and Sydney—I hate saying disrespectful things of ladies—but these weren't ladies. You come across the sort in every garrison town all over the world. Here, I've heard Bushmen call them 'jumped-up ones.' They seem to consider that a commission in Her Majesty's Navy is a kind of patent of nobility, and their one chance of making a good match. If they only knew what poor penniless devils we mostly are!"

His tan face crinkled up all over with involuntary amusement. But he soon sobered down again.

"I assure you if you'd been in my

shoes you'd have seen the necessity of defences—in some cases at least. But tell me—you didn't feel sore over that unlucky speech of mine, did you? You didn't go on thinking me a bounder?"

"Of course not. But you must own that it was quite natural that I should resent the imputation."

"You know that I wouldn't for the world do anything you didn't like. But I want you to understand—"

"Indeed, you must not," she replied. "It's no use, I do understand."

"No, I think not quite. I was just considering whether I ought to speak about something which has lately happened. You're sure to hear about it, if you haven't already. It's about my own circumstances. There's a good chance of my being in a different position—in a worldly sense. Perhaps you saw in the papers that my uncle Ellan and his son —his only son—were killed in a railway smash in the States a little while ago. I saw it in the English telegrams the day after the *Quetta* business; I haven't had any letters yet, but, of course, it's true—and—it may make a great difference to me."

Susan did not seem at the moment to grasp the practical significance of his words, perhaps because of late her mind had been running so much on death and sudden catastrophe that she could not realise death and catastrophe as possibly bringing good fortune to anybody.

"I didn't know," she said; "we haven't been getting the papers over here. The Aisbets don't seem to care about English news. I am sorry," she added, "if you have been in trouble like ours."

"It isn't that—personally speaking—though, of course, it's a terrible thing the two of them being taken off all at once like that—just sitting still in a railway carriage. There's my cousin Linne, poor chap, with his life all before him and everything a man could want to make him happy. And here am I—who might so easily have got a poisoned arrow into me, like Goodenough the Commodore—you know—I never was grazed. It's Linne I feel sorry about. The old Lord was rather a terror in his way. Still, you see, Miss Galbraith, if it was a question with you of being Countess of Ellan, wouldn't it make some difference?"

"Oh, I see!" Susan exclaimed and stopped short, arrested by the magic of his words. To be a Countess! That indeed would make a difference. Yet, oh! if it were only Wolfe who might be the Earl of Ellan—and she his Countess. The thought thrilled Susan. But that was impossible. Wolfe had nothing to do with this man or his family. Wolfe, in spite of his calm assumption that he was as well born as she, could have no connection with the bluer blood of England—not even such as Susan might claim through her ancestress Lady Susan Galbraith. The modern Susan heaved an involuntary sigh. She would have been such a worthy Countess!

"Oh, you mustn't think that *that* would make any difference to me. How could you think so?" she murmured gently, the blood rushing to her face as she reflected on all the difference it actually made. "It seemed to me that if I allowed such a consideration to weigh with me I should be just like the dreadful sort of Australian girls that you despise. But of course it wouldn't." And Susan heaved a second unconscious sigh.

"No, no, you couldn't be," he cried. "Oh, forgive me for saying what I did about them. Let's forget it. Can't you see that I never classed you with that kind of girl? And can't you see the difference that all this makes to *me*? If it were my luck to inherit my uncle's title and estate I should feel that I had something worth having to offer you. He wasn't a rich man, but we could chuck the service, and we'd live where you liked—divide our time between Ellan and Australia—if you chose. But, perhaps, I'd no business to suggest this possibility. You've only made me love and honour you all the more by saying that it wouldn't weigh with you. I should know then if you took me that it would only be for my own sake. But I must find out first whether the man who has a senior right to the succession is alive or dead."

Susan's blush died down, and she asked interestedly:

"There's another heir, then?"

"If he's alive. A cousin older than I

am who got into a mess in England and had to clear out, and has never been heard of since—except once it seems—and that was out here somewhere in New South Wales. Do you know a place called Casino?"

"I think it's a little township right away south."

"Well, that's where he was last seen—in '85. Four years isn't a long time though, and I don't know why I should have settled it in my mind that my cousin Jem is dead. . . Well, yes I do."

Brian's innate candour forced him to the confession: "The fact is I did hear something that makes me pretty sure he is dead. But the man who told me looked such an out-and-out villain—of the worst Thursday Island type, and that's saying a good deal—that to tell the honest truth I'm rather ashamed of having the smallest truck with him. However, perhaps that's a point in the favour of the genuineness of his information, for I should suppose that James Cordeaux was rather the sort to take up with disreputable characters, and it appears that 'up north' at least, one mustn't let one's self be hampered by moral prejudices. Anyhow, there was nothing to be done, but to let the chap bring his proof—if he had it—and when he does, I shall know better where I am. We'll wait and see what turns up. But for the present let me be your friend—just as I was before. May I?"

"By all means, if you like," she answered rather coldly. She got up from her seat as she spoke and put on her hat, a little bitter smile curving her lips at the easy adaptability to circumstances which her own nature found impossible to comprehend, but which is part of the inmost being of the true British sailor. She would have preferred him to be a trifle tragic. It would have seemed more natural and was quite to be expected.

"Jolly nip in the air, isn't there?" he said, as she rose to her feet.

"Yes, it's getting chilly," she answered. "Do you see how late it is, I must be going back to the house."

Brian rose, too, and looked out over the sea, which was coloured by the reflection of the setting sun. "I'm going to throw myself on your mercy," he said. "Surely, you wouldn't have the heart to send me away in the dark?"

"Of course not," she answered indifferently. "Come up and see Patsy."

"Just what I'm yearning to do. Patsy! What a delightful name, to be sure! Your step-mother, don't you mean? Will she be as kind as you, I wonder? For you *are* kind, Miss Galbraith. And I hope you'll be ever so much kinder. The fact is, I've been manœuvring for an invitation to stay over here, and it was a bitter blow to me when we sighted Aisbet's yacht making for Thursday Island, for I was afraid you might be on your way to the steamer. I found out, however, that it was your father he was taking across, and that Aisbet and Mrs. Aisbet were going pearling. I hailed the yacht and went aboard. Now, you know I knew that you were here, and that your sister had fairly turned the corner. Your father was kind enough to say that you and Mrs. Galbraith wouldn't be altogether displeased to see me—he thought I could cheer you up a bit. Aisbet told me he'd lent you the house, but that his overseer would put me up if I liked to stay and do some pig-sticking. There's a lot of wild pig about here, isn't there?"

"I believe so," said Susan demurely. Her quiet acceptance of the proposition nettled Brian.

"Of course, I don't care a hang about the pigs," he said, grumblingly. "*I* don't want to stick 'em—why should I—poor innocent things! I want to stay with you, but I'm not sure whether I ought to ask it."

"It seems to me you have asked it, Mr. Cordeaux," laughed Susan, forced into good humour. "Faith, an' haven't ye a dhrop of Oirish blood in yer veins?" she added, caricaturing Patsy's brogue.

"I don't know what you mean," and he stalked along over the beach beside her, his blunt-tipped, yet rather aggressive, nose held up in the air, but a joyous gleam in his eye.

"Ah! you would if you knew Patsy. She's very downright, but she has a wheedling way with her—something like yours. It belongs to the race."

"Does it indeed! Well, I'm partly Scotch, of course, but would that I could

claim common descent with Patsy. If she hails from the north-east of Ireland it's not unlikely, for we know that the same roots and branches that bloom in that part of the bog-land have close kinship with the land of heather and cakes."

"Dear Patsy! She was transplanted 'lang syne,'" said Susan; "but she has the kindest heart in the world. And she wouldn't be happy, Mr. Cordeaux, if we didn't take you in—so you'd better come to us."

"And you?" he said hastily. "Wouldn't *you* be happy? But I suppose I mustn't ask. Give me the chance of coming—that's all."

They were nearly at the house now. The dusk had fallen quickly, and groups of shadows flitted sombrely from point to point along the land, pausing to settle down here and there. A pale stretch of grey, striped at one place with rose, showed where the waters of the Pass lay behind them, fringed by the uneven shore. The little headland to their left stood up in jagged points against the sky. The tops of the cocoa palms were being lifted lazily by a saucy young breeze, which had come to play games with the shadows. It darted in a venturous gust upon Susan, laying some sharp kisses on her averted cheeks and stinging them into warmth. It brought with it a whiff from the salt sea, and as it passed Brian the breeze tossed to Susan an overpowering sense of that young man's personality, with which it seemed in some queer way akin. Never before had she been so keenly conscious of his presence, fresh, virile, sweet-smelling, with a just perceptible odour of tobacco—a strongly determinate presence. His light, firm tread made easy work of the heavy sand, and the boulders over which Susan stumbled.

The pair stopped simultaneously near the entrance to the house. "What about your things?" said Susan. "Mr. Meiklejohn, the overseer, might lend you what you'll want for to-night. I suppose you've nothing of your own here?"

"Oh yes, I have," laughed Brian, entirely unembarrassed. "I've been in the bush, you see, and I've learned something about bush ways and bush hospitality. My traps are in the boat. I thought I'd better bring them on the off-chance of your keeping me. I got a fishing chap at Thursday Island to bring me over here, and he's probably waiting for me down at the jetty."

"Then I should send him back again," said Susan; "there are plenty of boats here and Kanakas and people who can take you back to Thursday Island when you want to go."

"I shan't want to go, if it's left to me, but unfortunately my skipper has a voice in the matter. The limitations of leave in H. M.'s Navy are a desperate consideration, you know. Mine will be up before long, and then I shall have to rejoin my ship, if she's in from Port Moresby. The skipper promised me an extension, but that was only if I had to go down to Sydney, or to do anything about this lost Earl of Ellan business. However, I'm going to let that drop for the time. I shall leave it to the lawyers and to Fate. Jim Cordeaux will turn up if he's alive quite as soon as I want to see him, and if he's dead—well, I shall get the news. As I told you, Miss Galbraith, I've discovered there are ghouls in Australia only too ready to earn a reward by ferreting out even the most gruesome information. By Jove! though—it will have to be well authenticated before that reward is paid. But I'm not going to think about that—I say—you're sure your sister won't mind my coming about the place."

"Scarcely!" said Susan. "You probably won't see much of her at first, but when you do I shouldn't wonder if she makes great friends with you. She's just the kind of girl."

"*I* mean to make friends with *her*," said Brian heartily. "You don't know what a fascinating fellow I can be when I put my mind to it. I warn you that I'm going to ingratiate myself with Mrs. Galbraith and Miss Oora."

"You won't find it difficult," said Susan, with a touch of cynicism which he was far too simple to detect. "I'll tell somebody to bring up your bag," she added, as she went on to the house, while he ran with a light heart back to the beach.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Tale of the Pasquia Post*

The Last of Four Western Stories

By HERMAN WHITAKER

NORTH of Line fifty, the gloom of night follows fast on the trail of the setting sun. The twilight is so short as to be scarcely deserving of the name, and it therefore behooves the traveller to pitch camp while there is yet the height of a good tall man between the sun and the horizon. Let him fail in this and, devoured of mosquitoes, he shall grope in the dark for dry wood wherewith to build his smudge.

A knowledge of this all-important fact caused the Factor of Pelly to turn sharply in his saddle when the last rays of the sun were obscured by a distant clump of poplars. He, with old Sandy and the Beaver, was crossing the stretch of lake and slough which lies between the base of the Pasquia Hills and the sleepy waters of the Carrot River. They were a good six days north of Pelly—far beyond their usual hunting-grounds—but furs had not been coming in very lively of late, and the Commissioner at Garry was a dour man and hard to please.

"Where's the Beaver?" the Factor asked, in rather sharp tones. "And why has he not pitched camp? We'll be eaten alive, and that without sauce, in less than ten minutes from now."

"I'm thinkin'," replied the trapper, "that the red de'il's pushed awa' ahead. They Obijays we fell in wi' three days syn' tell't him a muckle o' queer tales o' these pairts. An' I'm no sayin'," he added, gazing suspiciously around, "that it's no' a fearsome place."

Fearsome it certainly was. The weird wailing of a solitary loon came from the reeds of a marshy slough close by, the night-wind rustled softly through the gloomy spruce, and a distant owl filled the air with his solemn questioning.

Pressing forward at a gallop, they soon overtook the Beaver. The great wheels of the Red River cart had ceased to send north their monotonous complaint—he was waiting for them.

"What's the matter, Beaver? Why haven't you camped?" The cheery tones of the Factor's voice echoed and re-echoed through the dismal swamps and woods.

"No like to camp. Heap bad spirits here. Long time ago, heap long time, big mooniah kill plenty Injuns, and bad Injuns kill him. All killed, none left. Injuns no like to come here any more."

"Well, push on and camp at the first high ground. Spirits are better company than mosquitoes."

The creaking cart lumbered on into the gathering darkness. Swarms of mosquitoes rose from the long grass, sweeping in clouds against the faces of the travellers, settling behind their ears, and biting viciously. The tortured horses frothed at the mouth and whinnied their vexation; and the dogs gave vent to human-like exclamations of pain and misery, wiping their chops with their paws. And thus they moved forward, a slapping, snapping, swearing procession of tormented impenitents.

A half-hour of purgatory and the cart came to another stop. Before it loomed a large obstacle, which on riding forward the Factor made out to be some large building. He could see the projecting gables dimly outlined against the dark-grey sky; no smoke arose from the chimneys; all was dark, solitary, and silent. A high stockade, from within which came the dank smell of last year's rotting leaves, surrounded the big house; not a light showed, and the melancholy creak of a door swinging to and fro in the night-wind was the only answer to the Factor's halloa. The atmosphere of mystery about the place affected even the animals; the horses sniffed the air suspiciously, and the dogs crept whining between the legs of their masters.

"What place can this be?" asked the

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Factor. "I had no knowledge of any house in these parts."

"It maun be the auld post," answered the trapper. "Years agone, i' the time o' Factor McKenzie, the Company had an outpost i' thees direction; but they'd a micht o' trouble wi' the Injuns, an' drawed it in. I'd a thocht it wad 'a' burnt doon lang syn', but there's a power o' lakes an' sloughs aboot here, an' I reckon they keepit the fires awa'."

"Well, climb over, Sandy, and chop off that bar. We stay here to-night."

"I'm no exactly likin' the job. The place has aye an uncanny luik." The Scotchman spoke in uneasy tones.

"Give me the axe, then. We stay here to-night, spirits or no spirits."

A few vigorous strokes of the axe, and the great gates fell in from the rotting hinges. The dogs plunged across the open space and rushed towards the building, barking furiously. A hollow echo answered the noisy baying, and they saw within the old house that which sent them back, bristling and uneasy to the Factor's heels.

The superstitious Indian made trembling haste towards the getting-on of a fire. He gathered together the pieces of the broken gate, and, bringing forth his tinder-box, nervously chipped away with flint and steel. A spark caught; with coaxing breath he gently fanned it to a flame, and presently, the blaze shooting upward, brilliantly illumined the time-worn front of the old store. It was an old Red River frame, and the plaster was fallen away from the cracks between the logs, leaving it the very skeleton of a building. The shutters were all gone, and the black spaces looked forth like ghostly eyes from the scarred front.

The Factor pulled a blazing brand from the fire and walked over to the open door. The dogs whined as though to warn him, followed him for a few steps, and then ran, howling, back to the fire. He stepped within. A cry of horror and surprise burst from his lips, and he staggered against the advancing Scotchman. The torch dropped from his hand, its last sputtering sparks intensifying the black darkness; but lit up by nature's secret alchemy, all shining with phosphorescence, the awful thing remained in full view.

Giving vent to an hysterical "Gude save us!" the trapper shot through the door and ran for the reassuring blaze of the fire. But the Factor was made of different clay. Ceaseless conflict with iron forces of nature and incessant strife with wild beasts and wilder men had hardened his soul, wherefore he stood his ground and faced the thing. The door swung to behind him with a mournful creak and shut him in with the dead. He was sore afraid, aad breathed faster than his wont, yet moved not nor gave sign of the inward terror. Small wonder that he felt the touch of fear! The blighting philosophy of modernity, which destroys the hope of man while fortifying him against the terrors of the imagination, had not yet laid its leprous hand on the men of the woods. To him the spirits of good and evil were concrete realities, and, for aught he knew, the thing before him might be one of the myriad shapes of the Father of Sin.

"Bring a light!"

The command issued from firm-set lips. The trapper would willingly have disobeyed, but there was in the voice that which demanded obedience. So, fortifying himself with a couple of burning brands, he re-entered the building. The ruddy light of the torches penetrated into every corner of the room, falling full upon the thing and dispelling its unearthly radiance.

It was the skeleton of a man lying beneath the ladder which led to the room above. Only a skeleton! yet surely never before had human being set eyes on such a frame. The curving backbone rose from between shoulder-blades of unusual width, telling the story of an immense hump. The bones of one leg were shorter than those of the other, the hips set wide apart, and the legs bowed like those of a gorilla. The entire frame was massive and strong, and marked the owner as having been broad, squat, misshapen, and immensely powerful. The skull was that of an Indian, but the brow rose high above the eyeless sockets, denoting an intelligence far above the average of the

race; yet with this unusual development were associated local peculiarities which indicated the basest passions. Strangely sinister was the impression conveyed by this last poor remnant of a man, so marked indeed as to strike even the dull perception of the trapper.

"The chiel was na' verra bonny," he remarked, "an' it wad pay a man weel tae keepit a twa days' journey frae the likes o' him. An' what's thees?" He had stumbled over something lying on the floor. "Gude save us! eef it is no' an auld ledgy o' the Company's!"

The Factor took the book from his hand and walked over to the firelight. An old ledger it surely was, bound in sheepskin and cornered with brass. The entries were made in a neat, clerkly hand, and set forth the amounts of goods received, the manner of their disposal, and the number of bales of fur despatched to Garry. The last entry read:

"*To Silent Man. to killing that thief Esthahagan.* 1 *Musket and* 2 *Horns of Powder.*"

The faded writing carried the Factor back to those old times of trouble and bloodshed, and the persons mentioned passed before him in a long phantasmagoria. He mused quietly over the yellow pages and speculated as to their lives and deaths. M'Garry, the recording clerk, he knew, became Commissioner of Garry, and died full of years and honour. But what of these others, whose little lives were just as important in their own eyes and those of God? They also had departed and were as the last year's grass.

But what is this entry on a new page, written in a great, sprawling hand? M'Garry's trim goose-quill never fashioned that splashing scrawl. A sharpened stick, dipped in soot and grease and wielded by a heavy hand, alone could have produced it. The Factor lowered his head over the page and read on:

"And I, John West, called by the men of the Company Strong John, because of my thews and sinews, being at the point of death write this, that the men of my race may beware them of the magic of To-wo-bat, the devil doctor. For I see, with the clear eyes of the dying, that my people shall yet inherit this land. From the towns and cities will they come, from the hamlets and the plains; first by twos and threes, as do the ducks in the springtime, then by dozens, and lastly by swarms, so that they shall multiply and cover the land. And in those days, To-wo-bat and his wicked ones shall vanish from before them, as the rabbits from before the foxes, and the place where they were shall know them no more. Yet, lest he prevail against them while they are still few, will I set down, though with pain and labour, the things I have seen.

"Because of my great strength, which hath alway urged me on to rash emprise, hath this trouble come upon me. Alack, that men should have envied me that which hath been my undoing! But for mine most unhealthy stoutness, I might yet have been tilling the wolds of old Devon. Thus it fell about:

"When but a lad, not knowing the strength that was in me, I was set upon, returning from market, by two stout rogues. They sought the silver, the price of a drove of cattle, and I, thinking to teach them manners of a better sort, buffeted them soundly with my hands. Alack for my unhappy strength! Their bones were all broken within them, so that they fell to the ground and died. And I, being in fear of the law, fled to a seaport and took ship for Canada. But these things are past and gone, and I must on with my tale, for out in the woods To-wo-bat dances the death-dance in the blaze of his red fire, waiting for me, even as the snapping wolf waits for the wounded bull. All of his warriors have I slain, and, if he but come before my waning strength is sped, him too will I send after them."

"Sandy," said the Factor, glancing up from the book, "did you ever hear of one John West?"

"John West—John West! Why, tae be sure, I've heerd tell o' the man. He was Factor o' Elphinstone. Strong John, they caed him, for he was main strong o' his hands. They said he went clean daft ower a half-breed squaw, and gaed amissing just afore the Company drawed in the Pasquia Post."

"Listen to this, then:

"Zaar I sent from me under the cover of last night, that she fall not again into the lecherous hands of To-wo-bat. 'Let me stay, that I may die with thee,' she pleaded,

not knowing that men kill not the desire of their eyes. But I was firm, and instructed her in the trail to Pelly, and gave her wise counsel that she marry a man of the Company. For she is fair to look upon and would be the better of a husband. And she, weeping, promised faithfully to obey my behests, wherein she set a pattern to women of whiter skins; though, alack! the flesh is weak, and a little less obedience in this matter would have been more pleasing.

"I remember well the day I first set eyes upon her—an evil one for Red Mike, the Irish trapper. He had marked her for his own, and I came upon them as he sought to drag her into the forest. Full thirty paces I sent him flying through the air, so said the men that took him up, and his neck was broken so that he troubled the maidens no more. And I looked into the eyes of the girl that day and knew my mate.

"That night I sought the tepee of the old squaw, her mother, and bought the girl with a great store of merchandise. And I would have ta'en her to my house, and Zaar was willing. But the old crone would none of it; she must needs first handle the goods.

"Oh, that I had known it! Without the tepee, his prick-ears cocked to the listening, lay the twisted devil To-wo-bat.

"The next morning I loaded a Red River cart with the merchandise, the price of the girl, and made my way, whistling a merry tune, to the tent of the old woman. It was gone! Of the twenty tepees standing there the night before not one was left.

"I will say naught of the hell that raged within me at the sight, nor of the three days' tracking without stop for bite or sup; for To-wo-bat burns his red fire in the woods, and the weakness gains upon me. It suffices that on the third day I came upon them in the Riding Mountains.

"It was nightfall when I first saw through the spruce the light of the lodge-fires. The drums I had heard long before, and I knew that something of importance was afoot. Creeping on the flat of my belly, I made my way to a place in the brush close to the tepees. It was almost dark, but a roaring fire sent its flames crackling on high, brilliantly lighting up the camp. Now shall I tell of the devil-dance going on around it.

Some twenty Indians, stark naked, with bodies painted black and striped with white, so that they looked death-heads, moved rapidly round a post that was set up close to the fire. Their eyes glittered with unholy light and they uttered hideous yells and screams. Long ropes of hide were passed through slits in the skin of their breasts, somewhat after the fashion in which a yeoman strings his bacon for the hanging, and as each danced he threw himself backward, striving to tear away. When one succeeded he ran amuck through the crowd of watching squaws, biting pieces out of the bodies of those he met. At the foot of the great pole stood the chief devil of them all. He was a man of mighty thews and sinews, broad and squat, and a great hump rose from between his shoulders. One leg was shorter than the other and he limped as he danced. His face was painted of a different fashion—bright red, barred with black; the body, a ghastly white. A towering head-dress of black feathers rose above him, from which I judged him to be a man high in authority. One strange thing, too, I noticed about this man—there seemed to be method in his madness. For all his frenzy, he kept a sharp eye around him and saw everything that was going on. On occasion he stretched his hand forth over the fire and it would leap up flaming red.

"While noting these things, I looked for Zaar among the squaws, but saw her not; nor was she to be seen moving among the tepees.

"One after the other the young bucks tore themselves away until but one was left, and he, from insufficient weight, could not break free. Him, the devil doctor—for it was To-wo-bat—thrust backward with a mighty shove, and set him loose. Then, with a grewsome shout, the hell's crew ran shrieking through the village. He of the feathers watched them go, and then hobbled to a tepee close at hand. I watched him enter.

"A woman's scream! I jumped to my feet, unmindful of the watching crowd, for Zaar came flying from the tent, all bleeding from the arm. She was coming in my direction, the devil doctor following fast and gaining on her. Never before did cripple run so fast as this man. He had reached out his hand to seize her, seeing me not, when I took him round the waist. Great God, how strong he was! Never before had man been able to stand before Strong John,

yet for fully half a minute the rogue bothered me. Then I smote him so that he lay quiet.

"And now should I, as a wise man, and as one holding a position of responsibility of the Company, have withdrawn with the girl; but her blood was in my nostrils, and I forthwith fell raging on the young men. In my hands was the limb of a tree of the thickness of a man's arm; and with this I slew ten of them, nor smote one man twice. And presently the remnant, being tired of the game, fled to the woods, leaving me master of the camp.

"Six days we travelled to the northward, thinking they would seek us towards Elphinstone. When Zaar was tired, I took her up in my great arms, and so went forward, her arms around my neck, my face laid against her heaving bosom. And in this wise we made for the Pasquia Post, expecting to find there M'Garry and his men. As we journeyed, her rounded limbs resting lightly across my arms, she told me of her father, the Jesuit priest, who forgot his vows. 'For my mother was beautiful in those days,' said she, 'though now old and ill-favoured. And wilt thou love me still, when I, too, am old and ugly?' And she told me also of the witcheries of To-wo-bat. How he had her in mind for a long time, and but waited for her ripening; how he waved his hand over her mother's fire the night I bought her, so that it leaped up flaming red; and of the spells and incantations which so wrought upon the old woman that, though loath to leave the merchandise, she folded her tent and departed in the night. Also, she told me of his cruelties and wickednesses, the like of which man never heard before. 'But thou wilt not let him have me?' she finished, lowering her head and looking into my eyes. And I, swearing a great oath, pacified her.

"At night we lay beneath the spruce, her head pillowed on my arm, her sweet breath gently stirring the hair on my brow; and sometimes, when lying thus, I lay awake thinking of the great happiness this savage maid had brought me. It was in one of these wakeful spells that I saw the red blaze of To-wo-bat's fire far off in the forest, and knew that he was not dead. And because of this the next day I bestowed Zaar safely in a covert, she sore afraid for me, and I lay in ambush for To-wo-bat and his men. They came, but the arch-fiend lagged behind. Ten of them passed me by, and but three returned to tell of the manner of the going of the others. Right valiantly they fought, as became better men in a more righteous quarrel, and they sorely wounded me before I despatched them; so that I was in great pain and could no more carry Zaar. This troubled me much, but she was of good cheer because I was spared to her, and bound up my wounds and said—brave girl!—that she loved walking. And thus on the third day after the fight we came to Pasquia.

"Alack! M'Garry and his men were gone, Not for myself did I care, but for the girl, whom I had hoped to bestow safely until such time as we could safely return to Elphinstone. But she took it in good heart, saying that we should rest here until I was healed of my wound, and then we would make for Pelly, where the good men of the Company lived.

"'Were all the men in the Company as good as I?' she asked, having in her great love forgotten Red Mike, the Irish trapper. And was it true that we loved our wives after they had become old and hard-featured? She had heard, too, that when a woman was old and could work no more, it was not the fashion of the white man to leave her on the cold trail for the wolves to make an end of. Was this so? And I swore, with another great oath, that the thing was truly said, as was most certainly the latter half. Yea—"

The narrative stopped. A puff of wind swayed the branches of the gloomy forest. The young moon, rising above the horizon, shed a red light through the trees, and, glancing quickly up, the Factor could have sworn it was the red fire of To-wo-bat. The air was chilly, and he shivered.

"It's no feenished?" interrogated the trapper.

"Seems to be. No; here it starts again on the next page:

"Last night I thought I should write no more in the book. I was in great pain, and crawled to a chink in the wall, through which I might see the fire of To-wo-bat. It burned brightly and was come closer; wherefore I know mine hour approaches. In the night I dreamt of Zaar. I thought she leaned over me, as a mother above her child, but when I put forth my hand she was gone, and I knew it was a dream. But I must

hurry, for the gangrene hath laid a hold of my wounds and at times I grow light-headed.

"The second night of our stay at Pasquia I was ta'en of a high fever, and at times wandered, knowing not even Zaar. And at midnight there came creeping into the fort the three that had escaped me. Zaar called to me, but I babbled on with my maunderings, knowing them not for enemies until they hacked me with their knives. The blade of one sank deep into my arm. Whether it was the blood-letting or the sight of Zaar in the grasp of another I know not; she had sought to throw herself between them and me, and in the struggle her robe was torn from her. But none lived to tell of her loveliness. The head of one I shattered with my fist; the second I took up by the feet, and, using him clubwise, killed the third. This last rogue told us before he died that To-wo-bat lingered out in the woods, having no stomach for a second encounter. They also had no liking for the work, but he made great incantation before them, and showed them a black glass wherein they could see me lying sore and helpless; and thus encouraged, they came on.

"There remains little to tell. Zaar—something moves below—"

"Take a light, Sandy. I must see what is upstairs in the old house."

The trapper pulled a couple of blazing brands from the fire and followed the Factor towards the old store. The night-wind rustled gently through the trees, sighing a peaceful requiem; the door swung too and fro, uttering its melancholy groan, and in the far distance a wandering coyote raised his mournful howl. The dank smell of the rotting leaves rose in the nostrils; all was laden with the odours of decay and death.

"How did this man come by his death?" The Factor stooped over the grotesque frame of To-wo-bat and examined it carefully. In the back of the skull stuck a triangular piece of rusted steel.

"Look here, Sandy. He was killed as he mounted the ladder."

"I reckon that wee bit of iron cam' from thees?" He held up a rusted hatchet, the top corner of which was missing.

"An' twas but a 'prentice hand that strake the blow," he added, as they climbed the ladder.

The light of the torches flashed to the far corners of the old garret. There, to the right, lay that which they had come to see—the last remnant of the stout Factor of Elphinstone, and beside him, her arms about the body of the man she loved, Zaar.

The Factor uncovered his head, and stood silently musing beside the dead. The voice of the trapper broke in upon his meditations.

"She was no' sa obedient as he thocht for. Weemen are kittle cattle; there's nae tellin' what rig they're up till. An' I'm no' sayin'," he added, "but that's what maks us luve them."

Life's Recompense

BY INGLIS MORSE

WHEN the Night has come
After Life's day is done,
'Tis then each traveller counts o'er
What treasure he hath won.

Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah

The Story of an Irishman in the Indian Service

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

SOME day a man will come out of India and write a book about Major Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah. Then this story will be last in the book, because of the thing that is in the story.

The "Major" was Finnerty's "ranking," for he had been out of the regiment since he was a sub-lieutenant.

Finnerty was the strongest man in the Indian Service; and sober his strength was a forbearing delight; drunk he was a tribulation. Liquor floated his mentality to some inner dead sea of oblivion, and his physical force guided him illogically, a rampageous gorilla.

Knowing of this thing himself, and in awe of the black anger of the Sircar, he stuck to *pina-k-pani* (water) in the jungle; leaving the drink till he got his month of leave in Calcutta.

The Keddah Sahib's renown had gone from Manipur to Herat, and from Simla to Cape Comorin. Punjabi wrestlers came from the "Land of the Five Rivers," and wept with joy when they looked at the six-foot-three Irishman. They stroked his huge muscles lovingly, and exclaimed "Wah-wah!" Then, when they had been thrown, they would go back to their own caste, and tell of the one sahib that should have been a Sikh Rajah. That was Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah.

And Chota Moti was a grunty little babe elephant that Finnerty had captured in the Assam jungles.

Out of consanguinity of temperament these two took to each other like blood brothers. For a year Finnerty made a pet of Chota Moti; and then the official who writes on paper what is to be done with the Government's elephants, passed an order that Chota Moti, being useless for work, should be sold with other cast animals. Wilson, the circus man, bought the babe, and she passed from Dhuttaghur to a canvas home on the big *maidan* in Calcutta. Then when the hot weather blew its sirocco breath across the City of Palaces, the Viceroy and the sahibs trooped up to the Himalayas, and the circus folded its tent and stole away to Australia.

The going of Chota Moti from Dhuttaghur left a blank in the life of the Keddah Sahib. If he could have filled the void with some strong essence of forgetfulness, he might not have missed the little *hathi* so much, but he dare not even smell the stuff—it would have led to slaughter; for Dhuttaghur, and natives, and elephants, and delirium-laden jungle fever wasn't Calcutta and the white men of his own caste, by any means.

In September Finnerty read in the Calcutta "Asian" that the circus was daily expected from Australia. Then the devil of restlessness drew at the soul of the Irishman, till he became like a *muggar* that forsakes his pool in the Ganges and travels far across land.

"Faith, I can't stand it," he growled. "I'll go *kharab* (bad) if I stay here."

He applied for leave, and when it came passed with celerity from Dhuttaghur to the city of rejuvenation.

"Now, my little pig-squeaker, I'll feed you nuts and taparees till yoursides bulge," Finnerty muttered, as he donned clean raiment in his room in the Great Eastern Hotel. Then he drove to the *maidan*. The green sward stretched away in unbroken flatness to the escarpment of Fort William; no flag-topped, white-walled tent met the Keddah Sahib's eyes; the circus had not arrived; there was no little trumpet of welcome for Finnerty from Chota Moti.

But Calcutta was not Dhuttaghur, and there was the other thing to be had, the solace of many pegs. So the Keddah Sahib became one to avoid.

It was all play, for no man might speak

out of his memory that he had seen Finnerty cross. But such play! Torn coats and bruised limbs are jokes to read about, not to come by. Because of his giant strength, no man showed anger to the Keddah Sahib, and Finnerty held anger against no man.

The trouble commenced over a new sahib; one who had lately come to Calcutta, and knew not of Finnerty and his ways. He was a seller of wares from Birmingham, and every man in that town thinks he can box. So Hammerton put himself on guard when Finnerty, with his huge arms spread, swept through the café tiffin room in a friendly charge. The sahibs that knew, ducked, and scuttled, and laughed, and swore, and it was fun—for Finnerty. The drive proceeded with exuberant success till the man from Birmingham stood in the way.

"Aye, there, me 'earty," he called warningly, as his fists swung into proper pose.

Finnerty stared. Was there ever such luck? He rubbed his eyes doubtingly. Here was a man inviting a grapple. Not since the Keddah Sahib had grassed the last Punjabi had he felt the joyous thrill of straining muscles against his chest. The sahibs of Calcutta were weaklings that fell away in disordered limpness from the clutch of his brawny hands.

"Hivins! but you're a darlin'!" cried Finnerty in his exuberant joy. "I could love you, man; it's a bottle of Simpkin we'll be havin' presently. In the meantime, look out, me buck, I'm chargin'——'*For they call it liminade in Ballyhooly.*'"

The "Ballyhooly" was like the trumpet of one of his own elephants; indeed Finnerty's rush was entirely like that, and the Birmingham gent was seized by the vest and the upper story of his trousers, swung from his feet, lifted to the end of the long tiffin table, all set for lunch, and then the table was swept from end to end. Mulligatawny, and beer, and claret, and Worcester sauce, and other liquids formed a lake on the marble floor that was pebbled with fragments of bottles and broken dishes.

"Now, me darlin'," cried the author of the mischief, "we'll drink a bottle of wine to show there's no ill-will."

The merchant's white suit was gaudy with the purple stain of claret, and the bilious green of mulligatawny; and his hair held curry, and there was Worcester sauce in his eyes, and the breath was all out of his body. So, to the Keddah Sahib's astonishment, he walked sulkily out of the room, turning at the door to curse the man who had made a crumb-brush of his body.

Finnerty turned in disgust to look for sympathy. The tiffin room was empty; he stood like the bull in the china shop, all alone in the débris. He looked admiringly at the desolate table and the wrecked dishes; then he whistled softly, and sang:

"When the glory's painted up,
What's the tally in the bloody heap of slain?
Now you're drunk, you Irish pup,
And you'll never get your stripes no more again.
For the Limericks are rough—very rough."

He looked around the tiffin room; its emptiness held no promise of entertainment; its stillness oppressed him. He passed along the hall and up to the billiard room humming:

"When the singing cable's fed
With the tally of the awful Butcher's Bill,
In their sabered tunics, smeared with dirty red,
Count the Irish on the crest of every hill;
For the Limericks are dead—mostly dead."

As he entered the room two sahibs laid their cues on the table, took their helmets, and slipped through the other door.

The Irishman looked at the button-strung wire over the table. The score showed that the sahibs had left their game half finished. On a side table stood two glasses, half full.

Finnerty laughed; then he stretched his huge form in a chair and ordered a bottle of "Monopole."

"Faith, it's too bad entirely," he muttered; "sure I'd like to split this bottle with that gentleman of the zebra coat."

As the Keddah Sahib drank, a hotel *peon* appeared, and salaaming deeply, handed him a note. It was a bill for sixty-eight rupees breakage.

"Sure *shikarri* comes high in Calcutta,"

Finnerty remarked, as he scrawled his signature across the bill and passed it to the *peon*.

Before he had emptied his glass a private servant appeared with another missive. It was a request that Mr. M. J. Finnerty would send by bearer twenty-four rupees, value of a suit he had ruined.

The Keddah Sahib laughed. "Faith, that's rich," he muttered. "The bounder must be a professional; he wants pay for an amateur bout."

Finnerty tore the note and threw it at the servant, intimating that he and his master might take a trip to a worse climate than Calcutta. The native disappeared. And presently the khitmutghar handed to Finnerty a third neatly-folded sheet of paper. This was distinctly discourteous in tone; it intimated that M. J. Finnerty was a man of low caste; that he had struck the writer's servant; that he had been rude to the sahib himself; that he had committed an assault; that he had refused to pay a legitimate charge for damages sustained and that now he was about to be punished.

"Och, the darlin'," Finnerty murmured; "I'm in luck—me, that was so lonesome. Och, I'm happy entirely. He'll be spankin' Finnerty—the darlin'!"

The beady champagne boiled up in the Irishman and threw a vapour of ecstacy to his brain. He sang softly: "Oh, the fightin' boys that come from Limerick, from Limerick, from Limerick." Then he called: "Here, khitmutghar, bring me the toy-man that fetched this chittie—I'll be givin' him a rupee."

"That bearer he's plenty much 'fraid, Huzoor."

"Faith, I'll not touch him. Sure, I'm a memsahib, I'm that gentle—just holdin' meself for what's to come. Stand him by the door there till I make *bat* (talk) with him; then you'll be givin' him this rupee."

By the persuasiveness of silver the servant was coaxed to the door, and Finnerty made the *bat*, which was:

"Give your sahib my salaams, and tell him that I'll be waitin' in room seven, on the second floor, just dyin' with the joy of seein' him. Tell your master that Finnerty Sahib is just dyin' to be punished—altogether hungry for it."

The servant slipped away; the Keddah Sahib finished his wine, and more or less troubled by its wavering influence, passed to the second floor, muttering as he went: "Oh, but I ought to telegraph to Healey at Dhuttaghur that I'm going to be chastised!"

Down the dim corridor Finnerty swung, full of the exhilarating prospect ahead of him. He pushed back the *purdah* of a doorway and passed into the room. Had he looked at the number he would have seen it was nine, but the rooms were all alike in their primitive simplicity, and he was deeply interested in other matters. His foot struck against a pair of riding boots standing in the middle of the floor. Finnerty kicked them through the *purdah* to the hall, muttering: "That Abdul is a *budmash;* I'll fine him eight annas for leavin' me boots there—I might have broken me neck."

He threw his coat and helmet on a chair, lighted a cheroot and stretched himself on the bed to wait for a visitation of justice. In truth, the man from Birmingham had probably meant court business; but such a thing as law was outside the cognizance of the Keddah Sahib; he was a law unto himself.

"He'll be comin' presintly," Finnerty murmured drowsily, as the many potations tugged at his eyelids, "but hurry, you darlin'."

Then he thought regretfully of the physical incapacity of the Englishman. After all, there would be little real enjoyment in the proceedings; the man from Birmingham would provide but poor sport.

"Hivins! p'raps he'll bring a friend. Faith, then there will be fun. P'raps he will—by the Powers! He's sure to. Yes, there'll be sport after all; yes—there'll be sport." The Keddah Sahib was asleep.

And he dreamed that one of his own kind, as big and sinewy as a Punjabi wrestler, came and gripped him, and the strength of the stranger's arm set his physical being athrob with the ecstacy of combat; of glorious, straining, bone-creaking combat.

As Finnerty slept, a man as big as the Keddah Sahib, clad in a towel and pyjama pants, stepped from a bathroom at the end of the hall. It was Colonel Le Mes-

surier, and if Finnerty was the strongest man in the service, Le Messurier was the handsomest, and almost as strong.

The Colonel slipped quietly along to Number 9. He stared when he saw his riding boots lying drunkenly in the corridor, and muttered: "The Devil take that bearer!" as he passed through the purdah.

Inside the room he stared again. On his bed lay a huge, rumpled creature snoring voluminously. A lighted cheroot was sizzling in the pillow case.

"By Jove! of all the infernal cheek!" exclaimed the indignant Colonel. Then he laid a heavy hand upon the sleeper's arm, and Finnerty's eyes opening, fell upon a pair of satin-skinned shoulders as broad as a Gladiator's.

The Irishman sprang to his feet. "Och, you boy—you've come!" he cried joyously, as he looked straight into a pair of blue-grey eyes that were on a level with his own. "Faith, an' you're ready for business," as his eye took in the fighting trim of the stranger, who was stripped to his waist.

"What are you doing here?" queried the Gladiator.

"Waitin' for you, you darlin'!"

"Waiting for me, eh?" The Gladiator dropped the boots and surveyed the dusty imprint of Finnerty's feet on his bed. "Get out!" he said.

The Keddah Sahib laughed and tightened his belt.

"Come, leave the room! You've got a devilish cheek."

For answer Finnerty slapped him on the chest with the flat of his hand, as is the method of wrestlers, sprang back, and crouched, his eyes wide with delight at the Gladiator's excellence of form. Never had he seen in India such a man; tall as himself, lithe and supple, not tied with knotty muscles, but the biceps, and the triceps, and the broad, flat fore-arm big and smooth, and covered with pink-white skin that was like a woman's.

"You blackguard!" cried the Gladiator. "Leave the room, or, by Jove, I'll throw you out."

"Begin, you darlin'; I'm cryin' with joy. You're the loveliest boy—for the love of God begin; I'm cryin' with joy."

There was a shimmer of white skin and a hand of steel grasped the wrist of the Keddah Sahib's guard, and the tussle was on. It was an affair of equality; the scarcity of furniture conduced to freedom of action.

In vain Finnerty had drained the *Punjaub* for a man of his own might, and here, in the grasp of a chanceling, his strength was held in check, and his art was matched by art, and his bones creaked, and his muscles strained, and he had come by sport such as he had dreamed of.

Finnerty's shirt hung in shreds. Once he found time to strip the collar from his swelling neck; once the Gladiator, fastening in his belt, lifted him from the floor and started towards the door. Then they were on the mat, and Finnerty's breath, made thick by his too generous potations, blew hot and strong against the pink cheek of the Gladiator.

It was an accident—Finnerty would have given a month's pay to have it undone, but his hand slipped on the moist skin and lifted a welt over the Gladiator's eye.

"You blackguard! You cad!" he heard panted through the set teeth of the Gladiator, and a knee knuckled his ribs as he turned.

Finnerty took "to the bridge" for a breathing space, and a smooth hand glided beneath his arm-pit, and a hot palm lay against the back of his neck.

A desolating regret filled the soul of the Keddah Sahib, as he waited cooling his lungs. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he rank out of condition.

"Curse the beer *sharab!* Why did I touch it?" he moaned inwardly. "I'm an old woman—I'm a punkah cooly—I'm a fat baboo—that's what I am!"

Then he was woven sideways till his spine was like a corkscrew, and another hand came up between his legs and laid him by the thigh.

"Och, you laddie-buck!" he muttered; "you're the fairest play-boy from over the sea, and I'll promise you this, that if me shoulders touch the mat, I'll walk out like a lamb and give you me own room."

Then like a wire jack-in-the-box Finnerty spiraled straight through the holding arms, and was up on top of a strong-bridged back that was like chiselled ivory.

"'Rest a bit, you darlin'! Rest a bit, you boy!" he said; "it's yourself that's up to the game."

Finnerty looked longingly at the opening he saw for the "strangle hold"; he shut his eyes to put the temptation from him—the Gladiator played the game too fair for a trick.

There was a full half-hour of this joyous entertainment; the first fierce onslaught and careless taking of chances had passed away and decorum graced the game. Also there was a suspicion of lethargy creeping into the huge muscles that had strained assiduously.

Because of the frivolous week, Finnerty's condition commenced to tell. Had he been chasing *hathis* in the jungle during that time, the bout would have lasted perhaps till midnight. However, it was now suddenly terminated by a bustle of people at the room door.

The Gladiator loosed his grip and sprang nimbly back, and the Keddah Sahib, rising, saw the hotel manager—in fact, the hall thronged with sahibs and the hotel staff, who gazed with a mixture of awe and amusement upon the wrestlers.

The Colonel's silk pyjamas were no more than an apology; while Finnerty, from the belt up, was a muscular statue of hand-spanked flesh.

"Och, Tremairne!" Finnerty began, but the manager interrupted him with concise reprimand. No more wild Irish elephant-catchers for the Great Eastern; Finnerty had wrecked a tiffin table, made a bear's garden of the café, and now the whole hotel had been thrown into confusion by his assault upon Colonel Le Messurier. Indeed, the Keddah Sahib was invited to adjourn to some other hotel, where they looked more kindly upon such proceedings.

It was the Colonel Sahib's voice interrupting the manager: "If this person is quite finished with my room, I should like to dress."

"Your room—his room?" queried the Keddah Sahib, looking from one to the other.

"Yes," answered Tremairne.

Finnerty looked at the number on the door, and the enormity of his transgression swept him into unspeakable shame. He gathered his coat and helmet; in the hallway he said: "And that's Colonel Le Messurier! Sure, I thought it was a pug that Brummagem swine had hired to give me a turn. And I've been touseling Colonel Le Messurier that's just been transferred as Collector of Dhuttaghur. I might 've known it—I've heard of him. Me soul's watered to take a throw out of him—I might 've known it. But he's a swine with his pride—I've heard that, too. Faith, I'll be broke; I might as well go down and feed meself to the *muggars* in Hooghly River."

The Keddah Sahib, depressed to the edge of misery, sat alone in his room and brooded over the trouble he had brought upon himself. A physical struggle bearing the fruitage of a black eye, or a strained tendon, or even a broken limb, was a small matter; but to lay subordinate hands of violence upon his Burra Sahib, Collector of Dhuttaghur, bung up his eye, and leave his silk pyjamas in tatters, make an exhibition of him before other sahibs, was something that would set a black mark against his Service name many a year to come. At last here was something he could not leave behind him in Calcutta, for daily he would come face to face with the offended Burra Sahib, and every one in Dhuttaghur would know. Yes, the idea of the *muggars* in the Hooghly was a good one.

He drank a strong whiskey peg—then he drank another; he drank three. For the first time in his remembrance the liquor held a reverse action, it depressed him, it put him in an ugly mood. He cursed the innocent cause of his trouble; he swore jungle oaths at the land and the people of the land.

Mechanically his thoughts came back in yearning to Chota Moti. Yes, that was all he was fit for—homing with elephants; they were big and rough in their way like himself. He filled his pockets with the sweets intended for Moti, muttering to himself: "Hivins, I'm blue! I must talk to somebody or something. I'll go *kharab* thinkin' of the cooly-headed fool I am entirely."

When he went downstairs the sahibs shunned him. Finnerty passed out into

the street that skirted the *maidan*. He saw men at work on the spot where the circus always stood, and some one said that the circus would be there on the morrow.

Finnerty swung on toward the river, where the thick foliage trees of "Eden Garden" cut the sky that was like burnished copper from the huge ball of fire that had seared its face in the west. The grey wall of the garden lay like a shadowy serpent beneath the trees, in which an army of crows fought and clamoured over the night resting-places. Finnerty swung to the right along a skirting path that was silent and hushed, save for the vociferous crows.

Suddenly a grey, earth-coloured form loomed bulkily in front of him. It was like a leaf-covered Hindoo cart; it was a bulgy form, like an abnormal *bhesti's* water mussock. The grotesque shadow was on the grassed roadside, close to the garden wall, and some part of it was pulling and breaking the overhanging tree limbs.

As the Keddah Sahib approached wonderingly, he cut the wind, and the wind took up the call of his scent. The tearing rustle of the dismembered leaves ceased; there was a moment of stillness; then, "Phr-u-i-i, phr-u-t-t, whee-e-e!" came little enquiring grunts.

"Hivins!" ejaculated Finnerty; "by me soul, that's little Moti. I'd know her laugh if I heard it in hell. Wow, you little pig, you! You darlin'—you babe! Where did you come from? God in Hivin! But you're welcome to-night, Moti—I'm fair starved with lonesomeness."

Finnerty ran his hand caressingly up and down the trunk that felt at his cheek, and fingered his nose and blew a smile of delight against his lips, and tugged at his shoulder lovingly; and all the time its owner was squeaking tremulously in an ecstacy of recognition.

"Moti, you little pig—you rascal! Where did you come from?"

The big ears flapped and fanned his face, and the heavy forehead lay against the Irishman's chest, and the little eyes twinkled happily—even in the dusk Finnerty could feel their gleam.

"Och, you sly little pearl!" as Moti fumbled her trunk into his pocket, and shoved taparees, and grapes, and raisins, into her thin-lipped mouth.

Finnerty threw himself on the grass at the elephant's feet and heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"Divil the care have you, girl, whether I've touseled the Burra Sahib or not. Och you're human—you're a better."

The big Irishman patted the trunk of the babe elephant, and talked like a man who had come back to women folks that are true forever, holding no knowledge of misdeeds, nor of anything but just fealty.

And Moti emptied the Sahib's pockets, and bubbled in content, and wound her trunk beneath his shoulders as though she would lift him to her back.

Suddenly Moti cocked her ears, threw her trunk into the air and stood in silent listening.

"What is it, old girl?" Finnerty asked. "Are they after you? Sure, I know your secret, you little pig; you've skipped away at the landin' from the steamer; you've played me the same trick many a time at the keddah. Come on, then, girl; we'll just slip them for a bit."

Finnerty led the way through a gate in the wall, and with Moti's trunk over his shoulder walked along the circular path that skirted the wall. He could hear the band down on the grassed parade of the garden, and see the blare of the electric lights breaking through the foliage. Suddenly above the drone of brass came a shrill trumpet note.

The Keddah Sahib stooped and threw his head up in alarm. It was the war trump of an elephant—fighting mad; he knew it well. Moti squeaked in fretful fear.

"My God, Moti, did the whole show break loose? Sure, that's a bull on the rampage. God save the people——"

Again the shrill trumpet of an elephant came from the direction of the promenade.

"Come, Moti, *chalo* (hurry), me darlin'! There'll be murder done yonder—there's women and children there by the score; hurry, Moti!"

Finnerty broke into a trot, and the babe elephant shuffled at his side. Now they

were clear of the crotons and the banyans, and in the glare of the electric-lighted promenade the sahib saw something that made even his stout Irish heart miss a beat. It was awful. Like a heap of broken dolls, children, and ayahs, and white women cowered on one side of the wide grass promenade against a holding wall, and on the other side, just beyond the two gateways, was the road, a seething mass of maddened horses and fear-crazed coachmen, and sahibs who had lost their nerve, and cursed and yelled unintelligible orders, and clambered into carriages that were not their own. And in the centre of the velvet lawn, just within the gate, was the huge, towering form of an elephant weaving his body back and forth, from side to side, his ears cocked forward angrily, his trunk now curling in between his tusks as if for a charge, now stretched sinuously upward as he bellowed his defiance to everything on earth.

"Oh, my God!" moaned Finnerty, "he's fair crazed with the lights, and the band, and all. How'll I stop him? The fools—the damned cowards! And the women and children frightened to death there!"

There was a gleam of white at his elbow. Two men of the Black Watch, coming through the garden, had checked in their way. Finnerty's big hand shot out, and clutched one by his white tunic.

"Run, man, for your life, to the Fort, bring a firin' squad—a Gatlin'—anything. For the sake of the children—run; I'll hold the tusker till you come. Run, man—as you love God, hurry!" To the other he said:

"Go to the children, man. Keep down at the side in the bushes. Get them out—d'you understand?" He clutched the man by the chest and drew him forward till his hot breath burned the other's cheek. Are you a coward? Get them out, or I'll murder you. Throw them over the wall—anything. I'll keep the elephant for a bit."

He thrust the soldier from him, and the two dove into the bushes on the left.

"Now, Moti, me darlin'—Och, you're feared, you little pig, you're tremblin'. But I'm with you, Moti. You'll go where the Keddah Sahib drives—you always would. Quick, give me your trunk now; there, so!"

And the Keddah Sahib was lifted to the babe elephant's neck; his knees pressed against her ears, and his heavy, iron-shod walking stick was a goad. Finnerty jabbed it fiercely into the pulpy skull of his mount.

"There, Moti, *dauro* now! Squeal, you little pig!" And Finnerty dug with his walking stick till the little trunk was thrown up, uttering a wail of remonstrance.

The mad tusker heard the call of his kind just as he was shuffling toward the screaming children and ayahs. He stopped, threw his huge head up, and his great fan-like ears waved back and forward, and then cocked intently.

Finnerty drove Moti into the light, and the tusker's restless eye saw them. He whisked about and trumpeted a defiance.

The babe squealed in fear and stopped.

"*Dauro*, Moti!" Finnerty cried, hunching the big ears with his knees, and jabbing the skull with his goad. Moti obeyed, and shuffled forward.

Finnerty could see the white-coated soldier driving the children before him like a flock of lambs. A sahib leaped the wall and ran to the children; then another.

"By the grace of God, they'll be saved!" Finnerty cried, "if I can hold this big devil in play. Squeal, you little pig—give him *bat*, Moti. We must keep away from him—just play with him, me darlin'—the devil's fair rampageous. There, just stand where you are, Moti; it'll take him time to make up his mind to charge.

The Keddah Sahib knew every trick of the elephant. He knew that while the tusker's attention was fixed on him and Moti, the children, and the sahibs, and everything would be forgotten—they would escape. The tusker would probably wait, ready to give battle, and Finnerty's plan was to keep clear of the maddened brute. If he closed in, the bull would crush them both, unless, perhaps, he had an affection for Moti, when he might calm down. This was not at all likely, for the bulls, when angry, were vicious toward their young.

With difficulty Finnerty kept the babe from bolting. Perhaps it was the white-

coated soldier that caught the bull's eye again, for he suddenly wheeled as if to charge and trample the fleeing children.

"He's just a damned crazy brute—he's fair mast," Finnerty muttered. "*Chalo*, Moti! Squeal, you little pig! Give him tongue!" and he jabbed the babe's head till she trumpeted shrilly, and started forward.

Her call stopped the tusker again. He wheeled erratically, and, without stopping, came thundering down the lawn like a destroying tornado.

"Steady, Moti!" Finnerty yelled; but the babe, crazed with fear, whipped around clumsily, and started back over the pathway.

But the turn held her; she was weak from fear. In a dozen yards the bull had driven his tusks into Moti's rump, and as she fell Finnerty was pinned beneath her massive head.

When the men from Fort William swung into the garden on the run, they heard a vicious squealing cry of victory and hate from the tusker; and he was tramping something into the earth with his knees and tusks when they poured volley after volley into his huge carcase.

The children, and the memsahibs, and the ayahs, had all escaped unhurt.

That is why, when you ask in India of Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah, they tell you this story first.

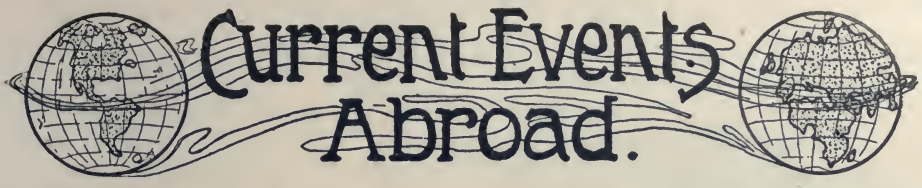
The Scribe

BY C. LELAND ARMSTRONG

YEAR in, year out, he sat his wobbly chair
And watched the moving caravan pass by;
Remarking on the fairness of the fair
And heralding the highness of the high.
He wrote for Honour, but, so swift she flew,
He followed still when it was waning day.
And then his hand across his brow he drew,
And sobbed "Denied!" And then he wrote for pay.
He wrote for pay! ah, hopeless hope of life!
He wrote for pay . . . . and shivered with the cold.
The caravan passed gaily on its way.
It praised his pen, but it withheld its gold.

Once golden curls that crowned his youth's fair brow
Snow-capped the wrinkled bulwark of the brain,
When fickle Honour, keen for courting now,
Returned and beckoned him to her again.
And, in the palsied fulness of his years,
He staggered up the never-ending stair;
Without complaint he wiped away the tears,
And with a shaking hand erased despair.
And then . . . . he fell! His dotage effort vain,
He fell, when Vict'ry seemed, of all, most near.
He fell, his arm outstretched to grasp her train,
And Honour paused and turned to loose a tear.

Ah, Strangest Dame! she feels compassion now;
She sweeps his silver with a heated breath;
'Prints 'passioned kisses on his fair, cold brow,
Smooth, in that everlasting dream called Death.
Pish! Let her weep an ocean of her tears;
What purpose? It lies not within her power
To atone, with all her laurels, through the years,
The dreg-drained bitterness of one brief hour.



UNREST IN THE UNITED STATES

NO student of the times can fail to be struck with the situation of affairs amongst our neighbours during the past year or wo. The public mind is in a suspicious and resentful humour. It is ministered to by journals and periodicals notoriously prone, it need not be said to pander, but at least to minister to and to encourage its humour. For some years past a widely circulated and influential portion of the press has laboured to promote the idea that there were certain interests in the United States which either under the laws or under colour of the laws were banded together to profit enormously and to grow rich at the expense of the masses of the people. It became a daily text with the cartoonist. The "public" took the form of a distracted and futile goggle-eyed little person who was constantly being maltreated by smug, corpulent, coarse, self-satisfied, silk-hatted personages of the director order who represented the various trusts which are popularly supposed to batten on the public.

The effect of these cartoons can scarcely be exaggerated. A philosopher might be able to resist their appeal, but to the man who does most of his reading on the street car they, by their constant dropping, become more potent than proofs from Holy Writ. A few strokes of a cartoonist can blast a character that would prove impregnable to a Grand Jury's indictment. It may be said that it is only effective when it presents in pictorial form a thought already in the mind. But the thought may be merely in embryo and quite unsupported by fact and reasoning. But the cartoon strikes the eye and the embryo becomes a monster whom neither fact nor reason can slay.

The daily cartoonist therefore slowly impregnated the mind of the masses in the United States with the thought that all men were no longer equal, but that on the other hand the community was divided into two classes, namely, those who prey and those who are preyed upon, the former being a small and ruthless clique of rich men, rapidly becoming richer, and the latter the great multitudes of the people, rapidly increasing in numbers and having all the avenues to independence and comfort steadily closed to them. This became a cult and at length a class of periodical publications joined in the pursuit one after another, until almost every monthly or weekly which caters to the populace has its department in which the main theme is the vulpine rich and the despoiled poor.

There must be considerable credence given to this estimate of society when so many publications find their account in catering to it. If so, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that much class-bitterness exists at the present moment in the United States. When a magazine which circulates by hundreds of thousands among the middle ranks of the people can hold up the richest man in America as a person to be execrated; when another represents the Senate, the historic body of which the country used to be so proud, as chiefly manned by commercial and financial cormorants and exposes some of its most frequently elected members to the scorn of the nation, using language in respect to them that would be violent if used with respect to a race-track welcher—we must believe that there is an anger in the public mind that corresponds to it.

The insurance investigations have, of course, brought great fuel to the flames. The President's campaign against rebating, his effort in face of a hostile Senate to secure legislation giving Congress control over railway rates, the institution of a Department of Commerce and Labour,

PUNCH EXPRESSES DISSATISFACTION WITH THE INTEREST IN THE COLONIES DISPLAYED BY THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT

THE RELIGION OF EMPIRE

SCHOOL-INSPECTOR PUNCH. "What! Empty benches!"

HEAD-MISTRESS BRITANNIA. "Well, you see, attendance at the class is optional, and they prefer playing round the parish pump."—*Punch.*

with its Bureau of Corporations whose main duty is to enquire into the exercise of illegal power by these State-created, but not State-controlled commercial monsters—have heightened the feeling that the country is face to face with the Giant of selfish and irresponsible power. The President at length sees, however, the direction in which things are drifting and endeavoured to stem the tide in his Man-with-the-Muck-rake discourse. He deprecated the very agitation by cartoon and magazine article which is related above, but he wound up by admitting that portentous riches constituted a condition with which the State would be justified in dealing. He was not very clear how it could be done—all that he contributed to the discussion was a confirmation of the popular feeling that the hugely rich man was a danger who should be dealt with by the laws.

We had an utterance in Toronto which was undoubtedly inspired by the observation of the popular tendency in the United States at the present moment to seek out strange gods and to fall down and worship them. This was the address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, New York, at the dinner given to Mr. Carnegie by the Canadian Club. Dr. Butler conceived that Anglo-Saxon civilisation was founded on the three cardinal sociological principles embodied in Magna Charta, namely: (1) Civil and industrial liberty; (2) the rights of property, and (3) the inviolability of contracts. Dr. Butler's short address was one of undoubted vigour, close thought and earnestness. It is quite evident, however, that there is room for a volume of comment on the three grand principles which he extracted from Magna Charta. Socialism denies them all, and even President Roosevelt, the head of the State, with his proposals for saying to the rich man, "Thus rich shalt thou get but

no richer," would seem to contravene them equally.

THE NATIONAL SPORT IN THE UNITED STATES

—Collier's Weekly

These questions, perhaps, are academic as compared with that which Mr. Eugene Debs raises in a recent manifesto in the columns of the *Appeal to Reason*, the Socialist weekly of Kansas. The occasion of Mr. Debs' outburst is the imprisonment while awaiting trial of Charles Moyer, Wm. D. Haywood, and other officers of the Western Federation of Miners. The condition of affairs which has existed in Colorado for the past couple of years is known to all newspaper readers. A capital and labour fight has bedevilled the State. Individual and wholesale murder has been rife. Among the victims was Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of Idaho. Steunenberg was blown up by a bomb, that being a favourite form of assassination in the course of this giant struggle between master and man. It may be said at once that legality was set at naught by both sides, for the authorities forsook the sanctions of the laws for the code of Judge Lynch, by arresting men, taking them to the borders of the State and threatening them with death if they ever returned again.

When the guardians and executors of the law lose faith in it, who shall do it honour? Murder and outrage proceeded unchecked. At length the tactics which broke up the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania more than a quarter century ago, were employed in this case also, and, strange to say, the same individual who ferreted out the criminals in the mining camps and patches of the Keystone State, undertook the same task in Colorado. The result of his labours was the arrest and subsequent confession of a man named Harry Orchard, who told an amazing tale of murderous conspiracy, in which he implicated himself and the officers of the Western Federation of Miners. Half a dozen of them were arrested and immediately hurried over the border into Idaho, on the ground that a fair trial could not be obtained in Colorado. There they await trial in jail.

Debs, under the caption of "Arouse, ye Slaves!" denounces the whole proceedings as a deliberate plot of the mine-owners to murder the officers of the union under the forms of law. His appeal is a shriek, in which he declares that if these

INDOMITABLE

—New York *World*

men are hanged, "the Governors of Colorado and Idaho, and their masters from Wall Street, New York, to the Rocky Mountains, had better prepare to follow them." He dares the authorities to carry out a sentence of execution. "There have been," he says, "twenty years of revolutionary education, agitation, and organisation since the Haymarket tragedy, and if an attempt is made to repeat it, there will be a revolution and I will do all in my power to precipitate it. . . . . They have driven us to the wall, and now let us rally our forces and face them and fight. If they attempt to murder Moyer, Haywood and their brothers, a million revolutionists, at least, will meet them with guns. They have done their best and their worst to crush and enslave us. Their politicians have betrayed us, their courts have thrown us into jail without trial and their soldiers have shot our comrades dead in their tracks. The worm turns at last, and so does the worker. Let them dare to execute their devilish plot and every State in the Union will resound with the tramp of revolution. Get ready, comrades, for action! No other course is left to the working class. Their courts are closed to us except to pronounce our doom. To enter their courts is simply to be mulcted of our meagre means and bound hand and foot; to have our eyes plucked out by the vultures that fatten upon our misery." He concludes by suggesting a "special revolutionary convention of the proletariat of Chicago, and if extreme measures are required, a general strike could be ordered and industry paralysed as a preliminary to a general uprising."

Mr. Debs' unmeasured language should not perhaps be treated too seriously, but it is worth pointing out that he is a man of more than common gifts, although sane judgment may not be amongst them. What will be generally felt is that if the accused men were parties to the reign of bloodshed which has cursed Colorado, hanging is about the sort of medicine required. However we may sympathise with the strivings of labour to secure a greater share of the wealth it creates, we cannot, in a land where every man has the franchise, admit murder as an argument in the propaganda. Mr. Debs has evidently lost faith in the jury system as well as every other institution of civilisation. When the workingmen suffer as much as he thinks they do, they will use their ballots to a little better purpose than they do now. Ballots, not bullets, are our means of social amelioration. I did not quote Mr. Debs, however, for the purpose of controverting him, but merely to furnish further evidence of the considerable amount of dissatisfaction and unrest which may be detected among our neighbours at the present moment.

In Europe matters have settled down after the Algeciras conference. The trouble between Britain and Turkey over the Sinaitic Peninsula has ended as usual in a graceful retreat on the part of the Sultan.

John A. Ewan.

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

Bliss Carman

PRINCESS ENA'S TROUSSEAU

IN spite of the state and dignity of the Spanish Court the gowns ordered for King Alfonso's bride are said by the London *Daily Graphic* "to be pervaded by a note of simplicity." The description of several of these "confections" leads one to believe that simplicity is a comparative term. We are told, for instance:

"One of the already-finished robes is a dainty gown for evening wear, made in the princess manner of anemone mauve crêpe de chine, untrimmed upon the skirt save for a band of silver that covers the stitchery of the deep hem. On the corsage all the adornment is concentrated upon a bolero of diamanté and silver embroidery, outlined by a modestie of mauve chiffon, and fastened by large crystal buttons." What is a modestie? We confess that it is a new word of pleasant sound which is more agreeable than our old friend, passementerie.

Black and white, those simple colours which the song in the *School-Girl* assures us often "make a combination which you're apt to rue," appear frequently in the royal trousseau. "In one case a gown is completely white, made of satin with a white tulle kerchief, and short puffed sleeves brightened by diamond ornaments; in another, a black gown of chiffon velours has two bodices, one of them cut décolleté and completed by a berthe of fine jet and chenille; the other fitted with a transparent yoke and high collar, made of delicate point de Venise."

And this description of a tailor-made gown seems all that a princess might desire: "There is a very pretty Wedgewood-blue frieze costume, with hand embroidered fronts of pale blue cloth embroidered with white, and trimmings of wide galon the same colour as the frieze. For this model long sleeves of the regulation coat shape were chosen, and the skirt is built with seven gores neatly stitched down to within a few inches of the edge; where inserted pleats give the necessary width required about the feet."

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

IN an article written for the February issue of this magazine the following sentence appeared: "The most attractive American is she who is educated abroad, who imitates the voice of the Englishwoman and the dress of the Frenchwoman, and who uses the money accruing from Chicago pork or New York stocks to buy, so far as such things may be bought, the old-world grace of speech and attire." The above quotation without the context looks like a snatch of cynicism, whereas its place in the article referred to made it quite pertinent. Several writers in United States publications have seen fit to comment upon the statement, and two of these comments afford matter for reply.

In the New York *Evening Journal* of May 1st, Miss Fairfax takes occasion to

indulge in personal surmises regarding the writer of this department to which it is not my intention (the United Stateser may consider it lack of ability) to retort. The time has surely come when women can indulge in journalistic discussion without that descent to trivial personalities which leads the mere man to refer to us as the feline sex. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to the former statement and the criticism thereon.

The remark is made that my reference to "the most attractive American" is wholesale denunciation. There is not a denunciatory word in the sentence as anyone may see who reads it carefully. Wholesale denunciation is quite as foolish as wholesale laudation and just as untruthful. The faults of the American woman are, generally speaking, the faults of the Canadian, and in the very paragraph from which that sentence was taken, Miss Fairfax will find that certain failings are brought home to Halifax and Ottawa. For years there has been an avalanche of adjectives, most of them complimentary, employed by those who would describe the American woman, and all this indiscriminating praise has become somewhat tiresome to those who find it difficult to believe that the women of any one country have a monopoly of the virtues and the graces. No one is denying the existence of fine specimens of "honest, happy, healthy and lovely girlhood" in the United States, but we should merely suggest that this continent does not possess an exclusive right to produce such beings. The American woman is more independent and self-reliant than any other, but is she more gracious? She is, next to the Frenchwoman, the best-dressed in the world, but she is not so thrifty a housewife as her Gallic sister. In truth, the worst and the best that can be said in the matter, whether American, English, German, or French be under consideration, is that, according to the saying of the latter, the type has the defect of its qualities.

But so far has the spirit of brag and bluster gone on this continent (which includes more than the United States) that the mere suggestion that an American woman can receive the slightest aid or improvement from foreign sources is regarded as unkindly detraction and "wholesale denunciation." Indeed, our smug self-satisfaction is more in the way of the highest development than any other force. The over-emphasis and provincialism of unfledged communities are shown more amusingly in their excessive extolling of their own products than in any other fashion. We have the virtues but also the failings of a clean, new continent and are entirely too much given, even in articles upon our womankind, to confusing display with effectiveness and puffing with patriotism.

The best type of American womanhood is an inspiring sight. But what of the finest that France or England affords, to say nothing of dear, delightful Ireland? While most of us are willing to concede with cheerfulness that the American woman is independent, resourceful, vivacious and admirably gowned, we are not prepared to admit that she is as dainty as the Frenchwoman, as fair-skinned as the girl with Devon cheeks, as lovably witty as the Irish maiden, as desirably reserved as the Scotch lassie, or as graceful as the Spaniard. The most charming woman ever seen in the United States was the Southerner of the old traditions as the following article on Mr. Wister's latest novel may declare. That the French or English woman might be enlightened by an American tour and be improved by a touch of our self-reliance, may be granted, but it is surely no denunciation to say that the educational system of this continent is not perfection.

The editor of New York *Life*, that weekly publication which renders its namesake more endurable, has also commented on the sentence quoted from the February article, differing courteously from the opinion expressed and concluding: "The American girl is the product of a freer social condition and of more abundant liberty of thought and behaviour than is experienced by any of her sisters in Europe. Therein lies the vital difference between her and them. It is a difference that is not always profitable to her, but when it is profitable it is highly signifi-

cant and helps a great deal to make her interesting."

But, in spite of our well-known advantages of liberty and independence, I am yet of the opinion that the most *attractive*, not necessarily the most sensible, useful or practical American woman is she who has added to her native qualities the graces that older countries have taken centuries to bring to flower.

OF THE OLD SCHOOL

MOST Canadians have read that stirring story, "The Virginian," by Owen Wister. The author has just published a novel of entirely different scenes, "Lady Baltimore," which introduces the reader to an old South Carolina town, Kings Port, where there are gentlewomen of the good old-fashioned kind. Mr. Wister indulges in many diatribes at the expense of modern smart society, and vies with that pungent journalist, Mr. Henry Watterson, in his scathing criticism of the women of Newport. These comments are well worth reading, for Mr. Wister is too witty to let them degenerate into prosy homilies. There were such delightful old ladies in Kings Port, which was itself a town of yesterday. "This Kings Port, this little city of oblivion, held, shut in with its lavender and pressed-rose memories, a handful of people who were like that great society of the world, the high society of distinguished men and women who exist no more, but who touched history with a light hand, and left their mark upon it in a host of memoirs and letters that we read to-day with a starved and home-sick longing in the midst of our sullen welter of democracy."

There is one city on this continent where money does not "count," where gentle speech and courtly bearing are yet heard and seen. That city is Charleston, a beautiful old Southern town by the sea, which hardly seems to belong to the vulgar commercial world of to-day. No one who has lived in Charleston can forget its old-world charm, and its beauty came back to me as I read this description of Kings Port: "Thus it was that I came to sojourn in the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America; whose

MISS ELLEN TERRY

Who has been receiving many honours on the occasion of her Jubilee, April 28th

visible sadness and distinction seem also to speak audibly, speak in the sound of the quiet waves that ripple round her Southern front, speak in the church-bells on Sunday morning, and breathe not only in the soft, salt air, but in the perfume of every gentle, old-fashioned rose that blooms behind the high garden walls of falling mellow-tinted plaster."

In the conversation between Augustus of the North and John Mayrant of the South in the old churchyard at Kings Port, there are many things worth remembering. Augustus, in expressing his warm admiration for the old ladies whose hearts are buried with the soldiers who fell a generation ago, says of the present: "There's nothing united about these States any more, except Standard Oil and discontent. We're no longer a small people, living and dying for a great idea; we're a big people, living and dying for money. And these ladies of yours—well, they have made me home-sick for a national and a social past, which I never saw, but which my people knew. They're like legends, still living, still warm and

Prince John George Princess Mary Henry

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER YOUNGEST CHILDREN

The Prince and Princess have recently arrived home from their tour of India

with us. In their quiet, clean-cut faces I seem to see a reflection of the old serene candlelight we all once talked and danced in—sconces, tall mirrors, candles burning inside glass globes to keep them from the moths and the draft that, of a warm evening, blew in through handsome mahogany doors; the good, bright silver; the portraits by Copley and Gilbert Stuart; a young girl at a square piano, singing Moore's melodies."

Mr. Wister expresses an ardent desire that these "lavender and pressed-rose" old ladies might form a kind of object lesson to the modern young persons of the smart set. "They would teach our bulging automobilists, our unlicked boy cubs, our alcoholic girls who shout to waiters for 'high-balls' on country club porches—they would teach these wallowing creatures whose money has merely gilded their bristles, what American refinement once was. The manners we've lost, the decencies we've banished, the standards we've lowered, their light is still flickering in this passing generation of yours. It's the last torch." But with all respect for Mr. Wister, or rather for "Augustus," the young women of modern fashionable society would not be at all restrained or edified by the appearance of such a gentlewoman as Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. They would vote her an old fogy and continue to shout for high-balls and smoke cigarettes under her aristocratic nose.

After all, Newport is not the United States, nor is the so-called smart circle of any country truly representative. In spite of the vulgarity of the "yellow rich," there are thousands who have not bowed the knee to Mammon, and who set Thackeray and Browning above Rockefeller and Morgan. It is in the homes of the middle classes that one must look for the best life of the people and there are many households on this continent yet unspoiled by the indecency of the class which holds marriage provincial and divorce desirable. In Canada our wholesome social life has so far been little affected by the millionaire microbe. Manners are not what they might be, but the remedy lies with the women—a taste for music, literature or art is usually the result of a mother's care and culture. The men who talk of nothing but money and how it is made, have come from homes where there was poverty of conversation, whatever wealth there may have been of dollars. How quickly one can tell whether the mother is a woman who is giving her family anything of the culture that is more excellent! The richest homes are often without that touch of discernment, and frequently where furniture is well-worn one discovers the presence of the woman who knows and feels the best in life.

Mr. Wister has given us a charming picture of the old ladies of Kings Port, and we can afford to forget his sketch of the young persons of Newport and their high-balls. "Lady Baltimore" should make pleasant reading for anyone, but to those Canadians who know South Carolina, with its chivalry and its sadness, it is a story as familiar as it is picturesque.

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

PRINCE AND PEOPLE

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT has been with us for a few days. He has gone again, and about two thousand persons, more or less, will tell their children that they once had the honour of being presented to him. If the Prince could examine the pedigrees of those who were thus honoured he would find that the parents of at least half of them came over steerage from the British Isles. From steerage to the title "Honourable" in two or three generations is easy enough in Canada. In fact, it has been accomplished in one generation by a not insignificant few. Every person has a chance in this country. Every social grade is open to a man irrespective of the social standing of his parents—with the single exception of the permanent militia, which is retained as a special preserve for the younger sons of aristocratic Canadian or British families. In Great Britain, it is much more difficult for a man to rise from the ranks to equality with the aristocracy in one generation, although it has more than once been accomplished.

There were handsome women presented to the Prince who in their younger days had been farmers' daughters, servants and even hotel waitresses. In England the difficulties which beset the ambitious woman are even greater than in the case of men. Even a minister who marries a girl "of the people" can scarcely find a pulpit either in England or Scotland. More than one clergyman has come to Canada because the pulpits were closed to him on account of his having married the daughter of a tradesman. Here no such distinction obtains.

IN DEFENCE OF THE PEOPLE

EVERY year the capitalists file into the lobbies of the Legislatures and of the Federal House and seek special franchises for the building of railways, the development of water powers and other public utilities. The governing bodies restrict these grants, more or less, in the public interest. Nevertheless some of the monopolies thus created turn out to be oppressive. The joint stock companies that control them are very greedy of profits, and have little compunction in making the people pay heavy charges.

The railways have in some cases

HON. ADAM BECK

Who has acted for the Ontario Government in the "Power" question

PRINCE ARTHUR AND PARTY AT CASTLE MOUNTAIN ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

followed this policy, and the Dominion Parliament found it necessary to create a Railway Commission with power to regulate rates. The same principle will likely be applied soon to telephone, telegraph and express companies. The Provinces are also moving in the direction of commission control in defence of the people, a railway commission and a hydro-electric power commission having been created in Ontario during the session that has just closed. The railway commission will regulate rates on all provincial steam and electric railways; the power commission will control all corporations producing or selling electric lighting and power.

The "Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario" consists of three persons, one of whom may be a member of the Executive Council. This commission may appoint a chief engineer, an accountant and a secretary, and such other officials as may be deemed requisite.

The commission has two sets of duties. In the first place it may enter into agreements with municipalities to supply them with power, and may take all necessary steps to secure that power for them. It may buy power from existing companies or expropriate their works; it may build transmission lines, and it may raise funds for the purpose of carrying on such work. Any municipality entering into a contract with the commission must pay for the power it receives, and also (*a*) 4 per cent. on the capital expenditure made on its behalf, (*b*) an annual sum sufficient to form in thirty years a sinking fund equal to the outlay, and (*c*) the cost of operating, maintaining and renewing the plant.

The second portion of the commission's duties is to hear complaints and adjust rates to be charged by any municipal corporation, company or individual supplying electric lighting, or heating, or electric power or energy. Any person refusing to obey an order or direction of the commission shall forfeit $100 per day to the uses of the Province.

This is the result of an agitation for cheap power which has been carried on in the Province for several years. Just what the effect will be, it is difficult to

forecast. The commission will no doubt be careful to see that any investments made by private corporations are fairly protected, and that individual enterprise shall not go unrewarded. At the same time, it will be under obligation to see that extortionate charges are not made, and that the rights of the users of power are safeguarded. It is expected that the chairman of the commission will be the Hon. Adam Beck, who has been in charge of the Government's investigations into the subject.

POLITICAL DISHONESTY

IT is a queer commentary on our politics and our standards of political honesty that at present in Canada there is scarcely an ex-cabinet minister who retains the confidence of the people. Almost every man who has passed through the cabinet ranks has either been guilty of misconduct, or has winked at the misconduct of others to such an extent that he is mistrusted. Not only is he not regarded with gratitude for his public service, but he is condemned for his lack of sterling integrity—that integrity which is incompatible with wrong either in himself or his colleagues.

When Mr. Borden had an opportunity to score the Laurier administration for the Cornwall Canal contract, he was hampered by having as a colleague Mr. Haggart, who had some connection with the beginning of this scandal, and at least one follower who was directly concerned. So when the land policy of the present Government was under discussion, the sins of the Hon. G. E. Foster and other Conservative members prevented an aggressive attack. As *Saturday Night* says: "The odour of the past envelops them."

In Ontario there is a similar situation. The Opposition, because of the sins of omission that were committed by its leading men when in office, cannot lead an attack. The Whitney Administration simply pulls aside a small curtain and the Opposition subsides. I am not so thoroughly familiar with the situation in the other provinces, but I have no doubt that much the same condition prevails. At the risk of being considered a man with a muck-rake, I desire to say that to my mind there is little political honesty of the higher type among our public men, past or present. This is an unpleasant statement and one which any writer must hesitate to make.

There are exceptions to this statement of course. So far as I know, the Hon. J. W. Longley, ex-Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, is a man without a stain upon his record, though he was undoubtedly partizan in his political methods. Sir William Meredith, ex-leader of the Ontario Opposition, has a blameless record. Mr. Haultain, ex-Premier of the North-West Territories, seems to be a man against whom no direct or indirect charge can be made. So one may speak of Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Hon. Edward

PRINCE ARTHUR AT WINNIPEG
Leaving the City Hall

PRINCE ARTHUR AT NIAGARA FALLS

On the extreme right is Mr. Frederic Nicholls, next to the Prince; on the extreme left is Mr. Pope, Under Secretary of State; the fourth is Sir Henry Pellatt; the sixth, Mr. Charlton of the G.T.R.; the eighth, Capt. Wyndham, Equerry; and second beyond in the front row, Capt. Trotter, A.D.C.

Blake, the late Hon. Peter White, Sir Louis Davies, the late Hon. David Mills, the late Sir John Thompson, and a few others.

Nevertheless the exceptions do not affect the general rule that most of our public men have maintained but a low standard of political conduct. They have held office with men who were guilty of political offences for which they should have been punished; they have helped to reward men who had committed political wrongs; they have stood by and seen the civil service filled with men who were incompetent or worse; they have profited by gerrymanders and ill-gotten campaign funds; they have tolerated public extravagance, class legislation and the alienation of public moneys and franchises; they have retained public office when decency and the public interest would have been better served by resignation.

This is not to say that these men have not performed great public services. They have loved their country, had faith in her future and have contributed something to her advancement. They have been amenable to public opinion and have governed the country in a general way as the people desired it to be governed. Yet they have passed out of public life without the laurel wreath of universal admiration and commendation. Consequently we have few political heroes.

When did a member of either a provincial or a federal cabinet ever resign his office rather than countenance unfair political methods, or unjust administration or legislation? When did a politician denounce his party because its campaign funds and the public patronage were improperly used? There have been private protests, no doubt, but these are not sufficient to protect a statesman's reputation. History is apt to overlook private protests.

Canadian politics and Canadian public life need a new standard of conduct. We need a few men who are willing to become martyrs on behalf of public integrity and honesty in political methods. One great step in that direction will be the abolition of all political patronage by means of more rigid and comprehensive Civil Service Acts. At least this is the administrative lesson which one learns from a study of the political history of Great Britain and the United States.

John A. Cooper.

THE NAPOLEONIC PERIOD

VOLUME IX of the Cambridge Modern History,* that grand work for which we are indebted to the late Lord Acton, bears as its title the one word "Napoleon." It might better be "The Napoleonic Period." True, as the editors set forth in the preface, "No other period in modern history—no other historical period, it may be said, except those of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, of Charlemagne—was so completely dominated by a single personality. . . . Napoleon was not only the architect of his own fortunes, but the prime creator of that enormous power with which he overawed Europe." Nevertheless, the work is not a biography of Napoleon, it is a history of the world during the time that he lived. Further, it does not attempt to give estimates of his character, but an impartial survey of the events in which he took part. It would be almost as sensible to issue a history of the United States during the past twenty-five years and label it "Rockefeller."

Napoleon certainly did create quite a furore for a time, but it was only among sovereigns and armies. The people of Europe were not greatly disturbed except during the last five years of his period, 1810-1815. There were no constitutional governments, and it made little difference to the people who ruled them—one despot or another—so long as the despot was fairly considerate. When Napoleon lost his head and became diabolical in his attempts to overturn thrones and institutions, to stop all trade upon the high seas with his "continental system," then the people of Europe rose against him. First Spain, aided by the British; then Russia, Prussia and Austria after the burning of Moscow. The result of these risings was that the allies, in 1814, found themselves in possession of Paris. The events of 1815 were merely a repetition in a new form. No despot can stand before the people when they are thoroughly aroused. Napoleon's end would have come sooner had it been necessary.

The undue exaltation of Napoleon and his importance is a subversion of the lessons of history. He was an inhuman brute, with great talents for deceiving an easily deceived people—a people who were looking for some person to govern them at a period when they were fully convinced that they could not govern themselves. He was a liar, coward, murderer, and common thug. As such, history should place him in a proper light, so that posterity will not misunderstand. To exalt his military genius to the rank of that of Cæsar and Alexander, to place him as a ruling power above Charles the Fifth and Louis the Fourteenth, is to conceal the lessons which his career left for Europe. Napoleon's policy was selfish and destructive, and lacked all the elements of stability and permanency. Even his leading marshals had nothing to offer in his defence on many occasions, and they abandoned him at the first opportunity.

Aside from the conception of the volume and its title, which to my mind destroys much of its educational value, the book is written in admirable spirit, excellent style, and with that magnificent balance between detail and perspective which is only found in great books. It disposes of many fictions, such as the burning of Moscow by the Russians; it deals with social, economic and other features as clearly as it does with military campaigns. Its comprehensiveness may perhaps be best explained by giving a

*London: Macmillan & Co. Cloth, 946 pp.

J. GORDON MOWAT

First editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, who died April 21st

list of the chapters: The Consulate, 1799-1804; The Armed Neutrality; The Pacification of Europe (1799-1802); France and Her Tributaries (1801-3); France under the Empire; The Codes; The Concordats; The Command of the Sea; The Third Coalition, I; The Third Coalition, II; The Napoleonic Empire at Its Height; The War of 1809; The Continental System; The French Dependencies, and Switzerland; The Peninsular War, 1808-14; Russia and the Invasion of 1812; The War of Liberation (1813-4); The First Restoration (1814-5); The Congress of Vienna, I; The Hundred Days (1815); The Congress of Vienna, II; Great Britain and Ireland (1792-1815); The British Empire; St. Helena.

THE MILLIONAIRE

A CURSORY observer glancing through the British novels of the day, would imagine that the upper classes were becoming extremely lascivious. In his latest novel, E. Phillips Oppenheim pictures two women, one the wife of a member of Parliament, the other a Marchioness, each throwing herself and her honour at the feet of the hero. They act much as a squaw might in reference to a handsome white man who had invaded the back regions of America. There is some excuse for the squaw, with the loose notions of marriage and morality which have prevailed among certain tribes since the advent of Europeans on this continent; there is no excuse for the two leaders in London society. The squaw has neither education nor religion; the London women are supposed to have both.

Mr. Oppenheim is not the only British novelist who has given us such pictures—pictures which cannot but be a debasing influence in any home to which they penetrate. He is not the only one who uses black paint on his canvases. If he does not paint a true picture—then the people of England should see that he is properly punished. There should be some means of reaching a blackguardly novelist as there is a blackguard in any other calling. Morley Roberts, in "The Idlers," as noticed in April, does the same thing, and there are others one might mention. Are these men to go unpunished? Are the publishers of these obscene tales to be allowed to print anything they wish? A nation which provides Boards of Health to preserve the purity of the atmosphere, should surely be as keen to preserve the purity of its literature!

"Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire,"* is the title of Mr. Oppenheim's book. It is apparently designed to show what a powerful thing money is if used by a callous and evil-minded man. Embittered by an unjust sentence to penal servitude, Wingrave comes back to work out his vengeance on those who have wronged him and on society in general. He succeeds fairly well and is only redeemed at the end by an inartistic and illogical situation. There is little necessity, however, of treating the book seriously. It is not a work to be commended, though it will probably find plenty of

*Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

readers through the medium of Andrew Carnegie's beautiful libraries.

OTHER NOVELS

IT seems only the other day that S. R. Crockett's latest book came on us, and now there is another. A real lively tale, too, called "Kid McGhie,"* with all sorts of "rum" characters, and plenty of slum slang and thieves' talk. Of course, there are the usual castles and clans and all the Scottish paraphernalia to give it the necessary biting quality. The churches and the parsons are not overlooked, for what would a Scotch novel be without a meenister? Good value for your money, too; four hundred well-packed pages, and the "Kid" with a tartan cap looking out strikingly from the front cover.

"The Heritage of the Race,"† by David Lyall, is also full of Scotch scenery and life. There are collie dogs and shepherds and other simple folk—not really bad people like those in "Kid McGhie," just common people with human failings and passions and virtues. The dialogue is a bit lofty and stately and out-of-place, but what does it matter? It is another book, and another story, even though it is about nothing in particular. It is wholesome, let us be thankful, and will do no harm. Its touch will pollute no one and perhaps it will please a few simple-minded Canucks. If so, let it pass.

"The Healers," by Maarten Maartens, is a very ordinary story of medical life and its possible misunderstandings. The scenes are mainly European, consequently there is a deal of home-made French phrases and a psuedo-continental atmosphere. It is another excellent book for the Carnegie Libraries. It is a full inch and three-quarters thick and looks like real literature. Those who do not read it, would scarcely be able to tell the difference. From the outside view, it might be a masterpiece.

*Kid McGhie, by S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†The Heritage of the Race, by David Lyall. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Carolina Lee,"* by Lillian Bell, is the story of a young lady, born of Southern United States parents in the American legation at Paris. The scenes are laid partly in Europe and partly in South Carolina. Christian Science plays quite a part in the motif. It is rather brightly written and some of the situations are rather novel. If Andrew Carnegie happens to turn to p. 13, he will find these sentences:

"For nearly forty years the South has been poor, with a poverty you cannot understand, nor even imagine. There has been no money to buy books—scarcely enough to buy food and clothes. The libraries are wholly inadequate. Consequently current fiction—that ephemeral mass of part rubbish, part trash, which many of us despise, but which, nevertheless, mirrors, with more or less fidelity, modern times, its business, politics, fashions and trend of thought—is wholly unknown to the great mass of Southern people. . . . . But compared to [with] the omnivorous reading of the Northern public, the South reads nothing. Therefore, in most private libraries to-day, you find the novels which were current before the war."

MR. EGERTON CASTLE

MR. EGERTON CASTLE, author of "If Youth But Knew," was born in London in 1858. He was educated at the Universities of Paris and Glasgow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, went through Sandhurst, rose to be Captain of the Royal Engineer Militia, and later prosecuted extensive studies in submarine mining. For ten years he was

EGERTON CASTLE

Joint-author of "If Youth But Knew"

*Carolina Lee, by Lillian Bell. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

OWEN WISTER

Whose latest novel is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

on the staff of *The Saturday Review*, since which time he has been editor of the Liverpool *Mercury*. His lifelong devotion to swordsmanship, which found expression in his first book, "Schools and Masters of Fence," savours the atmosphere of his novels, most of which have their scenes laid in Europe in days before the disappearance of the *code duello*. A rendering into French of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto" first called attention to Mr. Castle's gifts; and he took his place as one of the most delightful and enjoyable of modern novelists with the appearance in 1898 of "The Pride of Jennico." "Young April" and "The Bath Comedy" followed soon after. Some of his best books have been written, as is "If Youth But Knew," with his wife, Agnes Castle. His recreations, aside from fencing, include rifle and pistol shooting, cycling, and rambling in country scenery and old towns.

NOTES

Students of electricity and its transmission will find the Reports of the "Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario" very useful.

It will surprise many people to know that Sir Francis Hincks was tried in 1879 and found guilty of an offence for which the minimum penalty was two years' imprisonment. The offence was that as president of the Consolidated Bank he had allowed a false return to be made to the Government. The story is told in the latest issue of the *Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association* by Professor Shortt.

There are four articles on Forestry in the June number of the *Queen's Quarterly*, and a second article on "Church and State in France" by W. L. Grant.

Haight & Co., Toronto, have issued their three catalogues of Canadian books in neat cloth binding. These three volumes are absolutely indispensable to any person who is making a collection of Canadian books. In one volume there are 1,006 titles of works published in this country between 1791 and 1895, with the approximate value of each.

"A First Book of Forestry," by Filibert Roth, issued by Ginn & Co. of Boston in 1902, has been re-issued. The work is excellent.

"Roland Graeme, Knight," by Agnes Maule Machar, originally published in 1892 by W. Drysdale & Co., Montreal, has been re-issued by William Briggs. This is one of the best bits of fiction ever issued in this country and the new edition should be heartily welcomed.

The article in the May *Pearson's* (English edition) on "How to Make a Nation of Marksmen," by Lord Roberts, should be read widely in this country. Lord Roberts has been leading in the movement for miniature rifle ranges and more numerous rifle clubs among citizens, colleges and schools.

The Report of the Ontario Archivist for 1904 contains 1,376 pages in its two volumes. It comprises the report of "Proceedings of the Loyalist Commissioners" who in 1785-6 investigated all claims for compensation arising out of the Revolution which resulted in the formation of the United States.

Idle Moments.

THE 7-43

MY one interview with the Edinburgh stationmaster had been somewhat fatiguing, so when next I had to make enquiries I went to the information bureau which I had in the meantime discovered. Nothing, it appeared, could be easier than to make the trip from Edinburgh to Lowestoft, in Suffolk; I should start at 7-50 a.m., change cars at Peterburgh, and would reach Lowestoft at 7-43 p.m. In writing to the friends I was about to visit I mentioned these details, and received by return of mail a letter stating that what I contemplated was utterly impossible, as the 7-50 did not stop at Peterburgh. How was I, a mere foreigner, to decide between these conflicting statements? I appealed to the guard as the highest authority; surely he would know where his own train was going! He acknowledged that it passed through Peterburgh without stopping, but said there would be no difficulty about my reaching Lowestoft by the time named, as he would himself see me off at Grantham. What time would we arrive in Grantham? At 2-35, I need not worry, he would see me safe into the Peterburgh train.

A most satisfactory arrangement! At two o'clock precisely I looked out of the window and beheld Grantham! Taking my life and my umbrella together in my hands I alighted. The agent here informed me that there would be a train in a few minutes for Peterburgh, and one leaving there at 4-45 would bring me into Lowestoft at 7-43. Was he sure? Sure as the Bank of England. There was no longer any chance of a mistake so I wired, "Arrive Lowestoft 7-43."

We reached Peterburgh at half-past three, and I decided to spend the hour before train-time in exploring the town and cathedral. To make assurance doubly sure, before leaving the station I said casually to an official of some sort, "The train for Lowestoft is at 4-45?"

His reply was, to say the least of it, startling. "There's the train naow, Miss; if you run you'll ketch it."

There was no time for questions, and no person within a hundred miles to be scandalised by my curious behaviour; so at the top of my speed I fled the length of the station, up the steps, across the bridge, down the other side, and exceedingly lacking in dignity and in breath, into the train. It started instantly, and then I had time to reflect on my extraordinary proceedings. Suppose it should be the wrong train? And how could it be the right one when I had been told by every separate individual from Edinburgh southward, that I should leave Peterburgh at a quarter to five? I looked at my watch and groaned. It was not yet four o'clock, and I was miles from Peterburgh, whirling I knew not whither. Why had I questioned that wretched man, who probably knew nothing about the matter? Why had I been so ready to believe him? And why, in the name of all common sense, had I made a spectacle of myself, racing down a sedate English platform to the evident amazement of the decorous English public, to catch a train I did not want? I was still engaged in these and similar cheerful meditations, when the guard came, and I showed my ticket in fear and trembling. Wonderful to relate I was actually in the right train again. As soon as I could control my astonishment sufficiently to speak, I asked, "What time do we reach Lowestoft?" and like a voice in a dream came that everlasting refrain, "At 7-43."

"And what time does the train arrive there that leaves Peterburgh at 4-45?" I continued.

"Oh, bless ye, Miss, the 4-45's the slow train, she is. She won't get there afore ten o'clock!"

Thus, by good luck entirely, and not by

THE TWO GRINDERS; OR, SCIENCE THE SISTER OF ART.—*Punch*

means of any good management, I achieved the impossible, and at 7-43, to the minute, greeted my surprised and admiring relatives. As we drove to the house, my cousin said to her husband: "After all, Walter, it is not impossible when a Canadian undertakes it. They are a wonderful people!"

"*Dulce et decorum*," etc., but I would solemnly warn any other patriotic Canadian against such gymnastics as I performed for the glory of my native land.

Nora Milnes.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUESTS

"VAL" is a French-Canadian giant, proprietor of the fishing privilege on several choice lakes, and of a hotel adjacent to them. He is a silent man, says a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, and seldom speaks except to good purpose.

He sat one day behind the bar, rubbing a jointed rod, when his assistant entered, having in tow two new arrivals—extraordinary imitations of man, called "globe-trotters." Their monocles marked them as Britons. Val gave them not a glance.

"Ah, my—er—my good fellah!" said one, stroking his drooping moustache.

"Good evening!" said Val, impassively.

"Ah—you have—er—fishing round heah?"

"We have."

"And—er—boats?"

"Yes."

"And—er—guides?"

"Yes."

"Then—er—my good fellah, you may—er—show us our rooms. We shall remain heah for some time, if you show that you are—er—deserving."

Impassive still, the giant selected two keys, conducted the guests upstairs, came back, and resumed his task of polishing. Almost at once heavy boots came down the stairs, and one of the newcomers reappeared.

"Ah—er—my good fellah," he complained. "Really, don't ye know. I'm surprised. No water in the room. Have to treat us better than that, ye knaw!"

This time there was no doubt. Val raised his eyebrows. But his voice was quiet as he called a boy and ordered the water. It went up in blue-enamelled pitchers. Almost at once the tourist reappeared.

"Ah, my—er—good fellah," he said. "Haven't you a—er—a glass jug anywhere, fit for a gentleman to drink from?"

Then the impassive one spoke.

"Say," he said, "you know dat train you tak to harrive here?"

"Certainly."

"She's come hup, hup, hup, all de time, ver' slow, is it not? Tak two hengine?"

"Yes."

"Tak long while to harrive here, is it not? Always hup, hup, hup?"

"Yes—er—quite an ascent."

"Ver' good. In de morning—six-feef-teen—she's go down, down, down. Den she go fas', like blazes. I call you een time."

Val returned to his task of polishing his rods, and the tourist, after vainly puzzling for the key to Val's remarks, went upstairs to commune with his fellow-traveller.

BACK TO NATURE

"LOOK pleasant, please," said the photographer to his (more or less) fair sitter. Click! "It's all over, ma'am. You may resume your natural expression."

—*Selected.*

Oddities and Curiosities

A ROYAL TRAIN

IT is not often that Canada has the privilege of entertaining members of the Royal family, and consequently "Royal" cars and trains are not so common here as in England, where all the large railways have cars which are reserved for royalty. For the visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught, each of the three large railways provided a special train.

The writer had the privilege of examining the train supplied by the Grand Trunk, and it is certainly worthy of commendation. It is electrically lighted throughout by a turbine engine and dynamo installed in the baggage car. A telephone system is provided with an exchange in charge of an operator; not only was communication possible among all the cars on the train, but when standing in a station-yard connection was made with the Bell Telephone System, so that the occupants of the train might have the use of their local and long distance circuits.

The train itself consisted of a suite of cars, if one may so speak. The "Violet," Sir Charles Rivers Wilson's private car, was occupied by Prince Arthur and his equerry, Captain Wyndham. This contains three separate bedrooms, a small dining-room, and a bathroom, all luxuriously appointed. The dining car "Monroe" was manufactured by the Pullman Company for exhibition purposes. It is finished in Flemish oak, relieved with coloured glass and wrought iron electroliers along the sides, and rich yellow panels in the ceiling. This black and yellow contrast gives an effect almost unequalled in cars of this kind, and is decidedly pleasing. A compartment sleeping car, with seven communicating staterooms and two drawing-rooms provided accommodation for the other members of the party. The "Viceroy," a fourth car, contains a smoking room, a buffet, a barber shop and a tiled bathroom. The illustrations which accompany this

A PORTION OF THE DINING CAR "MONROE"

Provided for Prince Arthur's train by the Grand Trunk Railway System. It is finished in Flemish oak

THE SMOKING ROOM OF THE "VICEROY"

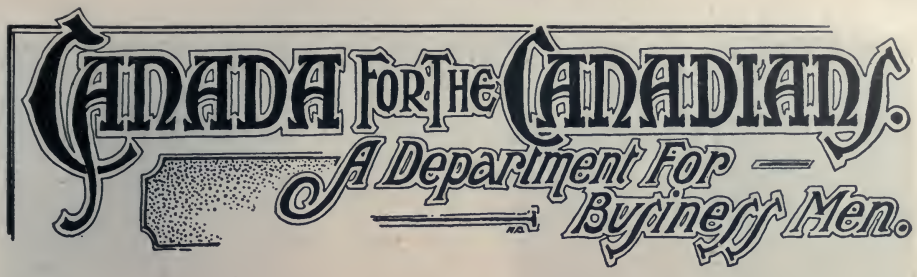
The souvenir books provided by the Grand Trunk are worthy of special mention, notwithstanding the fact that they were printed in the United States. The time-table of the tour is illustrated with coloured illustrations of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Niagara Falls. The cover is a green black Russia leather, on the front of which appears the Connaught coat-of-arms, emblazoned in the Royal colours and stamped in gold in high relief. It is further ornamented with the Canadian coat-of-arms. The maps were mounted on white silk and bound in leather. There were also equally handsome souvenirs of Niagara Falls and the Victoria Jubilee Bridge.

will give a better idea of the character of the workmanship of these cars.

One great difference between Canadian cars and British is the size. Canadian cars are large and ponderous, while the British cars are small and delicately designed. The Canadian cars have more upholstering and more massive furniture. In other words, they lack the daintiness of the British cars. Nevertheless, there is something to be said in favour of the Canadian (or American) style as adapted to a country where the journeys are longer, and where the road-beds are newer and more prolific in curves. This particular train shows that the tendency at present in America is to modify the highly ornamental style which has been so characteristic of "Pullman" and other sleeping cars.

A BEDROOM IN THE "VIOLET"

Used by Prince Arthur during his journey over the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways



CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

JUDGING by our success in endeavouring to secure the names of a thousand citizens willing to join a Civil Service Reform League, Canadians are not aware of the great need for this reform. Patronage has not yet become a public nuisance—in the minds of the majority of people. A great many names have been received, but the total is not yet equal to one-half of the number desired.

The journalists are awakening on the subject, though some of them have been working along this line for years. The following editorial appeared recently in a St. John, New Brunswick, daily paper:

THE PATRONAGE EVIL

We are fond in Canada of boasting superiority over all other British colonies, Australia especially. But there are things we can learn from Australia to our great advantage. They have discovered, for instance, how to regulate the patronage evil, which is the curse of our political system. Instead of allowing public servants to prescribe the amount of salary each is to receive, to badger ministers for appointments, and to threaten conscientious members with defeat at elections, each state parliament has transferred the appointment, control, and remuneration of civil servants to an independent tribunal, constituted for the purpose, called "the public service board." The board is composed of three members, irremovable, except by the vote of both houses. It inquires into the qualifications of applicants, determines the nature of the examinations held for the higher classes, regulates (by comparison with the wages paid by private employers for similar work) the remuneration for each class, recommends all appointments and promotions, and hears all appeals and complaints. Thus not only is a vicious influence removed from politics but an efficient and progressive civil service is provided.

The editor of the Stellarton, N.S., *Progress*, writes: "Please enter my name on your Civil Service Reform League and may heaven crown your labours in that respect with success."

A prominent barrister in Calgary writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in adding my name to the list of those who are anxious to see a change in our civil service system. I am convinced that this system is at the bottom of our present unsatisfactory political system. If reforms as suggested can be brought about, our political life will be elevated and purified. I shall have some of my friends here send in their names.

Yours sincerely,

E. HART NICHOLS.

The following comment is from Mr. J. S. Willison, the editor of the Toronto *News:*

TORONTO, April 19th, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—Any movement towards a permanent, non-partisan civil service would have my sympathy and support. I cannot think that a man has any more right to claim a public office because he is an active party worker than a person who teaches in Sunday School has a right to claim the church collections. There is nothing that would contribute more to the decency and dignity of Canadian politics than the rescue of the public offices from the control of party heelers and patronage committees!

Yours very truly,

J. S. WILLISON

A friend of civil service reform sends the following particulars of a sample case at Ottawa: For five years there have been two first-class clerks in one of the departments at Ottawa whose fathers were well-known politicians. Their office hours are from 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., and on Saturdays from 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.—a total of 28½ hours per week. During these "long and arduous" five years they have averaged about four hours' work per week, devoting the other 24½ hours to reading

SAN FRANCISCO—UNITED STATES REGULARS ON DUTY DURING THE FIRE

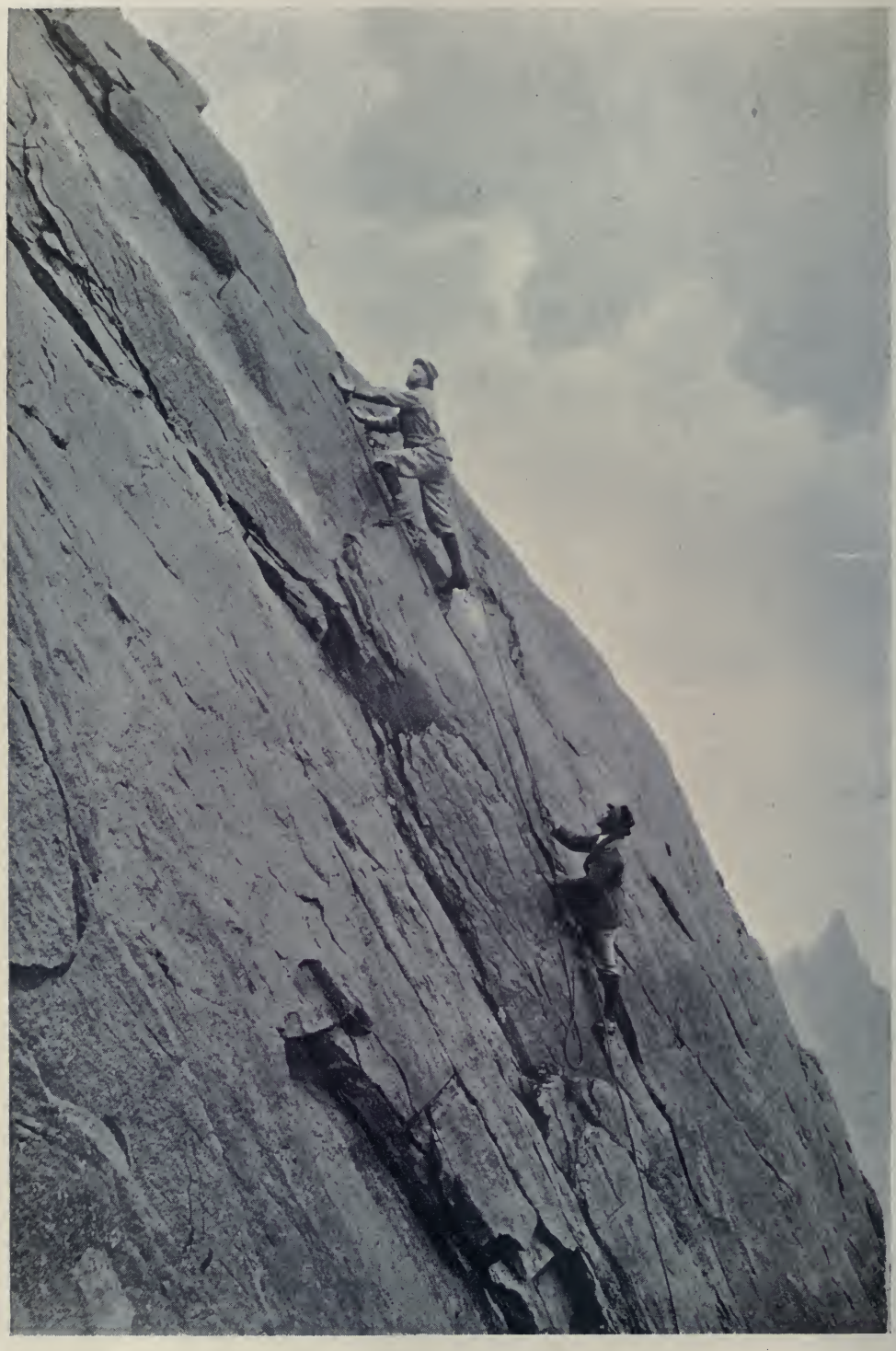
the current newspapers; one receives a salary of $1,800 a year, the other $1,950.

This is but a sample. There is little use in blaming the politicians. They are what the people make them, and are amenable to public opinion. To arouse public opinion there must be a Civil Service Reform League, with a permanent secretary and an influential executive. This reform cannot come from within the service; it must come from without. Investigations must be made, literature and information distributed, a new system devised, and finally the question must be forced upon the House of Commons.

WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

WITH regard to the advantages, or otherwise, of possessing great wealth we get from Mr. Carnegie what may be regarded as an inside view, says the Montreal *Herald*. His avowal is disconcerting when he avers that "beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness," and as if to clinch the subject he adds, "millionaires who laugh are rare." It is quite true that those burdened with the responsibilities of great wealth seldom laugh in public, but there has been a suspicion that they did chuckle a good deal in private at the stupidity of the average mortal. But the question will naturally arise, why shouldn't they laugh and laugh heartily, and if great wealth brings but little happiness, why do they still strive for more after they have it in abundance?

It is hardly likely that the majority of millionaires will endorse Mr. Carnegie's opinion even if they have failed to use their wealth so well as the Laird of Skibo, for one may assume that the measure of happiness to be drawn from great riches depends upon the purposes in which it is employed. It is quite true that these are not exactly comfortable times for those who have come into possession of their millions by questionable means. When one sees the whole press of a country pillorying its dishonest millionaires one can understand that it is not conducive to serenity of mind to be included in the "cormorant gang."



ALPINE CLIMBING

The Lower Slabs on the Aiguille Charmoz

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Climbing the Chamonix Aiguilles

Some Difficult Ascents in the Shadow of Mount Blanc

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM, Member of the English Climbers' Club and the Swiss and Italian Alpine Clubs

IN one of the early editions of Murray's "Guide to Switzerland" it was said that few people had ascended the mountains, and those who had were chiefly of unsound mind. Ideas have changed since then, for nowadays mountain-climbing is rapidly becoming one of the most popular sports, and no longer involves an imputation of insanity. Some of the accompanying illustrations may raise doubts in the minds of many readers, but a visit in the season to one of the great climbing centres, such as Chamonix, will prove that the mountaineer is an ordinary healthy-minded mortal and scarcely lacking in intelligence.

The village of Chamonix is beautifully situated in the narrow pine-clad valley of that name, with rocky aiguilles towering on either side, and Mont Blanc, wearing its crown of everlasting snow, rising far above its many neighbours of more striking aspect.

Were one standing in Chamonix at the door of the famous Hotel Couttet from midnight to 10 a.m., one would see all grades of parties starting on their various expeditions. From 12 to 3 a.m. would be seen groups of two or three climbers with guides stealing quietly into the night, bound for Mont Blanc, or more likely for one of the Aiguilles. These men have coils of Alpine Club rope round their shoulders, and carry ice-axes in their hands. These are the real mountaineers, who have a genuine love of the hills and take mountain-climbing seriously, thinking and talking of it to the exclusion of all other sports. Then from 3 to 5 a.m. would be seen a somewhat different set of men, who come downstairs with an expression of mixed boredom and sleepiness on their countenances. These are also accompanied by guides, and it is their ambition to achieve such feats as the traverse of the Mer de Glace to the "Jardin," or to ascend Mont Blanc as far as the Grand Mulets Cabane. They are clad in ill-fitting clothes and heavy boots, and have long alpenstocks in their hands. Their faces are all smeared with vaseline and powder, a general air of discomfort pervading their whole being. These are mountaineers *a la* Baedeker, and only their pride, or maybe some rash bet made with a friend, hinders them from slipping back to bed. Then from 5 to 9 come various tourists, in some cases without a guide, bound for the Brévent, Montanvert, and the Mauvais Pas, Flégère, or other of the shorter excursions. To such, mountaineering is only indulged in for the pleasurable views it affords. Several are mounted on mules, intending to go to the height of their ambition on mule back, and walk down by another route. Doubtless theirs is a very pleasurable lot. They have no midnight starts or hard grinding uphill by lantern light, nor scarcely do they risk falling into crevasses or having to sleep out on a narrow ledge of rock, or even on their mules, through bad weather.

But it is the real mountaineers who essay the conquest of the more difficult Aiguilles. These high pinacles push their rocky crests through the everlasting

THE TOPMOST PINNACLE ON THE AIGUILLE DE L'M

snows to heights varying from 11,000 ft. to 13,000 ft., and their ascents are generally considered the hardest climbs in Europe.

It is an excellent training to walk up Mont Blanc before tackling such peaks, specially if the snow and the weather are in good condition. Under the opposite circumstances, when at every step one sinks almost to one's waist in the soft snow, and the storm sweeps over its tremendous snowfields, blotting out all landmarks, the "Great White Mountain" is best left alone, for then it adds to its long list of victims.

We made the ascent early one June, the day after such a storm, and passed a large party of guides carrying down two travellers and a guide who had lost their way and slipped down a long ice-slope until a wide crevasse, which stretched across their course, kindly stopped further progress to destruction. Had the crevasse proved to be as deep as several we encountered next day on the Grand Plateau near the summit, they must have perished. Luckily it was only about twenty feet deep, and a great bank of newly-fallen snow seemed to have been providentially placed for their reception at the bottom. As it was, the guide had his right leg broken, and of his two companions one had a broken collar-bone and the other suffered from general shock. Our party all felt the effects of fatigue and slight mountain-sickness, due to the rarity of the air on the higher part of the mountain, but after a day's rest we were ready for more serious climbing.

The Aiguille de l'M was our introductory rock peak, and the illustration on page 199 shows two figures ascending the difficult crack in the last tower which forms the actual summit. This crack grows very narrow higher up, and there was very little support for one's weight, except by jamming the left knee into the innermost recesses of the crack, which

was coated with ice. It was a very sensational place, for with this slight support the climber had to wriggle up the crack, and if he had had time to contemplate the view, he would have seen a straight drop of a thousand feet to the rocks below. The summit was so uncomfortably sharp that only one person at a time could have the pleasure of sitting on it. At any rate, none of our party seemed anxious to stand up in the slight breeze that was blowing, so we hurried down the ridge by an easier route. All went well until we had passed all serious difficulty. The day was far spent, so to save time we had unroped and were descending the big snow couloir to the glacier. Our porter, carrying our photographic apparatus in a rück-sack on his back, was coming down a short distance behind us. We had gained a small ledge of rock at the side of the couloir, when a startled exclamation from my brother and a burst of *patois* from the porter caused us to look round. First we saw an ice-axe come whizzing past, followed immediately by the porter lying on his back with arms and legs all asprawl, shooting down the steep, hard snow at a terrible speed. We were powerless to help him, and could only stand and gaze until he crashed with a most sickening thud into the rocks on the wall of the couloir, then ricochetted across to the other side and straight on down again. He was abruptly brought up by some small rocks jutting through the snow near the edge of a vertical drop over a buttress of about forty feet. He lay as he had fallen, with one leg doubled up under him, and made no answer to our shouts. It took us several minutes to make our way down to him. He lay quite still until we turned him over, and we felt relieved to find him still breathing, and, though covered with cuts and bruises, we failed to find any broken bones. After dosing him with brandy he recovered consciousness, and soon got on his feet again. He was badly shaken, but we found, when we took our camera from his rück-sack, that it was stove right in, and this probably saved his life when he crashed

GIVING A SHOULDER

THE LAST SLAB AND SUMMIT OF THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ

into the side of the couloir. We had engaged this rash and thoughtless young porter for a fortnight, so next morning, when he limped to our hotel and told us that his mother wanted him at home for a few days, we were delighted, and extolled the wisdom of his fond parent.

Our next expedition was an attempt on the Aiguille de Grépon, which is probably the most difficult peak in the Alps. The illustration "An Awkward Crack" conveys a capital idea of much of the climbing to be encountered there. Above where the leading figure is seen there is a narrow ledge, upon which it is possible to stand for a short rest before tackling the dangerous and almost vertical ridge which stretches up to the lower peak. We found the ascent of the crack a stiff problem, on account of its steepness and icy condition. The Grépon abounds in situations of that kind, but in no part of the climb is there quite such a sensational position as the one illustrated. The precipice continues almost perpendicularly downwards from here for three thousand feet or more to a small glacier above the Mer de Glace. When we reached this point, only about five hundred feet below the summit, the wind suddenly arose and a dense snow-cloud rolled up from the glacier as from a tremendous cauldron. Our leading guide then remembered that he had a wife and family in Chamonix, eight thousand feet below, and expressed a disinclination to depart this life in pieces. We quite appreciated his arguments, and, as the storm increased, the descent of the rocks to the Glacier Nantillon gave us many anxious moments. After some exciting adventures due to avalanches, which at frequent intervals came thundering down the crags on each side of us, we reached the hotel at Montanvert, rather more than five thousand feet above Chamonix. Here we stayed for several days, using it as a centre for other excursions.

The Grépon was first ascended by the late Mr. A. F. Mummery, who was lost

CLIMBING THE LAST TOWER ON THE AIGUILLE DE L'M

AN AWKWARD CRACK ON THE GRÉPON

in 1895 amongst the Himalayas. There is a remarkably difficult crack on the ordinary route which the guides now call the Cheminée Mummery, and of which an amusing story was told to me in Chamonix last autumn.

An extremely stout German climber of untold wealth had engaged six Chamonix guides to take him over the Grépon. As each guide expects for this course the sum of £12, it will be readily understood that wealth is an important part of the climber's equipment, though it is very possible that in this case there was a reduction for quantity. By dint of tremendous exertion, aided by cognac, the guides got their charge as far as the Cheminée, and four of them mounted to its summit. Then the stout amateur essayed the ascent, and assisted by two guides, who shoved from below, and the four others hauling with the rope from above, they got him nearly half-way up, and into the narrow part of the crack. Here the brave German of untold wealth became hopelessly jammed, for the harder they hauled from above the tighter he stuck, and though those below made gallant efforts to rouse him to independent action by prods with an ice-axe, he relapsed into a state of semi-unconsciousness. It took the guides over three hours to get him and themselves out of their predicament by descending, so for that day the route up

the Grépon was effectually blocked and one party at least had to give up the attempt on that account.

The Aiguille de Charmoz is the next peak to the Grépon, and affords magnificent sport. We started for it from Montanvert one fine morning at 1 a.m., with the stars glittering from a cloudless sky in that sharp, clear way which in the Alps usually promises perfect weather. It was very dark, but by the light given by our two small lanterns, and the flickering flashes of fine-weather lightning, which ever and anon lit up the mountain side, we made good progress to the glacier. Light clouds came up with the sunrise, and as we trudged steadily upwards, we had glimpses through the mist of snow-tipped summits, flushed with the dawn, and towering far above us. Ere long the glacier steepened, and great towers of ice loomed threateningly in front, as if ready to fall on us as soon as we came within range. A low cry of "Attention!" from our guide warned us of danger, and carefully but speedily we crossed below their shadows to gain some rocks, which rise in the middle of the glacier. Up these we scrambled, and reached the glacier again above the dangerous portion.

THE AIGUILLE DE GRÉPON FROM THE CHARMOZ

(The two white crosses at the left mark the Cheminée Mummery)

On we went through intricate systems of crevasses, up icy couloirs and snow-covered rocks, where ice-axes were indispensable, until the final ridge was reached. At one point our guide was almost defeated by the overhanging rocks, but by mounting on the shoulders of the second climber, he was able to grasp a large hand-hold and draw himself up into a secure corner. The last climber had to be hauled up this part. He did not enjoy the sensation of dangling in mid-air, with nothing but a thin Alpine rope to prevent a sudden and uninterrupted descent to the glacier a thousand feet below. Some enjoyable climbing over dry and easy rock slabs up the ridge landed us on the top, just as the last wisps of morning mist disappeared, and we basked in glorious sunshine.

Few Alpine summits can equal the Charmoz as a viewpoint, for it stands in the centre of an imposing array of rocky

THE UPPER ROCKS OF THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ

aiguilles, with Mont Blanc rising proudly above them all. But we dared not stay long amid such scenes, for the snow was melting in the sun, and avalanches and other dangers await the lingering climber. The summit rocks were soon left far above us, and in the great couloir between the Charmoz and the Grépon we had to use great care on the steep, loose snow. Eventually we reached the glacier, and racing as hard as possible below the overhanging ice pinnacles, we were soon jödelling to friends who had watched part of the climb through the large telescope at the Montanvert.

Succeeding days saw us engaged on the Aiguille de Blaitière, the Dent du Requin, the Aiguille du Tacul, and the Aiguille du Moine (twice). Nothing unusual happened on any of these, excepting during our second ascent of the latter peak.

Whilst taking a photograph near the top, one of us had the narrowest escape from a terrible accident that I have ever seen. The culprit, whose name it would be kindest not to mention, had unroped and traversed out with me on the steep, but comparatively easy, ledges on the left side of the ridge, to secure a photograph of the others whilst negotiating the difficult arête. My companion helped me with the camera, and after testing a large mass of rock, he stood

on it, and steadied my foot with one hand, whilst with the other he held a leg of the camera-stand. I was just about to make the exposure, when an ominous grating sound came directly from below, and I felt a sharp tug at my boot. A quick glance downwards showed my companion starting to slide down the steeply-inclined face of the precipice, on the mass of rock which had given way beneath him. Trained by long experience of peril and sudden danger, he seemed instantly to realise his position, and just before the rock darted down a thousand feet into space, he grabbed a firm handhold which was luckily within reach. He was left dangling over this tremendous cliff suspended by one hand, and we had some anxious moments, until we saw him, with admirable presence of mind, gain a secure hold for his feet. He soon scrambled up to my level again, none the worse for his impromptu ride, but looking considerably scared and very pale. He was much annoyed with himself for an accident on such an easy place, and, being an experienced mountaineer, the injury to his pride seemed to weigh more with him than the danger through which he had gone.

A Canadian Olympionikos

(A Canadian writer, evidently deeply stirred by the victory of Sherring in the Olympic Games, sends us the following effusion:—*Editor.*)

ATHENS, May, 1906.

I

BEHOLD the ghosts of Leonidas the Spartan,
Thersippos, Philip, and Miltiades
Pausing pensively several leagues from Athens.
Beside the road on grassy crest there lay
A youth—a fair-haired youth, smiling, asleep,
Whose daily custom 'twas to pace the storied course
'Twixt Marathon and Athens for practice sake,
To teach his supple limbs the secrets of the ground.
For lo! the hour of th' Olympic Games approached,
And out of all the contests none were of more fame
Than the fleet errand from Marathon to the Stadion.

II

Seeing the youth asleep the Attic spectres paused
And gazed upon him: Then "No Greek, 'tis clear,"
Murmured Leonidas, and, "No Persian," Philip said;
"I never saw his like. Perchance some Scythian wild
Or Northern stranger, since 'tis as I hear
The games of Hellas are to all the world
Open and free. But surely this barbaric youth
Is over vain to hope to wrest the prize.
Whence comes he here, and why?" Whereat
The shade of Philip touched the sleeping form.
The youth sat up and rubbed his eyes and said
"All right! Two cars for Smithville Junction, and
A Standard Oil for Cobourg—and—but where am I?
Excuse me, sir—ah, yes, I know—it's my mistake,

I thought I was across the seas again
In my own Western country on the Grand Trunk Line."

III

Grave looked Leonidas. Likewise did Philip stare
And eke in wonder did upraise his palms.
"Whence come you, boy? Tell us your name.
Are you of Thrace or Italy? Your mien is strange."
Then spake the fair-haired youth to all and said:

SHERRING

"I am a Canadian from Hamilton, Ont.
By name Bill Sherring, and of humble birth,
Whose sires did cross some seas not on your maps,
Ten times the length of Greece, and ten times that.
I am a brakeman on the Grand Trunk line,
And for a livelihood shunt midnight cars upon
Inferior tracks to depots semi-proximate,
Cars filled with sardines and molasses, dry goods and implements
Employed by agriculturists in occidental parts.
My presence here on Attic ground I can explain
In lightning phrase. We boast good public schools,
And while at school I read with kindling eye
Of Olympia, the verdant vale of Elis,
Of triumphs, trophies, and of olive wreaths,
And wondered whether Spartans and Athenians
And Elians and Borotians were really better men,
Especially at sprinting, than our champions
Of Hamilton's Athletic Club. I often ran myself,
And was at it no slouch. I ran from Oshawa
To Whitby, a διαλος as you would say,
And eke a δολιχος and won it every time!

IV

Then did it gladden me to hear one morn,
When I was munching sandwiches in the caboose,
And glancing at the *Globe*, that these Olympic games
Had been revived. That they were due again,

In several months. So then and there I vowed
I'd straightway steam to classic Greece, and pit
My Western prowess against the Greeks and all
The other races there to meet. I timed
My pace from Galt to Guelph, full seven leagues.
It took me but an hour. Then to myself said I,
'Olympian Zeus, I'll win!' Forthwith my scanty hoard
I drew from out the bank (the Standard Bank) and sailed
For Greece. And here am I, behold me, gents,
Bill Sherring, brakeman on the Grand Trunk line."

V

No word the spectres of the heroes spake
But smiled on Sherring, who to sleep returned,

Preferring much the open Attic sky,
To the vivacious mattresses of the caravanserai.

VI

'Twas run at last—the race from Marathon,
And sorely dazed and weary in his limbs,
Sherring, the olive-decked Olympionikos
Sank, the while the Stadion was all tumult,
Sank once more in slumbers and did dream
Again of Leonidas and also of Miltiades,
Inextricably mixed up with Tomkins his conductor,
With couplings, waybills and long-delayed down-freights,
And Sadie Hopper, of Niagara, whose pies and doughnuts
Excelled the *mets* of the Athenian boots,
Yea, of all hotels and pastrycooks of Hellas.

A. Kennedy Mann

Loma and Insa

A Vancouver Island Indian Legend

By DONALD A. FRASER

ONCE upon a time there were two Indian maidens, named Loma and Insa. Loma was a trifle older than Insa, but they were great friends and inseparable companions. Neither could remember the time when she had not known the other. All their tasks were done together; picking berries in the woods, gathering clams on the sea-shore, cleaning salmon or making baskets, these two would always be found near each other.

At length the time arrived when their fathers began talking about choosing husbands for them from among the braves of the tribe, and the thought filled the heart of each girl with sorrow, for they knew that then their happy friendship would have to end.

"I would rather have you than ten husbands," cried Insa.

"I only wish I were a man and then I would marry you," replied Loma, throwing her arms around her friend's neck.

One day they were out in the forest gathering berries when night came on. They tried to find their way back to the village, but soon discovered that they were lost. This did not frighten them at all, as there were no wild animals about, and they knew they could easily find their way when the sun rose the next morning. So they sought a soft, mossy bed beneath a large-spreading fir tree, and lay down to sleep.

The stars were shining brightly in the sky; the girls could see them winking and blinking through the branches of the trees.

"How pretty the stars are!" cried Loma. "Oh, if I could have a husband as beautiful as a star, I would not mind getting married, would you, Insa?"

"Not if I could be near you," her friend answered.

"I wish that big red star were my husband."

"Do you? Why, I would rather have that one over there, that shines with a green light."

Talking on like this for a time, they at length fell asleep locked in each other's arms.

Suddenly they were awakened by voices calling them by name. Up they started in alarm. Before them stood two of the most beautiful men they had ever seen. With faces as white as their pure white robes, and hair golden and shining like the light of the stars, the men appeared to the girls like a celestial vision.

"Who are you?" cried the maidens together.

"We are the star-husbands you were wishing for," was the reply. "We heard you wishing and have come for you. Away up in the sky is the beautiful Star-land where we dwell. If you will come with us we will try to make you happy. Will you come?"

Loma and Insa, at first frightened at their unusual appearance, were soon quite charmed with their fair looks and gentle manners. So Loma, with a little hesitation, answered:

"We will go if you promise not to separate us."

"We promise. In Star-land you will live quite near each other, so you can still be friends."

Then the girls agreed to go. So each of the men took one of them in his arms, and bidding her keep her eyes closed until she was told to open them, they flew straight up into the starry skies.

After a while they alighted on firm ground, and Loma and Insa were bidden to open their eyes. They found themselves in a beautiful country very much like their own on the earth; soil, green grass, and a large forest of cedar trees, just like those near their own home. The people and the houses were different, however, the former being fair and

shining like their husbands, and the latter large and built of white stone.

At first the girls were delighted with everything they saw; but after a short time they began to grow homesick. The Star people always held aloof, and looked askance at these dark-skinned maidens. By-and-bye even their husbands seemed to tire of them.

As they were roaming through the cedar forest one day, Loma said to Insa, "I am going to look over the edge of this cliff."

"Take care," cried her companion, "or you will fall over. It seems very steep."

Loma, however, lay flat down on the ground and drew herself towards the edge. What a sight met her eyes! Away below she saw her old home and all the surrounding country spread out like a map.

"Oh, Insa!" she cried, "this is the edge of the Star-land. I can see our home down there. How I wish I were there!"

"So do I," sobbed Insa, as she crept to the cliff's edge and peered over.

"But how can we ever get there?" asked Loma. "I am sure our husbands would be angry if we were to speak about going back."

Insa thought awhile, then suddenly exclaimed: "I have an idea. Let us come here every day and twist a long rope of the cedar bark. We can tie one end of it to a tree, and let the other end over the cliff till it reaches the ground, then we can slip down it."

The plan was approved by Loma, anp at once they commenced their task. They broke off cedar branches, and taking the inner, fibrous bark, twisted it into a good, strong rope. Then day after day they came again, whenever they could get a chance, until at last they had a great coil of the rope ready; enough, as they thought, to reach the earth.

Everything, at length, was ready. Tying one end of their long rope around the trunk of a large cedar, they dropped the other over the edge of the cliff, paying it out carefully, yard by yard, till they felt it strike the ground. Then they prepared to descend.

Loma went first, and when she was well started, Insa followed. Thus, one after the other, they climbed down slowly, till at last, with hands torn and bleeding, th y reached the earth.

To make sure that no one should descend after them, they set fire to the rope.

Their friends were delighted to welcome them back, and listened with open eyes, ears and mouths to the story of their adventures.

By-and-bye they were married to two brave Indians who were just as great friends as their wives. So Loma and Insa saw each other frequently, and were happy and contented.

"It seems strange," said Insa to Loma, one day, "that we should have gone to th stars in search of happiness, when all the time it was awaiting us at home."

Golden Day

BY H. REMBE

CHEER up, my heart! Fresh morning comes;
I see the golden crown of day;
Its beams enlighten now the tombs
Of night, and shadows fly away.

Flee, sleep, dark kinsman thou to death;
Flee, too, afflicting dreams of night!
Farewell, my resting-place, I bathe
My soul in morn's dew cool and bright.

Rise, happy morn; rise, golden day;
Take wings of brightness, and ascend;
Destroy all gloom, in glory sway,
And guide me, weak, by thy strong hand.

PROFESSOR GEORGE M. WRONG

Canadian Celebrities

No. 70—PROFESSOR GEORGE M. WRONG

THERE are to-day, and probably have been ever since the old Egyptians walked beneath the glimpses of the moon, and the Athenians practised dialectic in the green groves of their academy, two sorts of professors. On the one hand there is the type represented, for instance, by the late Principal Grant of Queen's—practical, public-spirited, with a horizon not bounded by things academic. And on the other hand there is the type represented by the immortal, but unpronounceable German professor who spent the flower of his days in a study of *'ava* with the genitive —the type that Browning sings the praises of in his poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral":

> "He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—
> Properly based *Oun*—
> Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
> Dead from the waist down."

Professor George M. Wrong, needless to say, belongs to the first of these types, the type of the professor who is alive and alert to the things of to-day. There is nothing about him of the pedant and the pundit, or of the mere historical specialist and dry-as-dust antiquarian. If one may be permitted to go so far afield for a simile, he is not unlike the type of the English Oxford graduate in politics, the man who takes a catholic

interest in scholarship and literature and public affairs. The son-in-law of the Hon. Edward Blake, his interest in the public questions of the day is profound; and though his position as a professor in the Provincial University prohibits his having any avowed politics, there are few men who observe closer than he does the course of public events.

It is by the volumes of biography and history that he has published that Professor Wrong is best known outside Canada. His recent "Life of Lord Elgin," which met with a flattering reception in the English press, and his very successful history, "The British Nation," have gained for him an international reputation. His first book was "The Crusade of 1383," published in 1892. Latterly he has published a number of historical textbooks and has edited some miscellaneous historical publications, such as "The Letter of a French Inhabitant of Louisbourg in 1745," which he edited and translated in 1897. A very important work which he has carried out for the last nine or ten years, in conjunction with Mr. H. H. Langton, the University of Toronto Librarian, has been the annual publication of a "Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada," which a prominent Canadian historiographer once characterised as "a publication of national importance." It is an evidence of the high position that Professor Wrong has won for himself in his department that he is an associate editor of the new "Encyclopedia Americana." And what he has already accomplished is only an earnest of what he will accomplish.

It is somewhat startling to record that when, on the death of his predecessor, Sir Daniel Wilson, Professor Wrong was appointed to the Chair of History and Ethnology in the University of Toronto, a veritable cataclysm took place in that venerable institution. On the ground that Professor Wrong owed his appointment to the fact that he was the son-in-law of the Chancellor, *The Varsity*, which is the newspaper of the undergraduate body, protested editorially against the appointment in terms that even now are charged with heat and acrimony; the editor of *The Varsity*, the late Mr. J. A. Tucker, was expelled from the institution for his editorials; the students went out on strike in a body; the Professor of Latin and one lecturer resigned because of sympathy with the students; and probably Professor Wrong was as unpopular a man as there was around the university. But the whirligig of Time has brought its revenges. Professor Wrong has bravely lived down that unpopularity, and now there is perhaps no more popular professor in the faculty of Arts. His lectures to his students are racy and entertaining to a degree unusual with lectures, partly owing to a delightful sense of humour, which is continually appearing in them, and partly owing to his occasional lapses into the vernacular, which delight the soul of the average undergraduate. He never hesitates to refer to the morning newspaper, and to draw an analogy or a contrast in his lectures between the condition of things to-day and the condition of things in times past; and indeed, often his lectures are as striking a commentary on the Twentieth Century as they are on the Twelfth. There are more than a few of his former students who regard as among the most treasured of their books the worn note-books in which in a fugitive hand the lectures of the Professor of History were caught and held.

A monument of Professor Wrong's interest in his students is the Historical Club of the University of Toronto, which he founded a couple of years ago, and which is assuredly unique among university societies. Instead of meeting, like the typical departmental society, in the afternoon in a dim and stuffy class-room, it meets in the evening around at some of the best houses in Toronto. The membership is open to men of any faculty, and the subjects discussed are of live and present-day interest. The result is that where the other departmental societies are moribund or defunct, Professor Wrong's Club is prosperous and flourishing. *Ex uno disce omnia.*

Professor Wrong, though of English extraction, is a Canadian born and bred. He was born at Grovesend, Ont., on the 25th of June, 1860. Educated at

University College, Toronto, he took his B.A. degree in 1883, and his M.A. degree in 1896. After pursuing his theological studies at Wycliffe College, Toronto, he was ordained to the Anglican ministry. After ordination he was Dean of Residence in Wycliffe College and lecturer in Church History. A little later he spent some time at both Berlin and Oxford, studying history. In September, 1886, he married the daughter of the Hon. Edward Blake, K.C., M.P. In October, 1892, he was appointed lecturer in History in Toronto University, on the death of Sir Daniel Wilson. In 1894, he was appointed Professor of History and Ethnology, and has occupied that chair up till the present. Since 1894, his life has been quiet and uneventful. He has continued to be active in church work, and frequently occupies the pulpit in one of the Anglican churches in Toronto. Every Sunday afternoon he teaches a large Bible Class of workingmen in North Toronto, in connection with a mission of St. Paul's Anglican Church, and exercises also a benevolent personal surveillance over these men, a surveillance that sometimes extends further than his left hand knows. For a number of years he has spent his summer holidays down among the French-Canadian peasants of the St. Lawrence, where he does a good deal of his writing. Like most other professors, he plays golf, and unlike most other professors, he plays it well.

Stuart Calais

The Depot-Giants

By WALTER CORNISH

"NO, sir; you will pay every nickel."

The clerk of the camp launched the verdict with a studied disrespect for Hank's feelings.

"And listen to me," he added, with an arctic unpleasantness. "When you have finished your disreputable address you will perhaps remember that you hold an official permit to pick up your paper and quit."

Whereupon Mr. Sawyer once more glared volcanic fires, and hurled out a fresh throatful of originalities. The pith of his speech was unmistakably coarse.

"Not for any low-down coon of a blank nib-pusher shall I lift a blankety leg."

The clerk carefully wiped his pen on a shred of blue serge, and got up from his chair. It was a nuisance; but the sands of argument had obviously run clean out. For quite twenty minutes he had wasted the company's valuable time in an attempt to satisfy this person that the official monthly deduction of fifty cents for mail-delivery was not an imposition and a fraud. More than that! This individual in the filthy shirt had, at hiring time, haggled for thirty-four dollars a month for chopping; and, despite the foreman's unbusinesslike concession, he had perseveringly hunted for trouble ever since. It was plainly a quest that did not deserve disappointment.

"Hank Sawyer."

The clerk's square jaw pushed out two sharp, ugly corners.

"On the edge of that desk, Hank Sawyer, lies your pay-order. In my own judgment, it is three times too long a price for a man who has been flying off the handle ever since he came. By golly, you're a waster—"

"Wot the Gawd d'ye think I'm—"

"And if you was my man, Hank Sawyer, I'd chase you through the bush as far as—"

"Yah!"—the hard-faced lout was fast losing his temper—"Yah! You couldn't ketch a—"

"Listen, you! In this corner my

policeman is waiting for his breakfast. Buller!"

A massive St. Bernard rose from the shadow behind the stove, and bared his teeth expectantly.

"That's the dog. Here's the paper. Say, which'll you take? Smart!"

The little man's heavy jaw poked out another quarter-inch, and his hands knotted into fists. For a moment the big shantyman hesitated. Then, with a deep-chested snarl of passion, he sprang at his tantaliser's throat.

Thus, by some weird process never properly explained, Mr. Sawyer suddenly found his head banged hard against the wooden door, whilst two painful rows of teeth sank into his leg. He had not completed his gasp of astonishment when his pock-marked nose collided nastily with the frozen track outside the office.

"Buller!"

The dog ceased to worry the fallen man, and trotted obediently through the log-framed doorway. His tail had scarcely vanished when the door closed with a whisk. A key was turned, and the clerk got down on his knees to smooth out the wrinkles in the goatskin rug.

Mr. James Norton had a passion for neatness. Barring whiskey, he loved the neat in all things. The very click of his regular, white teeth and the tight junction of his straight lips conveyed a voiceless eloquence. Neatness oozed out of the man. It glazed the collar of spotless celluloid, and played geometrical parlour games round his plaid tie. It buttoned his black-cloth gaiters and arranged a thin gold chain from vest pocket to vest pocket with startling exactitude. By it, his dark-brown hair was plastered carefully on either side of a sacred beltline; and his hands were manicured by the same spirit which had driven even rows of nails round the office walls, to be festooned with nightshirts, guns, towels, clothing, calendars, hanging shelves of stable medicines, and all the orthodox etceteras of a central depot office.

Each of the leather-backed volumes drawn up in line on the worm-eaten desk shelf wore a little paper label on its forehead, and declared itself, with red-ink emphasis, to be "The.....Book of the Diamond Lumber Company of Ontario."

To the man who neglects to grasp the importance of this statement, must also be proclaimed the impressive truth that every verse and chapter of these sacred records was given under the direct inspiration of Mr. James Norton, whose present mission in life it was to trace the temporary fortunes of some eighty gentlemen at Briggs', sixty-two men at McFlint's, and fifty-one hulking scoundrels at the Depot.

Why the boys at Central Camp should at all times include the biggest blackguards in the township of Stanley, was a problem that made Mr. Norton's head ache. But as it was in the beginning so it had ever been. No man who once entered the low range of wooden buildings sprawling along the waterline of the Red Chalk River ever came away with his morality unscratched or his former beauty entire. Some of him was missing.

In Tim Callahan's case, for example, it was a substantial piece of the left ear. Good-natured Epher Tribe mourned the loss of a fresh complexion. Mick Misk left behind him five New Year resolutions and a little toe chopped off during the course of a heated argument with an axeman. The moonlike eyes of Tommy Tangletoes were surrounded by dark indications of a stormy night. And so on. In one way or another, every man bore the impress of the Depot's individuality; and was proud of it—though pride is a weak word for the air of royal swagger with which the shantymen managed to convey to the nervous settlers of Stanley the righteous belief that they were the hardest, wickedest and most lawless gang south of the Red Hills.

And what the camp lacked in ways of rascality was amply supplied in the person of the foreman. Hank Sawyer was the foreman. He was to the fore in anything from fantan to blood-letting.

It is perfectly true that the company had put in another miserable little slab of a man whom it pleased them to recognise as foreman in the pay-list.

Nevertheless, the roost was ruled by Hank, who crowed mightily over the

fact, and poured as much fiery spirits down the throat of the flabby overseer as it suited him to do.

Truly, the governing executive was in a bad fix at the Depot. Nothing seemed to produce any permanent benefit. Not even personal visits of inspection from partners of the firm. Nor periodical changes of clerks or foremen. Nor even fresh relays of men. There was something in the atmosphere—the old traditional curse handed down from gang to gang. That the men valiantly tried to live down their evil reputation was a tribute to their heroism. In an age which cares so little about the past that it actually encores any loud-voiced breaker of respectable images, this fidelity to precedent seems touching.

And it was in the middle of this delicate situation that Mr. James Norton had resolved to have a crisis.

It was a painful crisis. It hurt all day, and raged like a fever towards night, when the teams and men trooped from the darkening bush to the place of flickering lights.

Then a profound astonishment fell on every soul. "Wild Hank" had not gone for his monthly drunk to Dorville. There he lay, in a bunk, with his face turned to the wall.

Was he sick?

"No! . — . ! — . ! . . . ! ! !"

He belched out a flood of oaths whose diction was appalling. In fact, Mr. Dave Simmons, who was a connoisseur on the subject, opined that the reply "might easily have set an icicle on fire."

It certainly was very, very strange that neither tender enquiries nor offers of beverage would tempt Hank to reveal the seat of his distress. Point-blank he refused to come out into the lamplight. He just lay prostrate, and droned out his blood-curdling music.

The gang of bulky giants squatted round the edges of the two-decker bunks, and anxiously chewed round the riddle.

It was a solemn occasion. Every disorder from colic to rheumatism was gravely discussed. Every man had noticed symptoms of illness in the behaviour of Hank during the past few days. Every mind had nursed premonitions of the evil which had come upon their daring leader.

Just as they were tossing a quarter as to who should ride to Dorville for the doctor, the tously head of the foreman's eldest son bobbed into the glare.

Round his celestial nose puckered a lively grin.

"Yah; who broke Hank Sawyer's nose?"

The ogres gasped, and looked in each other's eyes.

"I seed 'im do it. Outside the office. Yah!"

The proprietor of the piping voice lapsed back through the doorway, and got out of the range of possible retribution.

A faint and far-off "Yah" was heard amid a breathless silence.

Then every man jumped in his mocassins; for, with an unearthly crash, the subject of their thoughts jumped down from his bunk to reveal a bruised and battered face that might have frightened any average child into convulsions.

The rhetorical speeches which followed were of too acid a quality for ordinary steel pens.

Suffice it to say, that a council of war was immediately convened, and, after a great deal of argument, in which the more impetuous spirits were with difficulty restrained from a frontal attack on the clerk's citadel, they finally agreed to a stratagem which might have done honour to a Talleyrand.

II

The new clerk was in a placid mood.

A storm was coming; and a preliminary calm was good for the nerves. So he lit a small cigar. It was from England; and the customs officer's greasy fingers had not spoiled it.

Through the delicious blue spirals of smoke he studied the first brutish face. Yes, there was a blizzard en route.

He picked up the wet pen, and prepared to register.

"What d'ye want?"

"Five plugs," was the sulky answer.

"How?"

"Three chewin' and two smokin'."

Mr. Norton made the entry, and

taking his keys from his pocket, unlocked the "van." This was a huge store cupboard standing at the side of the desk, bearing a striking resemblance to an amateur photographer's dark room. Indeed, Mr. Norton, having a taste for the fine arts, often used it for that purpose.

From its shelves he now pulled sweaters, mitts, shoepacks, medicines, rubbers, and other necessaries. The price of each article was duly marked off against every customer's account. Then out the men tramped, after securing their mail.

On this particular evening there was, for the first time in remembrance, not a single jest made at the clerk's expense. In the eyes of two or three there were even sparkles of admiring interest. But the majority were grim,—black—hostile. Yet no regrettable incident occurred. Mr. Norton grew thoughtful. It was a peculiar happening that nothing should have happened. He must think it over. Carefully he locked all the doors and set out for a healthy walk.

The path was full of darkness and wind. The tall birches creaked and swayed like great white sails. Unknown animals stirred in the undergrowth. The air was damp and unpleasant; and the wet patches on the ground made the clerk feel glad that he had been shrewd enough to don his tall rubbers.

He was even better pleased with his foresight, when he overheard some fragmentary words just before he turned the second bend in the road.

"That'll fix 'im."

It was the vindictive voice of Mr. Sawyer.

"You bet."

That was the squeak of Matt Avery the Incapable.

"Give us a clear coast," went on Hank, "and we'll have the little bantam in the penitentiary. Hand 'em over now. The duplicate keys, I mean. Then when he goes down to McFlint's I'll clear half the van; and you can put the walking boss up to examining the stock on Thursday. Hand 'em over."

"But there's the dog," came the doubtful reply.

"D——n the dog. It'll go with Norton, won't it? Hand 'em over."

But the foreman still hesitated. He was weak-kneed even in his villainy.

"But the —"

"Hand 'em over." The phrase was plainly a threat.

There was a sharp jangle of keys; and the clerk, who, during this time, had stood rigidly fixed to the ground, felt that it was time to move. Cautiously he tiptoed away, and then rapidly made back to the camp.

In a flash he had seen through the whole contemptible scheme. Of the existence of the duplicate keys he had never dreamed. What a nest of devils he was in! His mind was quickly resolved on a plan of action.

So after he had chained up Buller in the stable for the night, he went and had a little chat with the cook. Offhandedly he mentioned that he was wanted at McFlint's right away, and would be gone for the night. The curious awkwardness with which the cook received the news betrayed his complicity in the plot; and Mr. Norton had an awful wrestle with himself. The temptation to dip that man's head in his own soup was so powerful that he simply turned round and fled—to McFlint's.

Through the blackness he raced, first down a log road, then over the ice. It was a weird sort of journey. The dim shores of the river melted into big stretches of forest which swept in dark ridges up to the roof of the night, making a valley of such vast proportions that the wind roared like a titanic waterfall to find so grand a place.

And in the middle of the melting ice, the tiny mannikin fought the blast, praying that his feet might not stumble into one of the numerous holes cut for illicit fishing. But round the end of the valley, the wind was less strong; and the balance of the journey became quite easy.

It was a relief, however, to see Mr. Simon Steyne, the walking boss, sitting comfortably in front of the McFlint office stove, though it was not so pleasant to have to explain his errand at an hour usually devoted to closing the eyes. Mr. Steyne showed signs of drowsiness, and

was therefore inclined to be sceptical. The whole story sounded too improbable, too theatrical, too much like an instalment of a cheap serial.

"Oh, darn the van!"

The clerk stiffly pointed out that it would hardly be possible to darn or otherwise mend the hole that would certainly be made in the company's stores.

"Somebody will be responsible," he concluded, with a rude emphasis which plainly meant "It won't be me."

"Oh, go to the —"

"With pleasure," interrupted the cool voice.

The man with the face of a bully bit his lip. This new kid was a mustard pickle. There was no help for it.

With a longing glance at the warm stove he grumblingly rose, and started out on the wretched trip of investigation. His surly opinion was that it was all a tom-fool farce. This idea he repeated with many interesting variations all the way. Nor did he depart from that view when, after sitting in the cold darkness of the Depot office over half an hour, they were unrewarded by any sign of the conspirators.

"Hush, fool!"

The faint creaking of a door was heard. Then low voices and shuffling feet came near the office. The clerk scuttled behind the truck-bed and hugged his revolver tight. Simon Steyne sat in his narrow cell listening with amazement.

Sure enough, the door was being unlocked; and a gleam of light showed that someone was entering the room.

The robbers were in excellent spirits.

"O! O!" chuckled Mr. Sawyer. "Won't the prig be sorry for his cowardly scrap?"

The glowing answer came from his friends: "Not 'alf."

"Where's the key, Hank?"

"Here, my son. Hold the light."

A flare of light burst through the chinks of the van, and the key turned. The door swung open.

"Here's the —"

"Well?"

A cry of dismay escaped the lips of the five men as the walking boss stepped out from the cupboard. He sneeringly watched their confusion.

"Well?"

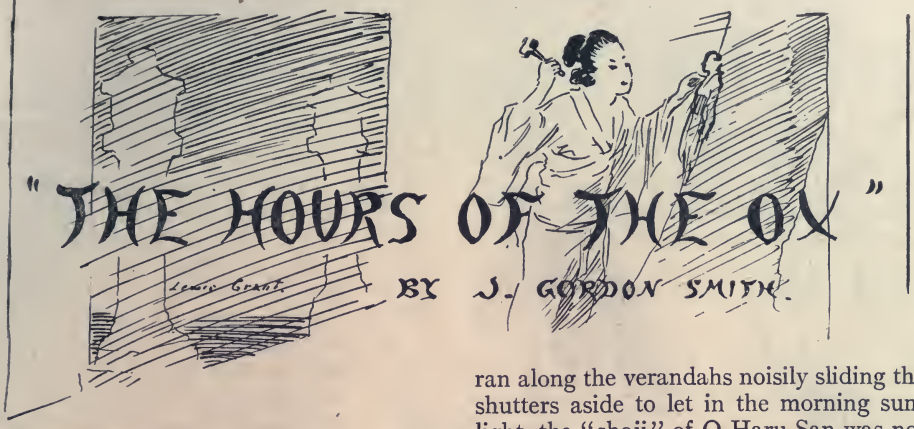
The word was like a grain of pepper to Hank.

With an oath that was half a yell he snatched at a weapon hanging near the window. Crack went the clerk's revolver; and Mr. Sawyer was seen staring with a ghastly look of fear and pain at a damaged thumb. It was smashed above the first joint into a ragged pulp. The trigger automatically clicked for the next shot at the same moment in which Mr. Norton darted a swift glance at the other men. But the rebellion had ended.

Next morning, Hank Sawyer, the flabby foreman, and several others were discovered to be missing from the camp. Unfortunately it was not the only discovery made.

When Jim Norton went to the stable with Buller's breakfast, he found the dog lying with glazed eyes and stiffened form close by a piece of poisoned beef. With a sudden disturbance in his throat he realised that every victory is ticketed with a price.

At the risk of overweighting this scrap of history with excessive comment, we cannot resist pointing out a signal example of the truth that a man's opinions must necessarily be moulded by his masters. It is that, right from that time, the crafty walking boss began to drop fulsome compliments as to the clerical management of the Red Chalk River camps; a shrewd policy which reaped its reward in after years, when little Jim Norton had climbed the last rough flight of steps leading to the lumberman's throne.



ON the Street of the Geisha—a narrow street of unpainted and picturesque houses with sliding doors, paper-panelled, and with paper lanterns, aglow with mellow light, fronting every residence, each lantern bearing the honourable name of the dwelling it fronted—lived O Haru San, the dainty Miss Chrysanthemum, a pretty maid whose coal-black eyes flashed between tilted eyelashes and whose raven-black hair, so neatly coiffured in double pompadours, ever glistened with fragrant oil. The House of the Stork which stands midway from either end of that lantern-lit lane—you will recognise it by the carvings over the porch—was known throughout the city because O Haru San lived there; and the other geisha, whose life, like hers, was to amuse, were not jealous of her fame. No one could be jealous of O Haru San—at least so the old "Neisan," the old woman with blackened teeth who "mothered" a score of singing girls, has told me. She was liked by all, but now the koto and the samisen are silent in the Street of the Geisha, the voices of the singers are unheard beyond the house fronts, a striking difference from other days when the twang of the samisen and the tinkling of the koto was heard even until "the hours of the ox": those quiet hours of early morn when only the watchmen with their clanking truncheons are abroad. Now, the geisha are sad because O Haru San is dead.

When the house coolies shouted "O Hayo" (honourable good morning), and ran along the verandahs noisily sliding the shutters aside to let in the morning sunlight, the "shoji" of O Haru San was not pushed aside as on other days. Her pretty head was not stretched out to return the greeting as usual. She lay on her "futami" with still hands clasped tight on a photograph, and a wisp of black hair—the photograph and hair of a soldier who had given his life for his country in the fierce fight at Nanshan. The dainty O Haru San could no longer answer greetings. She was dead. Her life's blood stained the clean matting, flooding from the soaked pillow to the "shoji," whose paper panels hid the verandah beyond and the garden below it. An open wound at her throat and a blood-covered knife on the floor told their own tale. The photograph she held told more. This is why the old "Neisan" took it from the still brown hands before the sworded policemen came to ask questions—hard and cruel questions. The answers noted in their little books, they went away leaving the geisha of the House of the Stork alone with their dead. The geisha knew what the policemen did not know, that the unfortunate Miss Chrysanthemum had taken her life because Yamamura the soldier was dead overseas. They believed the geisha had gone to join her soldier lover in that mystic plane where the shades journey in search of the eternal peace of Nirvana.

It is a sad story, that of Yamamura and O Haru San. Once the little maid had lived in a house which stretched for yards and yards in a beautiful wisteria garden at Shinagawa. Before she was born the

"Together they had stood on the curved bridges"

white-walled "nagaya" which enclosed the villa had housed her father's retainers, two-sworded Samurai, who fought their master's battles and upheld his honour within the land. But this was before the evil days came, and a dwindling fortune saw the "nagaya" emptied before her mother died. Yet O Haru San was content; she and her father were sufficiently blessed with riches to live in comfort, if not in keeping with the old-style lavishness. And O Haru San was in love, which gave contentment. Often in her happy girlhood days she had stood with the trailing wisteria—its pale blue blossoms beautiful in the night light—falling on her shoulders from the bamboo frame overhead; and, as the moonlight filtered through the flowery screen, the youthful Yamamura from the neighbouring villa had stood with her, feeding the goldfishes which swarmed in the little lake before them. Together they had stood on the curved bridges, the semi-circular platforms over the necks of the ponds, watching the glowing lanterns that swung in the evening breeze, and saying the words that lovers have repeated since the world began. In those days, the happy days of youth, the young man had vowed eternal love.

Time changes many things. In the years that followed, the fortunes of Nobukata, the father of O Haru San, dwindled away, and when his remains were buried at Aoyama, beneath the cherry trees, the relatives apprenticed the orphaned girl, then budding into womanhood, to the old woman in the House of the Stork in the Street of the Geisha. There, when he returned from the school to which his father had sent him, Yamamura found his childhood's sweetheart, and they sat together on cushions spread on a mat-covered floor between four paper-panelled walls, whose little squares of paper were like frosted glass, while O Haru San twanged the three-stringed samisen and with her shrill voice sang the old-time love songs her lover liked:

"I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights along the shore.

You have been mine before,
How long ago I may not know;
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore."

So she sang, and they were happy. Yet when they heard the singing of O Kaka San from an adjoining room both sat silent, for the song she sang was of a broken string, the omen of coming separation:

"There!—oh, what shall we do?
Pledged for a double existence,—

And, now as we sit together,
The string of the samisen snaps"!

As O Kaka San sang beyond the "shoji" the lovers were brooding—the snapping string told of divided lives. But it could not be. Some day Yamamura would exchange pillows with her, and carry her off to a garden where wisteria grew and iris bloomed at the edge of a pond where goldfish swam. He had promised to do so; and because of that promise O Haru San found life pleasant. She rode away at night in the train of her companion geisha, with the mushroom-like hat of the "kuru-maya" bobbing before her as he ran, dragging her in his little two-wheeled jinrikishka, to places she did not know, where she danced the quaint cherry dance, the fan dance, and all the old ceremonial dances; and she sang and danced gracefully before rich merchants and others who gave banquets; she performed at many celebrations, even that at the Nobles Club, when Marshal Oyama and his staff made merry. But all the while she thought of Yamamura.

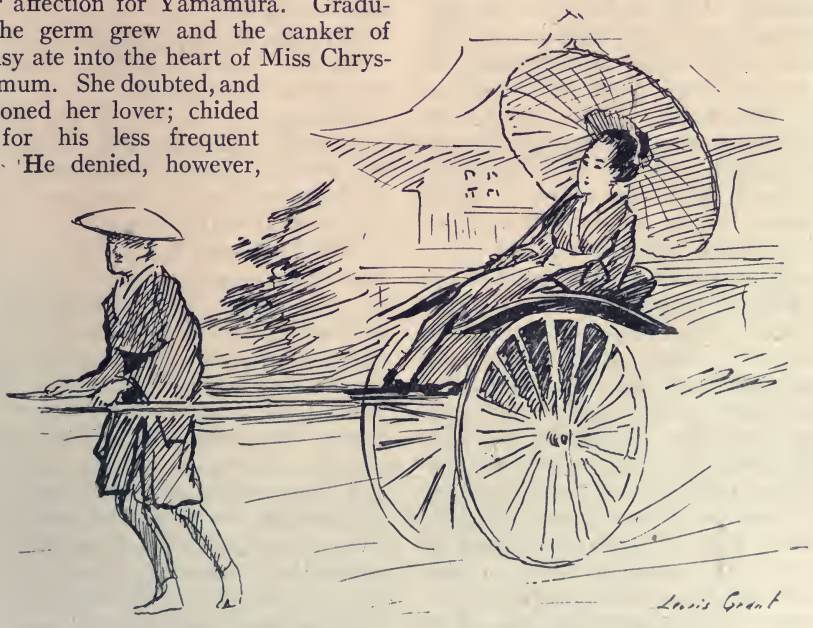
One day the geisha told her tales of a Miss Flower Bud—O Kohana San—and of her affection for Yamamura. Gradually the germ grew and the canker of jealousy ate into the heart of Miss Chrysanthemum. She doubted, and questioned her lover; chided him for his less frequent visits. He denied, however, that another shared the affection he gave her.

"Can one see the moon when the sun shines?" he said; and O Haru San was happy again.

Yet, the suspicion remained, and when Yamamura was called to the colours, to join the "Dai Ichi Rentai"—the First Regiment—and to go to fight overseas, it had been increased because of the tales the geisha told her.

And that night the "string of her samisen snapped."

Two days later the First Regiment entrained at Shinbashi for the front. Standing in the crowd, her brightest "haori" and gayest "obi" about her, her pretty face profusely powdered, contrasting with the dull red of her bamboo-framed umbrella of oiled paper, O Haru San watched the soldiers march by. There was bustle and trampling all about her, but O Haru San was more interested in the young girl who learned over the balustrading of a verandah opposite throwing flowers on the crowds below. The bugles sounded loud, and the people were tip-toeing on their stilted "geta" to see the passing regiment. Loud were the shouts of



"She rode away at night . . . to places she did not know"

"banzai." The soldiers were imposing in their warlike array. Their heavy coats were tightly rolled and fastened about their knapsacks, and boots, canteens and all the field impedimenta, brightly burnished, were loaded on their backs, packed neatly. The roads were muddy, rain was falling, but the soldiers plodded on and the people cheered them on their way.

"Banzai," shouted O Haru San with those about her; but like his comrades, Yamamura the corporal passed on silently, not noticing the geisha who had shouted so shrilly "Ten Thousand Years." Yet, he looked up at the girl on the balcony, and waved his hand to her, smiling as he did so; and she threw a spray of plum blossoms down toward him. O Haru San saw all these things, and she shuffled out of the crowd with a heavy heart to weep at her home in the Street of the Geisha.

As the days passed, the tales the other geisha told her of the fair Miss Flower Bud, daughter of the silk-seller of Kyobashi-cho, made her sadder and sadder. Hardly a day passed but saw her weeping.

In a corner of her room stood a samisen with a broken string.

It was the "hours of the ox," the darkest, stillest hours of the night, when all good people slept, and O Haru San feared that demons would spring from among the trees as she shuffled up the avenue of sacred cryptomeria. At the far end she saw, dimly, the two lanterns at the temple entrance and the faint flicker of the candles that burned before the altars of Amida the Peaceful. She set her lips together, and went on, fearfully, into the holy grove. Once when the priest boomed the hollow "kan-kan" at the temple gate, she gasped and almost fell, but she plucked up courage and went on, Jealousy was stronger than fear. Clutched tight in her hand, hidden in the baggy sleeve of her kimono, she held a wooden doll, an effigy of Yamamura the faithless, which Kimochi, the carpenter, had made for her. With a robe of white covering her gayer kimono, a little mirror dangling from her neck, and three candles, set in a stand, fitted to her hair—all the proscribed requirements of a custom as old as the age-worn and moss-grown lanterns—she had made her way in the quietness of early morning, after the custom of forsaken maidens, to the Temple of Amida. With a hammer and nails brought from the carpenter shop she fastened the image she brought to the sacred cryptomeria. There, on her knees, she prayed that the gods might slay the fickle Yamamura, who had smiled at the maiden who leaned from a verandah as the soldiers marched by. Then O Haru San gathered up her belongings and stole away. The next night she would go again and drive more nails in the sacred tree, until, to save the holy cryptomeria from further desecration, the messenger of the gods—the monkey who travels in space as fast as the shooting stars—would strike Yamamura dead.

A few days later the geisha was told that her former lover was dead. Then a flood of remorse drowned all other passions. As she read the tragic tale of the fight at Nanshan in the *Nichi-Nichi* the "Neisan" brought her, and learned that her one-time lover was among the killed, she wept bitterly. She sorely regretted that she had gone in "the hours of the ox," after the custom of abandoned maidens, to mar the sacred trees so that the gods might slay him. Now she would have him live again.

It is ever the way of women, and these women of Japan differ little under their skin from those overseas.

Together the geisha of the House of the Stork quatted on their cushions about the weeping Miss Chrysanthemum, and O Kaka San took the paper she dropped, and read aloud the tale the *Nichi-Nichi* told of the bloody fight in the closing days of May at Nanshan.

"*The First Regiment was exposed to the hottest fire*," read O Kaka San, 'and,' she interpolated, 'they are the men of Tokio with whom Yamamura, the lover of the lovely O Haru San, fought.' "*For hours*," she went on, "*the regiment held its place close to the enemy's position. At five o'clock it was ordered to capture one of the enemy's forts armed with machine guns. These guns had been working havoc; their capture was ordered at all costs. A picked force volunteered for the work. The men removed their leather boots and placed sandals on their feet. They advanced*

calmly, going forward in the face of an awful fire, but when they reached the wire entanglements, not more than two hundred yards from the guns, none stood. All had been shot down."

"Corporal Yamamura was among the brave men; he died a glorious death," said the old "Obasan." "Should not O Haru San be proud?"

But O Haru San was weeping bitterly; she was thinking of how she had stolen out in the still "hours of the ox" to pray for the soldier's death.

. . . . "*Colonel Ohara determined to take the fort,*" read O Kaka San. "*The Third Regiment sent men, and more than one hundred were shot down. Further advance seemed impossible, but Colonel Ohara was determined to take the place. The Rising Sun standard was advanced in front of the regiment. The colonel drew his sword and shouted from the van to encourage his men, and again the assault commenced. Within a hundred yards of the guns the flagstaff was shattered and the flag fell. Ensign Isawa was wounded, and the colonel standing behind the standard was also hit. Lieutenant Okamura brought a bandage, but was shot dead as he opened the package. All the officers and men near the wire entanglements were either killed or wounded, and of the whole First Regiment only one non-commissioned officer escaped unharmed. The standard had to be borne by a man from the ranks—he was so proud—until it was planted on the enemy's fortress at seven o'clock that night.*"

"If I had a lover who fought there I would be happy, very happy," said O Kaka San.

Yet, O Haru San wept; sobbing bitterly long after the sympathetic "Neisan" had tucked the bed-clothes about her. In the morning they found her dead.

A Nova Scotia Cock Fight

By A. F. THOMSON

FIFTY years ago, more or less, the log school building in which the youth of the Back Settlement were wont to meet during the winter months was of very primitive architectural style. The Settlement itself, in an eastern county of Nova Scotia, possessed some striking and interesting characteristics. There were in all eight families residing there. The people were Highland Scotch, whose fathers had "come from home," and they inherited many of the peculiarities and usages of the old land, so dear to the Scotchman's heart. Gaelic was the mother tongue and was usually spoken in the homes, though the people, especially the younger portion of them, could speak English fluently.

The pupils in the school of the Back Settlement once a year enjoyed a diversion which did not then, and which does not now, find a place in the school calendar. It was scarcely in keeping with sound educational methods, and it certainly did not help refine the æsthetic taste or improve the morals of the people.

The Lenten season was near. The time had come when the well-fed birds in the neighbouring barns should be brought

together in the cockpit. There were no policemen and no officers of the S.P.C.A. nosing around in search of things which might be interesting to those people. Shortly after the school was opened on the morning of a certain day the sporting fraternity began to assemble—and the sporting fraternity of the Back Settlement on one day in the year included the children, parents and grandparents. There was John McDonald, who came from the Highlands of Scotland many years ago. He was the patriarch of the vale. He numbered his years in the nineties; but he was hale and hearty, straight and stately in all his movements, full of life and good-will for his fellow-men. There was his son John, four of whose children were enrolled as pupils of the school. There was Lauchlin Cameron, who claimed as his brother a distinguished church dignitary. There was Roderick McGillivray, now somewhat stooped and unsteady in his gait, but whose eyes flashed with fire at the mention of some of the stirring events of his life on his native heath. He always regarded the Land of the Heather as his home. There were Hamish McIsaac, and Hugh McIntosh, and all the stalwarts of the glen and of the hillsides, attired in their Sunday garments, now bent on fun and frolic. Yes, here they all are in this log cabin ready to share in a sport which had amused their ancestors in other days. The long benches are moved back under the desks and the fathers and children are ranged around the room. A more kind, genial, jovial and generous group of men could not be found anywhere. The thought of unkindness or cruelty had not suggested itself to their minds. Had not their ancestors indulged in this sport? Why then should not the children follow their example? Old customs die hard. This, however,was the last cock fight in the Back Settlement. Unconsciously the minds and morals of these people had been undergoing a change. They came somehow to feel that it was not in keeping with their Highland Scotch dignity to indulge in this old Athenian sport. They must put away childish things.

But all the same that was an exciting day in the old log school-house. Eagerly the spectators watched Donald John as he let his bird go. "Gosh, man, that's a fine fellow!" exclaimed the patriarch. Then Hamish McIsaac let go his bird, that armed with long, sharp spurs strutted out, flapped his wings and lustily crowed defiance at his antagonist.

"Eh, man, ther's more than her match!" cried old Malcolm.

"Yes," responded Lauchie, "she's a fine rooster that; she'll gie a good account of herself, whatever."

"'Rooster?" indignantly retorted Hamish, "this isn't a rooster fight; this is a cock fight."

"I'll bet saxpence on the red bird," cried John Lauchie.

"Och, laddie, none o' your betting here —this is none o' your gambling dens," protested the patriarch.

For a time the birds were shy of each other; but after some crowing and much fencing the fight began. Fearlessly and furiously they strike at each other. Beak and spur do their terrible work. Round and round the ring they go, nimbly jumping and fiercely pecking. Feathers fly and the blood flows, and the excitement grows. The battle thickens. Again and again the combatants, now with slower steps, rush at each other, seemingly inspired by the shouts and exclamations of the spectators. At length Donald's bird drives the foe from the field and is declared to be the "victor." Then two fresh birds are let go and another battle ensues, accompanied with similar excitement and suffering. All the birds having entered the arena and fought their way to glory or defeat, the victorious birds in each battle are compelled to fight again with each other. The bird that wins the most victories is called "the main bird." He carries off the honours of the day and his owner receives the congratulations of the spectators. But this was not the end of the fun and frolic.

In compliance with a long established custom the "owner of the main bird" was expected to have "a pay ball" at his home that night, charging "half-a-crown a couple." At the appointed hour the guests began to arrive and in due time the home of Donald McDonald was comfortably filled with the youth and

beauty, and the wit and wisdom of the Back Settlement, with a number of persons from the neighbouring settlements. "Hugh the Fiddler" and "Sandy the Piper" were there. Lauchie Dougal with his best girl, Hamish McIsaac with his Kirsty; yes, John McGregor and all other beaux and belles had come to share in the fun and to make love. The music was loud and merry, and to the old familiar tunes of "Mary McDonald," "Lord McDonald's Reel," "Bonny Prince Charlie," and other airs dear to the Scotchman's heart the dance went on fast and furious till "the wee sma' hour of the morn."

How strangely grotesque such scenes would be regarded by us in these days of so-called modern refinement! Yet those were happy days. Those were a happy and contented people. In their own way they enjoyed life. They were ignorant of many of the vices that disgrace and degrade the society of to-day. They knew nothing of the business troubles and the stress and strain which, in our times, so frequently mar the peace and comfort of the home and bring on premature old age and death. Some of the pupils of that school have attained to positions of honour and responsibility. They have made themselves known in law, in medicine and theology. They have all been worthy citizens of our country and not one of them has brought discredit upon himself, or dishonour upon his home, or the Back Settlement.

The Fascination of the Uttermost South

By C. REGINALD FORD, a Member of the National Antarctic Expedition, 1901-4

ALL who have studied the history of polar exploration must have been struck with the fact that men who have once entered the polar regions frequently do so again and again.

The unknown has always possessed a fascination for the people of maritime nations, but to the stay-at-home reader, who is impressed with the discomfort, hardship, and grave perils encountered by polar explorers it seems that one such experience should be sufficient. It appears almost incredible that one who has endured such things should desire to repeat his experience. The lives, however, of Franklin, the Rosses, and, to come to more recent times, of Nansen, Peary, and others, demonstrate that men will and do enter the ice-bound regions surrounding the north pole time after time notwithstanding every hardship and danger.

The love of adventure inherent in men of northern blood accounts in some measure for this eagerness to take part in wresting from Nature the secrets of her icy fastnesses in the far north; but this is not all. Undoubtedly those regions have a fascination for and cast a spell over those who have once crossed their threshold.

Our day is proving that the south holds a spell no less potent. Borchgrevink was twice in the Antarctic, and both Mr. Bernacchi and Captain Colbeck, who took part in the recent National Antarctic Expedition, had been with Borchgrevink in the "Southern Cross" Expedition.

What is this spell? Can we account for this fascination which impels men to risk their lives again and again?

Perhaps the unparalleled beauty and picturesqueness and the awe-inspiring magnitude of the wondrous polar scenery explains it in some measure.

On first entering the pack-ice which surrounds and guards the southern pole you receive an impression which no other spectacle in Nature can give. I know nothing to which I can compare the

scene. It is unlike anything ever seen in other latitudes. You find yourself in a sea of ice in which snow-white blocks have taken the place of waves. Stretching away on all sides is one vast field of glistening white, rising and falling in gentle undulations with the movement of the ocean. It is so beautiful, so wonderful and so strange that one is loth to leave the upper deck and lose sight of it. As the ship slowly and laboriously forces her way through the narrow channels of this frozen labyrinth, there is a constant noise of crushing and grinding of ice against the stout timbers of the vessel's side.

From the crow's nest there is a wide outlook. In this swaying barrel there is an officer who searches out the lanes of water between the floes and gives the helmsman the instructions necessary for him to steer the ship through them.

Equally wonderful and beautiful are the huge icebergs. These mighty masses —fit sentinels to that region where Nature is seen in her sternest mood—sometimes lose their fierce and forbidding aspect and become objects of beauty and admiration. Sometimes the sea wears the sides of the bergs into huge caverns. The sea gains the interior of these caverns through natural arches carved out by the action of the water and delicately painted with prismatic tints. Snow-white sea-birds dart in and out and lend additional charm to these fairy-like palaces of ice.

At sunset the pack-ice and icebergs are steeped in dyes the most exquisite imaginable—richer and yet more tender and more delicate than those of Tyre. But Nature is too austere in these regions to often delight the traveller with such scenes and soon the gathering clouds and rising sea remind him that the icebergs are a source of great danger and as wide a berth as possible is given them. They are a constant peril to ships within the antarctic regions. The almost continual fog increases this danger. Frequently the sound of the sea as it dashes furiously against their sides is the only warning of their presence. Often is the pipe "All hands on deck" heard on board of a ship sailing amongst these floating giants, when sail has to be hurriedly shortened and course altered to bear away from one berg, only perhaps to get into unpleasantly close proximity to another. Frequent, too, are the escapes from being crushed between two such monsters.

The antarctic land has a majesty not to be described in words. There is something unutterably grand in these vast ranges of snow-covered mountains rising precipitously from the sea to great heights, with peak after peak piercing the highest clouds.

To the west of the *Discovery's* winter quarters was a magnificent range of mountains—now named the Royal Society Range. Their chaste, snow-clad slopes and peaks were a daily source of pleasure to us, but towards the approach of our long antarctic night they presented a superb picture, which it were futile to attempt to describe in cold black and white. The fading day steeped those lovely hills in a myriad tender hues, and every lofty peak seemed to swim in a rosy vapour, whilst here and there upon some point, which from its altitude or angle caught the direct rays of the sinking sun, there blazed a flame as of living fire.

At our winter quarters, in about 78° s. lat., the sun did not rise above the horizon for four months. A night of four months' duration! This constant darkness is one of the most trying of the severities of the antarctic. This dreary time is made more dreary by the frequent blizzards. When one is blowing it is impossible for anyone to leave the ship except to cling along a rope to the meteorological station or other place which it is absolutely necessary to visit despite the weather.

Life on board the ship during the winter was not all a picnic, as can be imagined. Much discomfort and much real hardship is the daily experience. But it is not of that I would write now. My purpose is to describe the other side of the picture. The hardships have a compensation.

Sometimes there is a spell of fine, clear weather. Then it is that the true spirit of the polar world is revealed and can be understood. Imagine what it would be like for us to take a walk or a ski-run over the frozen sea on a bright, calm day in the winter. To the north and east,

standing alone—majestic in their isolation—were the two volcanoes Erebus and Terror, the former always having a plume of smoke and steam streaming away from its crater. To the south, bound only by the horizon, lay the plain of the Great Ice Barrier—a vast and dreary frozen Sahara—an endless vision of white. In the west, their dark cliffs standing sharply out against their slopes of white, were the mighty hills of the Royal Society range, rearing their lofty peaks, capped with everlasting snow, far into the deep blue vault of the sky, out of which shone myriads of stars with a brilliancy and lustre unequalled in other climes. Pre-eminent among all the constellation shone overhead the Southern Cross. It can easily be imagined how weird and ghostlike the glorious pageantry of volcanoes, hills and plain appeared when illumed only by the pale, romantic light of the moon and stars.

Lying at the very foot of a snow-covered mountain of fire was the *Discovery*, looking strangely beautiful and phantomlike—her masts and yards and every rope of her network of rigging sharply outlined in glistening white.

Most strange of all was the great silence—an endless and fathomless quiet. Nature seems dead—it is indeed the silence of the grave. We speak of an "overwhelming silence" and of "silence which can be heard," but I doubt if anyone has any conception of how silence can overwhelm or how it can make itself heard until they have been in polar regions. The nearest approximation to it is the open sea on a calm day, or the Australian bush in the breathless evening air; but neither the ocean nor the bush has this overwhelming sense of the utter absence of life or motion. You stand still and listen—you strain your ears, but nothing responds; you are in a region of emptiness—in the centre of an awful stillness—void of all life; there is no footfall of living animal—no leaf to rustle—no chirp of a cicada—no lap of a gently curling wave, or cry of a sea-bird—nothing to break the immensity of the silence. I say "immensity" because the silence seems to have ceased to be negative and to have become capable of measurement, capable of being felt and seen and heard. It becomes overwhelming, you grasp your ski-stick, plant it in the snow and move ahead, but you involuntarily start at the sound made by the ski as you commence to glide over the snow. But the sound breaks the silence and relieves the ears which have become oppressed as with a great and reverberating sound.

You continue to glide smoothly along enjoying the solitude. I know the poet makes Alexander Selkirk say:

> "O solitude, where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than reign in this horrible place."

He was quite alone on an unknown island, however, and was despairing of ever seeing the face or hearing the voice of his fellow-men again; but we, although we had a continent to ourselves (even the seals and the penguins went north to warmer climes during the winter), were forty in number and never considered the possibility of not returning home. So we were in a better condition for enjoying the charms of solitude—and there certainly is a charm to it. We could say (with apologies to the poet for the adaptation):

> "Ah! then there is freedom and joy and pride,
> Alone over the frozen snow to glide!
> Away, away from the dwellings of men;
> Away, away in the wilderness vast,
> Where the foot of man hath never passed."

To add to the beauties of the polar night there are occasional displays of that beautiful magnetic phenomenon, the Aurora Australis, when some part of the heavens is illuminated by pale and fairylike arcs or rays and streamers of light. Palpitating and scintillating, vanishing and reappearing, constantly changing form—beautiful, curious or grotesque—they are a delight to the eyes and the mind.

Sometimes, too, were weird mock-moons and suns—ghostlike mirages and other strange phenomena seen only in polar regions.

Yet, although the beauties of the pack-ice and the icebergs, the grandeur of the ice-covered lands, the glories of the sunrises and sunsets, and of the auroral displays, the mystic silence of the antarctic

night all contribute something to the fascination which the polar world holds for those who once brave its pathless realms, this is not all. There is an undefinable something in the place itself and in the life led by the explorers which sympathises with some ancestral touch of savagery in human nature despite its years of civilisation.

There is a rugged, savage grandeur and massiveness about everything in the antarctic which appeals to this primitive instinct. Here you are in touch with the deepest and grandest elements in Nature, and feel that "though man is distant, God is near." You are able to thoroughly understand how the men of old worshipped God in the sun and the hills, the moon and the stars. Never did I realise this as I did when I, with several others, stood on the summit of a hill and there watched the sun make his first appearance above the horizon after his long, long absence. The rising sun was heralded by wavy wisps of "wind-swept clouds, decked in prismatic hue." Then the darkness was driven back by the tender, glimmering rays of pink and gold until at last came the golden orb, rising slowly and majestically, only showing us in that first day a part of his burning disc, then again as slowly disappearing below the horizon. But this short sight which was given us was an earnest of the longer and yet more glorious appearance he was to make day by day until he sank no more for four months—four months of continual, health-giving sunshine.

All these things—these evidences of the great and unknown forces of Nature and of her untold glories at the farthermost ends of the earth, some of which I have attempted to describe, with the free, semi-savage life led by the explorer, are part of the fascination of the uttermost south.

When leaving winter quarters, sailing northwards to our southern home, we saw the land which we knew so well bathed in the unutterable glories of an antarctic sunset. From our small poop I looked long to the south as the familiar landmarks receded in the distance and I remember remarking to a companion how sorry I was that, in all probability, I should never again see that beautiful land. This in spite of the fact that only three days previously the loss of the *Discovery* with all hands seemed inevitable.

In the joy of homecoming and return to the blessings and comforts of civilisation this regret was quite forgotten for a few months. For some time now, however, the hardships and perils have, to me, lost their sharpness and only appear as the shadows of a bright and pleasant picture.

When I see a snow-capped peak, when I hear a noise resembling that made by the scraping of the ice against the *Discovery's* side or by the crushing of the snow under my feet, when I read of travels in polar regions, at once my mind conjures up visions of the far south and an almost irresistible longing arises in my heart to again be on board a ship forcing her way through the resisting pack or to be again gliding over the frozen sea, alone with the hills and stars, in that silent region of desolation and frost and yet of mysterious and fascinating beauty.

It is the call of the south which I hear.

Since this article was written it is announced in the press that M. Henri Arctowski, the Belgian antarctic explorer, is planning another attack on the south pole.

Forbearance

BY JEAN BLEWETT

PUT self behind, turn tender eyes,
Keep back the words that hurt and sting;
We learn, when sorrow makes us wise,
Forbearance is the grandest thing.

A PRETTY FALLS IN PORCUPINE CREEK

A Fisherwoman in the Rockies

By JULIA W. HENSHAW

"Come bring to me my limber gad
I've fish'd wi' mony a year,
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel
An' a' my fishing gear."

OF a truth angling takes one to some of the most beautiful spots in British Columbia; and at the best times of the year. In August and September, when the rivers have recovered from the melting of the snows, and resumed their normal size, and the lakes (whose still waters lie sentinelled by the Emerald Range) teem with trout, Field is so surrounded by exquisite associations, so sunsteeped and filled with Nature's gracious loveliness, that the heart of the angler who sojourns beneath the shadow of Mount Stephen is each day refreshed by the beauty of the eternal "out-of-doors."

The usual question which suggests itself to the waking mind of every angler, "What sort of weather is it?" is uncalled for in British Columbia, where summer days are fine and warm, and there is ever sweetness in the air. Nevertheless it behooves the ardent fisherwoman to hasten betimes if she would fain take a good catch of trout, as before sunrise, when the mountain streams are rippled by the tender, slender fingers of the willow-wands as they sway in the wind that stirs before the dawn, and the quiet pools reflect the soft grey clouds that fill the sky—then is the grandest time of all to fish.

Like a flash from a world of pure delight these thoughts crowd across my mind as, rod in hand, and creel on shoulder, I start in the early morning for Porcupine Creek, a trouting stream I have known and loved of old.

Dear reader, do not mistake, I am no expert; I cannot tell of scientific ways to take a trout, nor yet discourse in correct

piscatorial phraseology of baits, and tackle, and methods, as certain learned followers of Izaac Walton do. For me the joy to fish is all-sufficient. It is as an atmosphere enveloping body and spirit, I breathe, I feel, I know it—but I do not comprehend. Can words express a day's pleasure? More easily may we speak of grief and terror, sin and disappointment. Of a day's fishing what is there to tell? Nothing! Not because there is nothing to tell, but because there is so much that can never be told. Only the heart of the angler knoweth its own joy.

My way from the Chalet to Porcupine Creek lies round the southern end of Emerald Lake, where a brown ribbon-like trail curls about the base of tall trees. Underfoot the soil is soft, and loose, and powdered with decaying wood. Overhead there is wild rejoicing amongst the pine tops at the laughter of the wind; while beneath, in the sweet and solemn woods, where belts of close-set ruddy boles barely admit of a pathway, the hush is, strange to say, almost breathless, as if Nature were sound asleep.

No ray of sunlight, no call-note of bird, no chirrup of insect or hum of bee breaks the tension; even the stately Gallardias have turned in their slumbers and laid their gorgeous heads upon the dewy earth-pillow. On either side the fern fronds are curled up in dreams, like big query marks (?) as if to say—"Why awaken so early? It is not yet the dawn."

Presently, leaving the lake shore, the trail leads over the small shoulder of Mount Burgess, zigzagging up the steep, rocky slope, and across a bank of avalanche shale. At every step a shower of stones rattles down into the abyss below, necessitating cat-like caution and a wary outlook for loose boulders. This past, the rugged path suddenly dips down into the dark tangle of the forest. Dewy cobwebs, unseen in the dim light, break across my face; the dry fir cones crunch beneath my feet, the pungent smell of the balsams rises on every side as I hasten on, half afeared at the breathless silence of these grey-green woods—so still, so majestic, so vast. In my haste I trip over a fibrous root. The shock is a relief; it snaps the strain. At that instant, with a heart-bound of joy, I hear the ripple of the stream.

A little accurate knowledge of the habits of the Rocky Mountain trout is very useful to the angler in these regions. By far the best time to fish the rivers and brooks is before sunrise, or on a dull afternoon after four o'clock, when the trout will take a Coachman, or Grey Palmer, and sometimes show a greedy preference for a grasshopper.

In the larger lakes, such as Emerald Lake and Lake Louise, the evening catch is generally the largest and with fair luck and a Coch-y-bonddhu, the angler may, in a couple of hours, land 10 or 12 lbs. of trout to his rod. These lake trout run from ¾ to 8 lbs., and give splendid sport, while the trout in the streams weigh from 1 lb. to 5 lbs. and are particularly gamy to play. Rainbow and other trout are very plentiful in the Kicking Horse River, some miles below the Otter Tail Mountains, a pleasant expedition from the Chalet at Field; in fact, in whichever direction you wend your steps—north to the Yoho valley, with its wonderful Takakkaw Falls, that leap down the precipice twelve hundred feet high at a single bound, and are the loftiest falls in America; south across the great naked shoulders of the Otter Trail bluffs; east to the foot of Cathedral Crags, or west where the Van Horne Range towers to heaven—it is always the same good sport.

Strong, rocky streams, full of unexpected shallows and deep pools, and here and there good sheltering stones, teach the wise angler to keep in constant touch with her fly without interfering with its motion in the swift current. On the placid surface of Emerald Lake it is otherwise; there a movement must be given to the hand, but in the mountain creeks it is better to hold your rod perfectly steady and let the fly float down and sweep around with the turns and swirls of the water.

Presently a bit of the stream catches my eye, and stirs every pulse. A wide, rippling shallow, just above a good pool, with the water knee-deep running tumultuously along its bouldered bed. Bushes of wild rhododendron covered with creamy flowers, and blue-leaved high bush

barberry overhang the banks, and where the latter narrow in, twenty yards below, tall silver-stemmed poplars crowd close to the edge, sheltering the deeper water, the home of those trout that are caught in such shallows as the one I promptly begin to fish.

Walking very slowly up the creek, now ruffled by the breeze which is strengthening to greet the dawn, I run out a short line, and commence casting my fly, a well-favoured Greenwell's Glory, with all the delicate precision of which I am capable. This fly is dressed of feathers taken from the blackbird's wing, the body being formed of Coch-y-bonddhu hackles, and, with the exception of a March Brown, I have not found any more successful at Field.

The ripple rendering me invisible, almost every throw is rewarded by a rise, or the basketing of a fish. Of a truth the sport is grand! In an hour thirteen trout varying from ½ lb. to 2 lbs. lie in my creel.

Suddenly there comes a terrific tug at my line, and in an instant I am on the alert, for who does not know the excitement of hooking an unexpectedly large fish on a small rod and light tackle? For fifteen minutes I play him, up stream, down stream, reeling in and running out, my attention never for a second relaxed, for experience in the shape of losing many a fine fish has taught me in the past that keen, steady interest and self-control—not dogged patience—will alone eventually win the day and land the biggest trout. In another five minutes I have him on the bank, a speckled beauty of some 3 lbs. odd.

It is commonly asserted that angling is but an idle way of passing the time, and that while hunting, climbing, and riding, by the exertion they entail, tend to strengthen the frame, fishing contributes but little to the physical improvement of woman. Let any one who holds such opinions fish for a day in a Rocky Mountain stream that has a bed filled with large, slippery boulders; let her step, spring, and scramble from one to the other for a few hours, encumbered with her rod and a well-filled creel; let her, in addition, walk some distance to and from the river, and, after playing half a dozen gamy trout, I think she will change her mind!

A FISHING STREAM IN THE ROCKIES

My fishing was first learned, many years ago, amongst the Swiss trout at Andermatt, where my father, the keenest of north country anglers, took me one summer for a month's sport; and together

THE AUTHOR WITH A 12¼ LB. RAINBOW TROUT CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE

we thrashed every likely stream on the slopes of St. Gothard, the Furca Reuss, and the Ober Alp Reuss, often basketing as many as a dozen fish apiece in the hour. These Swiss trout are shorter in length and deeper in body than any I have ever seen; when taken out of the river they feel icy cold, and are as hard as stone, and when cooked the flesh is pink like salmon and has an exquisite flavour. They weigh up to 5 lbs.

Later, I visited the banks of the Coquet, in Northumberland, the most famous trout fishing river in England, and here my father endeavoured to teach me some of that fine art of angling of which he was himself a past master.

"I will sing of the Coquet, the dearest of themes,
The haunt of the fisher, the first of a' streams;
There's nane like the Coquet in a' the King's land
From the white cliffs of Dover to North Britain's strand."

The memory of those halcyon May days is with me still, when we found "a wale o' trouts in Coquet," whose waters "to the soft green woods all day sang a quiet tune."

Suddenly the sun has shot up above the crenulated mountain tops, and a flood of golden glory rolls like a mighty sea down the giant bluffs, bringing into notice the curious streaks of white and yellow that scar their mottled sides, and showing up in bold relief the deep-cut fissures where indigo shadows nestle densely dark. Between green fir trees, the wide-spreading glaciers cling with sparkling fingers to the upper slopes, their merciless ice-spurs still wreathed with the mists of night; some of the high-up shooting peaks wear soft cloud collars; others stretch out jagged arms to heaven; and tucked down between the rocky crags lie the immense névés, reflecting every sunbeam. Fifty great mountain monarchs draw the dazzling snow-cloaks about their naked shoulders with superb hauteur, and hold erect their stately, ice-crowned heads, as they stand knee-deep in balsam-pine, tamarac, and spruce, and turn their stony faces to gaze down upon the ardent angler fishing eight thousand feet below.

No words can paint the beauty of the sunrise in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Across the sheen-like surface of the lakes the hemlocks throw reflections perfect as themselves; in the fern-dressed canyons exquisite lights touch bud and blade with instinct life; the sun-steeped slopes of the valleys glow gay with yellow arnica, scarlet painter's brush, wild white geraniums, vetches, and purple windflowers; the call-note of the red tanager comes from the quiet wood; an impertinent flicker, with a crimson tuft on his head, says "Preep-preep" as he perches close by; s-zip, s-zip zee-e-e-e sing the grasshoppers, until the thicket fairly quivers with their shrill cries; white and tortoiseshell butterflies flitter out into the glory of the morning; there is a stirring in the hearts of the trees; all Nature is awake at last to greet that miracle—the Dawn.

Gone are the soft grey-greens of morning twilight, gone the breathless silence of the forest, the cold, forbidding aspect of the bluffs. The trees hold up their leafy petticoats in the breeze and dance with glee, for the wind has set all the Campanula-bells ringing out a merry tune. The sky is blue like a flawless turquoise in the golden setting of the sun;

THREE STAGES IN THE LANDING OF A BIG TROUT

gaiety, light, and life are pulsing in earth and air, for heaven bends so near that it barters greetings with the world.

These are the joys of the angler in British Columbia, even of the fisherwoman, for Nature never betrays the heart that loves her, and unto such wisdom even the foolish may apply their souls.

As the trout are taking so well I determine to continue fishing as long as the morning breeze blowing up stream favours the proper hang of the fly; so keeping as much as possible in the shade of the bushes, I make my way northwards and display my Greenwell's Glory enticingly over every likely lurking-place. Nor am I disappointed, for after a quarter of an hour's industrious thrashing, the line tightens again, the sporadic splash, splash, sounds now on the right, now on the left—I have hooked a big rainbow!

The old thrill vibrates up my wrist and communicates itself in some mysterious manner to my brain, and away goes the line spinning merrily out in a way which sends my finger automatically to the reel. "That rainbow must be a five pounder!" I gasp aloud in my excitement, for the fish, with a potent rush, is making down stream at lightning speed. With all possible caution I play him. Occasionally a brown head and shoulders appear, only to disappear, for the current is strong, and the weakness of my skill great. By this time my feelings are those of downright fear, for I know that my fish is a big prize. Another rush—will it be purposeless, or of deliberate intent to gain a safe bed of weeds? For any fish of this size is master of fine gut for a few seconds after being hooked.

The rainbow fights desperately—but then, so do I. Hither and thither—now I have drawn him up a little way, only to encounter another mad rush. Oh! the hairbreadth escapes! But the rod is arching still, and the fish pauses apparently exhausted. I gather my wits and strength together—my arms are trembling violently from the unaccustomed strain. Another rush—this time shorter—a few mad plunges—will my nerve hold out—Ah! he is flopping breathless on the surface, and by his length he must surely weigh at least six pounds! He has turned on his side. Oh! ecstatic moment! He is safe in the landing net, and, well, aprés cela le déluge—I sit down on the bank and indulge in a ridiculous feminine burst of tears!

It is lovely to be a heroine and catch a big rainbow trout, but it is very hard to be heroic when once the prize is safe!

Presently, having sufficiently recovered to take up my rod again, I turn once more to the stream, which here begins to run between rocky walls, so steep, and topped with such thick underbrush that it is impossible to cast from the bank. There is nothing for it but to take to the bed of the creek, and spring from stone to stone as best I can, for to-day I am guiltless of "waders" and the water runs three and

four feet deep. Fortunately the boulders are, for the most part, large and flat enough to afford a good footing.

But somehow luck has flown. In vain I display my choicest flies, trying successively a March Brown and a Coachman; all seems useless.

Perhaps it is owing to the influence of the brilliant sunshine, which is now penetrating every nook and cranny; perhaps it is because of the sweet, curative influences Nature sheds so lavishly around us, or because that like the poet Hovey, I say in my heart:

> "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling,
> I have need of the sky,
> I have business with the grass."

but involuntarily my attention wanders from my idle line to the busy woods.

Overhead the tangled branches of the tamaracs entwine, the giant fir trees stand like a brotherhood, powerful and solemn. See the white, feathery plumes of the spiræa, scarlet-tipped as if dipped in blood, the fallen logs mossed over and wreathed with the vine of the northern Twin flower, whose delicate pinkish blossoms gem the long green tendrils. Farther away grow the red-berried Kinnikinik bushes, the tobacco plant of the native Indian; Shooting Stars, cardinal, mauve, and white, cluster at their roots, as if seeking shelter from the onslaught of the clover blossom army, that marches up the valley and sets its camp on every knoll.

An inquisitive whiskey-jack (a sort of jay) perches nearby, and swings himself into an ecstacy on the bough of a wild cherry tree. "Quit, Quit," he flutes impertinently, as if to say: "What business have you here? These woods are mine." "Chif-chef-chef-chif-chef," comes a rapid cry from the opposite bank. I do not move. It is the purple-breasted finch. This bird loves the mountain recesses; he is a happy recluse. I remained immovable as the stone upon which I stand; my fly, unheeded, shirls down stream with the current; the trout are for the moment of no account. I hold my breath and listen, and my reward is not long withheld. The finch lifts up his tiny head and pours out a song so wondrously beautiful, so full of love and the joy of summer, that to hear it opens the very gate of heaven.

I am dazed with the tender melody, my senses are drugged by the cloying odour of the sap that pulses in every green-growing plant. Nature is so dramatically strong in the Rocky Mountains. Go there but once, to the Gates of God; open your soul to it all, breathe of it, think of it, dream of it, pure and sweet and wholesome, and you will realize the transcendent virtue of the Great Worth While. Do I bore you—forgive—Nature has crept into my heart, and left no room for other reasoning.

A sharp tug and my thoughts come back with a start, to my rod. Another bite, but this time only a small trout, I fancy, and I make a "strike" so hard that the fish falls off, and my line flies up into the air and gets hopelessly entangled in a hemlock tree. This is most annoying, positively distressing, for here am I alone, three miles from the Chalet and help, and the hemlock has not a branch within six feet of the ground. To add to my chagrin, a storm, one of those swift visitations in mountainous regions, suddenly blows up from the south, dark clouds sail furiously across the sky, the plaintive hum of insects in the grass dies at the sudden pattering of rain-drops on dry leaves, a squirrel runs across the fallen logs at my feet, and with a whisk of his tail disappears up into the shelter of some tree. The whiskey-jack has flown away, the song of the finch is stilled, and then an awful hush descends upon the forest, the listening hush that precedes the crash of heaven's artillery.

There is no more time for temporising now. With a few imperative tugs I break the line free, and leave my Coachman to its fate among the branches. Already my clothes are sopping and drag about my ankles, and my creel feels like a ton-weight, yet there is no alternative but to struggle on and reach the chalet with all possible speed.

Have you ever walked through the forest primeval while the elements waged a barbarous battle above, and the harp-string runs of the rain made tearful melody? One is curiously open to Nature's

"Some of the high up-shooting peaks wore soft cloud-collars"

influences at such moments. How the roar of the storm appeals, the forked lightning cleaving the blackness of the clouds sends a shiver through one's limbs, and as the mountain-tops fling back the challenge of the thunder, the pathos of the rain-song is heartrending as the cry of a mother over her dead child!

Lunch, of which we partake in the dining-hall of the Chalet—a room adorned with many sporting trophies, and a wide, hospitable hearth where pine logs crackle cheerfully on chilly evenings—proves a most acceptable feast to-day. The restorative powers of dry clothes and a good meal are prodigious!

Of course I have to give an account of my morning's sport, and oh! the pride with which I exhibit the big Rainbow! He tips the scale at 6¼ lbs., as is carefully ascertained by the Professor, a funny old gentleman whom nobody has ever seen without his green Tyrolese hat. The popular belief at Field is that he sleeps in it.

"Very goot, very goot," he chuckles delightedly; "you haf done well, my dear young lady," and the envious glances of the other guests offer incense to my pride.

There is one lovely thing about being a woman, and therefore of little account in the angling world, when you *do* make a good catch, great is your meed of praise!

NEW ZEALAND—WAIMANGU GEYSER IN ERUPTION
"The greatest geyser in the whole world"

In the Geyser-Land

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

I

FROM HEAVEN TO HADES

RED roofs and white verandahs; straight sandy streets of immense width, planted with green trees, and spindling away into unnaturally bright blue distances; omnibuses, phaetons, motor-cars, and four-in-hands passing at long intervals towards the shining lakes that lie beside the town; puffs of white steam rising up among green gardens and open fields; a ring of amethyst coloured hills surrounding the whole bright scene, bathed in such a white, pure, crystalline sun as never shines on misty England. That is Rotorua, a half-day's journey from Auckland, and the centre of the wonderful Geyser Region of New Zealand.

Everyone now-a-days knows that New Zealand possesses wonderful geysers, but not quite everybody knows what a geyser is; and certainly very few are aware of the extraordinary richness and variety of the geyser country. Geysers are intermittent fountains of boiling water, in height from a couple of feet up to fifteen hundred—the enormous altitude reached by Waimangu the Terrible, greatest geyser of the whole world. They consist of a shaft reaching down from the surface of the earth to deep, very highly heated reservoirs of steam and boiling water below; and (usually) of a siliceous basin surrounding the shaft-opening, and full of hot water. Some geysers open in the centre of a cone of siliceous sinter, built up by the deposits from the water, and have no basin.

The periodic explosions of active geysers are due to the following facts—water under heavy pressure requires a much higher temperature to boil than water free from pressure. While the water high up in the geyser pipe may be a little under

212 degrees, that in the lower levels may be standing at fifty or sixty degrees higher, and only kept from expanding into steam by the weight of the column above it. If anything lessens that weight or increases the temperature of the lower water, this latter will explode into steam, and drive the upper waters high into air with the force of its exit from the shaft. This, briefly, is the theory of geyser action.

SIDES OF A CRATER NEAR WIAMANGU GEYSER, HOT AT BOTTOM

The geyser country of New Zealand—covering a district of many hundred square miles—is one of the world's great miracles. In nearly all this area, the traveller is never out of sight of white puffs of steam that rise strangely among green trees and quiet valleys, and speak with eloquent breath of the unquiet regions lying just below. The Maoris cook all their food over "fumaroles," or steam-holes, and do their washing and bathing in hot lakes and ponds. Boiling mudholes abound; strangely and beautifully coloured earths streak the mountain sides for miles, and hot lakes of startling colours—blue, green, pink, yellow—can be found in many places.

Rotorua itself, the great focus of the healing forces of nature in the geyser district, is simply a crust over a mass of hot springs, charged with various minerals, Three feet under earth you will find hot water in nearly any part of the town. There are hundreds of hot springs in the neighbourhood that have never been analysed. Of the many that are in use in the government sanatorium, the "Priest's Water" and "Rachel Water" are the most famous. The former cures rheumatism, gout, and blood diseases, while "Rachel" makes her patrons "beautiful for ever" by curing all forms of skin trouble and bestowing a lovely complexion, not to speak of the remarkable effects of the spring on nervous affections. There are also wonderful hot swimming baths, much patronised by the casual tourist; baths of hot volcanic mud, and baths of hot sulphur vapour rising direct from the burning caverns under the earth.

CRATER, MOUNT TARAWERA

But for people who are in good health, it is the "sights" of Rotorua that are the chief attractions, and these are very many. One of the loveliest, and a welcome change from the countless hot water springs, is Hamurana, surely the most beautiful river source in the world. It

LAKE TARAWERA—ASH-COVERED SHORES

is reached by a journey across one of the lakes in a steamer. All the way the great lake ripples purest turquoise under a high, clear, cloudless sky; green islands rise bright and cool from its shining surface; sharply peaked and shadowed mountains, on the distant shores, stand out in strange hues of crystalline hyacinth unknown to our northern climes. By-and-by the little steamer leaves us on a green-wooded shore, and we take boat up a fairy river to a region of enchanted beauty. Blossoming trees line the sun-steeped banks; the water is of the strangest jewel-colours, jade-green, clear molten sapphire, silver, emerald, and transparent as a great highway of rock crystal. Enormous trout, weighing up to twenty pounds, rush from under our keel; grass-green and rose-red water weeds quiver far beneath the oar. Wild fuchsias, wild cherries, loaded with scarlet fruit; snowy-flowered tea tree, arum lilies, yellow broom, and pink dog roses, hang out over the water. But a few hundred yards and the big, lovely river comes to a sudden end, walled in by blossoming bushes, and apparently cut short in the strangest of *cul-de-sacs*. In reality it is the source we have reached; here the whole Hamurana stream springs full-grown from the earth. A great rift in the bed of the glassy river is visible, where the water wells up under our keel in wavering masses of amber, aquamarine, and deep blue, shot with glancing arrows of prismatic light. Five million gallons are poured forth from this deep, cold cavern every twenty-four hours—each drop as clear as a diamond, and as pure. The force of the upspringing stream is so great that pennies can be thrown in from the boat without sinking to the bottom of the cavern—the water sends them back, and casts them out into the shallows about the edge of the rift. Sometimes a small silver coin will slip down into the depths, and lie glittering many fathoms below, magnified conspicuously by the transparent water. The Maori natives, who are marvellous divers, have tried time and again to reach this tempting store of treasure; but no man can stem the uprushing torrent of water, and if the coins were gold, they would be as safe as they are now from being possessed by human hands. The most determined suicide could not drown himself in the Hamurana River source, for the stream about the source is shallow, and the cavern water itself would not permit him to sink, however willing he might be.

The Valley of Tikitere, some ten miles from Rotorua, is the greatest contrast that could possibly be conceived to Hamurana's enchanted loveliness. Enchanted, indeed, this valley also might be, but by a spell of evil. It is simply the nearest possible approach to the familiar conception of hell. A stretch of white siliceous soil, streaked here and there with the blood-coloured stains of hematite, or the livid yellow of sulphur, is pitted all over with lakes, pools, and small, deep pot-holes of boiling mud, sometimes thick, sometimes thin, but always scalding, bubbling, spirting and threatening. Chief of all horrors is the well-named lake—"Gates of Hell." Standing upon a bank of white earth, that is warm under foot, and seamed with steaming cracks, one looks down upon a ghastly hell-hole of a seething cauldron, slimy black in colour, and veiled with stinging mists that only now and then lift all sufficiently to show the hideous surface of the lake. The foul

UMBRELLA BUTTRESSES OF THE LOST PINK TERRACES OF NEW ZEALAND

broth of which it is composed bubbles and lifts ceaselessly, now and then rising into ominous heights and waves that seem about to break upon the banks above. The heat reaches our faces, as we stand half-stifled on the pathway. Just beside us a large pool of bubbling mud, which stands constantly at 212 deg. Fahrenheit—ordinary boiling point—seems almost cool in comparison. Little wonder that is so, for the "Gates of Hell" is largely composed of sulphuric acid, and its surface temperature is 232°.

Beyond lies a perfect wilderness of boiling mud-holes of every kind. Here there is a pond of mud as thick as porridge, there one fluid as cream. Here the deadly, scalding surface lies innocently smooth and unrippled; there, it leaps and thunders like a young volcano in action. At one corner we come suddenly upon an ugly black archway, leading to no inviting interior; nothing can be seen within, but the loud gurglings and chokings of the seething depths inside restrain any desire for closer observation. "The Heavenly Twins," derisively so named, are two boiling mud-holes not a foot apart, but quite unconnected; one boils the thickest of brews, while its twin concocts the thinnest.

One must follow the guide closely and carefully about these ghastly wonders. One step off the pathway, and a horrible death awaits the careless walker. Even the path itself is only cool and solid on the outside skin. The guide stops now and then to dig his stick into the whitey-brown earth for a couple of inches, and turn up a clod all glittering on the under-side with fresh crystals of sulphur. This under-side is so hot that one can hardly touch it with the unprotected hand.

From one deep mud-hole of a comparatively reasonable temperature, mud is taken out for medical uses. It is wonderfully effective as a bath for soothing pain and curing sleeplessness. Further on, on safe ground, one can see a hot waterfall about twenty feet high, in temperature

GATEWAY OF A MAORI PAH (FORTIFIED VILLAGE)

about a hundred degrees, which is used as a douche bath by invalids of many kinds with remarkable results.

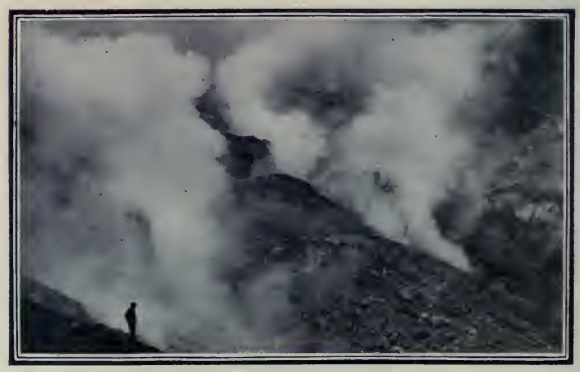
On the edges of the valley, I see for the first time in detail exactly how the "fumarole," or steam blow-hole, is used for cooking purposes. Over the opening of a small manageable blow-hole, an inch or two across, is placed a box without a bottom. The food to be cooked is placed in the box either in a pot, or wrapped in leaves. The lid is then put on, and covered with clay. In an hour or so the meat or stew is done to a turn; and even if left too long it cannot be burned. One blow-hole in constant use by the Maoris is not steam at all, but hot sulphur vapour, which deposits a crust of sulphur on everything it touches. This does not trouble the Maori, however; he eats his food quite contentedly with a strong sulphurous flavour added to its natural taste, and says it does him good. Certainly, the natives living about Tikitere are unusually strong and hearty in appearance, and never troubled with any kind of illness.

II

THROUGH THE TRACK OF THE GREAT ERUPTION

Everyone of middle age remembers vividly the impression created all over the world in 1886 by the eruption of the great volcano Tarawera, and the destruction of New Zealand's most cherished natural wonder — the peerless Pink and White Terraces of Rotomahana. Countless marvels have been left, and one new one that far outstrips the terraces in sheer wonder and magnificence — Waimangu, the greatest geyser in the world — but New Zealand still laments her beautiful terraces, and shows the spot where they lie deep, buried under ninety feet of volcanic debris, as though pointing out the grave of something loved and lost.

A day of wonderful interest is that spent in seeing the track of the great eruption. Leaving Rotorua early in the morning I saw, as the coach wound up the hilly road outside the town, many traces of that awful night and day of darkness, thunder, and terror, eighteen years ago. Although Rotorua is fifteen miles or more from the site of the terraces, the sky was dark all the day of the eruption, and only three or four miles from the town, black volcanic dust fell so thickly as to leave a stratum several inches thick over the country. This is clearly visible in the cuttings at the side of the road, where the black stratum can be seen underlying the more recent layer of ordinary soil. Where the great coach-road to Rotomahana once



KETETAHI SULPHUR SPRINGS—TONGARIRO

NEW ZEALAND—GEYSERS AT WHAKAREWAREWA

ran, a chasm some sixty feet deep scars the mountain side, caused by the fearful rush of water that took place down the road-track. An earthquake crack, thirty feet deep, runs close to the road for a long distance. All the way up to the buried village of Wairoa similar traces can be seen. But before the village is reached, two gems of scenic loveliness are passed—the Blue and Green lakes, lying side by side, each enclosed by steep, rugged hills reflected clearly on its glassy surface. One is of the strangest, most delicate Sevres blue—a colour not depending on any reflection from above, for I saw it on a grey and cloudy day—the other is a bright verdigris green. "Chemicals in the water" is the very vague reason given by inhabitants of the district for these remarkable beauties of colour.

I must note here that in no case have I succeeded in obtaining any satisfactory reason for the remarkable blues and greens so common in both the cold and hot waters of the thermal district. The Waikato River—a great cold stream, full of immense trout; Taupo Lake (cold); the coloured lakes of Wairakei and Waiotapu (hot); Hamurana Springs (cold), and many others, display these remarkable tints, under every sky, and in every depth of water. Varying reasons are given, but none seem satisfactory. The beauty of the colouring is, at all events, certain, and the cause may safely be left to geologists.

Wairoa Village is now a green, silent waste of young forest and rich grass, broken only by the ruins of the old hotel that stood there before the eruption, and by a few scattered traces of other human occupation—a fragment of wall, the rusty skeleton of an iron bedstead, lying in a gully; the half-ruined remains of a shattered buggy. In 1886 it occupied the place now held by Rotorua, and was visited by numbers of tourists, all anxious to see the terraces, which lay not far away at the other end of the chain of lakes now united in one, and called Rotomahana. On the day of the eruption, the roof of the hotel was broken in by red-hot falling

stones and mud, and eleven people were killed. Some, who escaped, ran out and took refuge in a native "warry" or hut, which, strange to say, remained uninjured. Over a hundred people in all—mostly Maoris—were killed by the eruption, which destroyed millions of acres of good land, swept away several native villages and utterly altered the face of the whole country.

Lake Tarawera, which must be crossed to see the site of the lost terraces, lies under the shadow of the great volcanic cone of Tarawera, 8,000 feet high, from which much of the molten rock and burning ashes came. It is as lovely, in its own strange way, as the famous lakes of Italy and Switzerland. The water is intensely blue, and the high hills closing it in are of a colour unknown to most other scenery in the world—a strange pale, barren grey, so nearly white as to be slightly suggestive of snow. Like snow, too, is the distribution of this coloured matter; it lies thick on the crests and projections of the hills, and is streaked thinly down the sides. It is ash—volcanic ash, cast out by the surrounding craters on that fatal night of June, 1886, and lying unchanged on the hills about the lake ever since. Tarawera itself towers above the lake, grim and dark and ominous; a mountain not yet tamed by any means, and still hot, though not molten, in the interior of the cone.

Up a great earthquake chasm, among deep volcanic craters that were formed at the time of the eruption, we climb towards the Great Geyser. These craters are for the most part still in a more or less heated state, though grass and ferns grow in the interior of nearly all, and no apprehension is felt as to future outbursts. One has a hot mud pool at the bottom; a second spits steam from many cracks and blow-holes; a third, the largest of all, erupted slightly in August, 1904, and threw a quantity of hot mud and stones out over the top.

Waimangu Geyser itself, which is really more a volcano than a geyser, is supposed to have been formed at the time of the eruption. It did not, however, commence its present activity until 1900, when an enormously high "shot" was seen by one or two explorers camping in the neighbourhood, and the source at once investigated. It became apparent that New Zealand, in the place of the lost terraces, had acquired the largest and most magnificent geyser in the whole world. The exchange is by no means a bad one. Waimangu attracts hundreds of travellers to the pretty little hotel planted on a cliff not far from the crater; and those who have been fortunate enough to see the geyser play, one and all utterly lose themselves in attempting to express the extraordinary majesty, wonder and terror of the sight.

The geyser is somewhat irregular in action, but generally plays every day or so. The water in the huge basin heaves and lifts, then an enormous cloud of steam rushes up, and then a column of black water, charged with mud and stones, flings itself upward in repeated leaps or "shots" through the steam, to an almost incredible height—at times, as high as 1,500 feet. More than a quarter of a mile in sheer height is Waimangu's biggest "shot." On such occasions, the sky is darkened by the tremendous spread of the leaping waters, the earth trembles with the concussion, and the watching spectators, perched high above the crater by the shelter hut, feel as though the Last Day itself were falling, unprepared, upon them.

In the summer of 1903, two girls and a guide were killed during the explosion of the geyser. The girls had been repeatedly warned, even entreated, not to stand near the crater, as it was momentarily expected to "play"; but they hovered close by the verge, anxious to secure a photograph. Without warning, Waimangu suddenly rose and hurled itself bodily skyward out of its bed. The enormous backfall of the boiling water caught and swept away the luckless three, and they were carried down the outflow valley in the flood that succeeds every eruption. When found, the bodies were terribly mutilated, and stripped of all clothing. The mother of the girls, standing higher up, saw the whole terrible disaster, and had to be forcibly held back from rushing into the crater, in a wild effort to save her children. Since that melancholy day, the geyser basin has been railed off in such a manner that no one can approach near enough to incur the

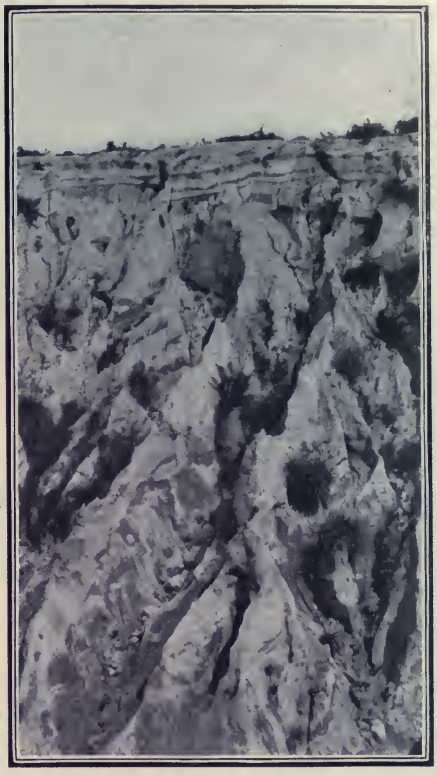
slightest danger. Warbrick, the head guide of the district, was present, and nearly lost his life in a daring attempt to save the girls and the guide, who was his own brother. He rushed into the midst of the falling stones and water, to try and drag the luckless victims back, but was too late to save them, and narrowly escaped being carried away himself.

III

THE GEYSERS OF ROTORUA

One of the great charms of the geyser country about Rotorua is its absolute unlikeness to anything that can be found on the other side of the line. To the much-travelled wanderer, nearly all famous show-places, after a time, show a distressing similarity. The two or three leading types of peasant to be found on the continent of Europe grow familiar by-and-by. Guiseppe of Italy is not very novel to the traveller who still remembers Ignairo of Spain; German Wilhelm recalls Dutch Jan; Belgian Françoise is sister to French Mathilde. As for the "sights"—well, one waterfall is very like another, and lakes and ruined castles pall, taken in bulk. Even if the traveller wanders farther away he does not find much in Egypt, India, or Japan, that has not been greatly spoiled for him beforehand by the countless descriptions he has heard and read ever since childhood. It seems almost as though the illimitable flood of sightseers, past and present, rushing through all the famous beauty-spots of the Old World, had washed away something of their charm. Nothing that the tourist can feel or say has not been felt and said in the same way a million times already. It almost seems as if the air about such places were drained dry of the ozone of fresh delight which every lovely and wonderful spot should give, leaving only an atmosphere of feeling that is stale and used-up in the last degree.

New Zealand's "sights," however, are (to vary the metaphor) new gems in a new setting. Not even the most experienced traveller can look on the wonders of the thermal region with an eye dulled and indifferent by other experiences, since there is hardly anything similar the whole world over. And the setting of the gems—the strange, unfamiliar country, oddly reversed seasons, and wild brown Maori folk taking the place of European peasantry, is perhaps the greatest charm of all.



MUD CLIFF, SHOWING DEPTH OF MATTER EJECTED, EIGHT MILES FROM MOUNT TARAWERA

When one strolls out along the country roads near the town it is an adventure to meet a party of wild-eyed, brown-faced men and women, galloping madly up and down hill on their rough brown "brumbies" (wild horses, broken in)—both sexes alike wrapped in heavy blankets, and sitting astride. Wandering about on a bicycle, it pleasantly increases the "go-abroady" feeling that most travellers welcome, to come upon a woman taking a fat fowl out of the steam-hole cooker that Nature has provided just at the door of her thatched roof, reed-built "warry," and to stop and talk for an interesting quarter of an hour with a barefooted, half-clad savage who speaks English as good

WAIROA PLAYING—"ALMOST DONE"

as one's own, reads the daily papers, and has his opinions on Mr. Seddon's fiscal policy. The Maori guides and hangers-on about the best known sights are naturally more or less spoiled by the visitors. But the real Maori, of whom one gets an occasional sight, even about such a civilised town as Rotorua, is attractive enough to make one fully understand the remarkable regard that most New Zealanders have for their native friends. Dignity, pride, and the manners of an exiled royalty are his natural heritage. His mind is as keen as the white man's, though perhaps somewhat narrower in scope; he has vivid sense of humour, strange feelings about honour and faithfulness, the courage of a bull-dog, and the reckless daring of an Irish dragoon. Worth knowing, and well worth liking when known, are the brown men and women of North New Zealand.

Whakarewarewa, a couple of miles outside the town of Rotorua, has a very interesting model of a typical Maori fortified "pah," lately completed by the Government. The large spaces of glass enclosed by the fort is guarded by high earth · breastworks and a deep ditch. Beyond the ditch is an open wooden paling, apparently more for ornament than use, on which are placed at intervals carved wooden figures of a threatening and terrifying character. All of them are native work, but of modern date.

The geysers of Whakarewarewa are merry and famous. The most famous of all was the great twin geyser Waikite, whose double throat opens at the top of a high terraced cone built up of siliceous sinter, deposited by the geyser water during long ages of action. Waikite has ceased to play since 1886, when the railway from Auckland to Rotorua was completed. On the day when the line was opened for traffic, the geyser ceased playing, and its fountains have never ascended since.

Wairoa (Maori, "Long Water") is now the lion of Whakarewarewa. It plays very seldom of its own accord, but on special occasions the local authorities permit it to be dosed with soap, which always produces an eruption. A geyser constantly physicked in this manner often gives up playing altogether in the end; so careful restrictions hedge round the operations, in the case of Wairoa. It is first necessary to procure consent from the Government Tourist Department in Wellington, and then to arrange a day and give notice to the town. The Government authorities in Wellington were kind enough to send an order to Rotorua to have Wairoa soaped for me during my stay; and I took advantage of the

opportunity to enjoy the novel sensation of starting the geyser myself. On a Sunday afternoon of December, 1904, all Rotorua assembled in a black crowd at "Whaka" to see Wairoa play. Rows of cameras were placed upon the hillocks commanding the spot; bets were freely made about the height and quality of the coming performance, and everyone scuffled politely for a front place when the ceremony began. The caretaker of the grounds and the head guide solemnly removed the wooden cover (pierced to allow the escape of steam) which is padlocked over the geyser's stony lips, and handed me a bag containing three bars of soap, cut up into small pieces. I stood on the edge of the geyser mouth, looking down a great black well, full of steam, and rumbling with deep, groaning murmurs from below, until the guide gave the word, and then emptied the bag down Wairoa's throat. Almost immediately, white lather began to form in the depths of the well, and rose rapidly to the verge. The guide now ordered me away from the geyser; for, although Wairoa generally takes some minutes to play after being soaped, one can never be absolutely certain that it will not respond with inconvenient swiftness. I went back to a neighbouring hillock from which an excellent view could be obtained, and waited with the eager crowd. Every now and then a small rush of water lifted over the geyser rim, and once or twice the fountain seemed about to start; but it was not until seventeen minutes after I had put in the soap that Wairoa choked, gurgled, and finally broke into a roar like a ten thousand ton liner throwing off steam. In another instant, still roaring, the geyser shot up silvery white water, dissolving at the top, full 140 feet above ground, into a crest of delicate steamy feathers all sparkling in the sun. The display lasted about a couple of minutes, and then sank gradually away; but for long afterwards, Wairoa mumbled and grumbled and frothed at the mouth, not settling down into quiet for at least an hour.

Only a slight sketch of New Zealand's wonderful thermal district is possible in a single article like the present. Very much is necessarily passed over rapidly, and very much more altogether omitted.

A Toast

BY A. J. MCDOUGALL

HERE'S to the jolly sandboy
In his bathing suit of blue;
Here's to the dancing brown eyes,
And the hair of burnished hue;
Here's to the rosy dimples,
And the teeth of gleaming pearl;
Here's to the cheeks, twin petals,
A challenge to every girl;

Here's to the chubby darling
With his limbs of childish grace;
Here's to the baby sweetness,
And the merry laughing face;
Here's to the dimpled elbows
And the wrists that dimple, too;
Here's to our latest treasure,—
Our sandboy that's coming two.

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII

FLASH SAM COGITATES

IN an inspired moment, the outcome of a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances, Flash Sam conceived a daring plot, for which considerable ability and prompt and energetic action were needed in order to bring it to a successful issue. Sam had always credited himself with the possession of these qualities and upon being "all there" when sharp wits were required. His cunning and quickness to grasp opportunity, as well as a certain imaginative and constructive power, would, with education, have made him a first-class criminal and had, as it was, carried him through many a complicated fraud. On the present occasion, however, he seemed to have lost some of his wonted courage and decision, for instead of forthwith setting about his task, he vacillated and lingered at Thursday Island, making different plans of operation and starting on none of them.

The scheme, as yet embryonic, had come to him when, acting on his usual principle of snatching information that might possibly turn out valuable, he had read over Brian Cordeaux' shoulder the telegram announcing Lord Ellan's death and that of his son, and mentioning James Wolfe Cordeaux as the next heir. It was natural that he should connect the two first names with Gentleman James, as according to the custom of the Diggings Wolfe was commonly called, and he recalled at the moment several small incidents suggesting Wolfe's aristocratic ancestry which corroborated his new-formed opinion. He pondered the matter during his walk through the settlement, where he improved his mind further on the question of the Ellan heirship, and congratulated himself on the instinct of self-preservation that had kept him from disclosing Wolfe's name to the officer of the *Clytie*. Later, there had been intention as well as accident in his overhearing the conversation between Surgeon Blair and the Lieutenant, and his proposal to Cordeaux was the outcome of the knowledge he thus gained.

In the idea which, as Sam put it to himself, had "shot into his head clear as a streak of forked lightning straight out of heaven," Sam saw the means not only of making a fresh start in the South Seas, but also of escaping from a terror that for the last three months had sat heavily upon him. The terror was of a kind which hitherto in the course of a varied career of wickedness he had contrived to avoid.

Every kind of mining swindle that is practised by a rogue without capital was familiar to Flash Sam. He had done time for horse-breaking; he knew what hard labour in gaol meant; he had bailed up unoffending travellers; had assisted at an abortive attempt to stick up a gold escort; he had robbed and cheated in all possible ways; had "lambed down" many an unfortunate digger and shearer when he kept a shanty. And his doctored grog was responsible for the untimely end of more than one individual whom he had sent into the bush in a state of D.T. But up till three months ago he had kept himself clear of murder. Men who are villains in all other respects will stop short of taking, with their own hands, the life of a fellow white man. Blacks don't matter. They would have no compunction about selling poisonous grog. They would desert a mate on the track, or leave a companion without a waterbag to certain death in desert country. But such an one would hesitate, nevertheless, at putting a knife into a man with intent to kill, unless the man were fool enough to place himself

right in the way, and it was a case of he or the other taking the consequences. That was how it had been when Flash Sam, after stealing old Dave's nugget, found himself tracked back to his hut in Coolibah Gully, Yellaroi Range, and discovered in the act of hiding his spoil by old Dave's mate, Ratty Bill. There had been only one method of silencing Ratty Bill and Flash Sam had taken it.

Nobody knew. If the thought of dead Ratty Bill came, as it often did, between Flash Sam and his food and drink and sleep, he tried to comfort himself with this assurance, no one *could* know for certain. The only other person who had known was dead, too—dead of thirst in the bush, and long ere this had become food for carrion birds. Not *much* probability of that body being found. Its bones lay off the track to any station—in dry country where no cattle ran. There wasn't the least likelihood, especially in this drought—of a stock rider having come across a dying or dead man. And as far as that went, Sam told himself that his conscience was clear. It was not to have been expected that he would throw away his own life for no purpose. Thus Sam was wont to discuss with himself and to dismiss the episode. But he could not so easily dismiss the episode of Ratty Bill, though he told himself likewise that the chances were ten to one that Ratty Bill's body would not have been discovered either. And if it had been, the chances were again ten to one against its being recognised. And nobody would think of Ratty Bill. It would naturally be supposed that he had stolen a march on the rest and gone on Hogan's rush. For it had been decided by a few miners lingering on their claims that Coolibah Gully was to be abandoned. The reef had turned out no good, scarcely a windlass was working over the deserted shafts. A report had come that Hogan's party of prospectors, thirty miles along the range, were on "gold," and those diggers who had horses were riding off posthaste to the ground. Most likely by now Coolibah Gully was absolutely deserted.

And he had covered the deed cleverly, though, like many a criminal who prides himself upon his smartness, he had been just a little too smart in one direction, and not smart enough in another. He had made one mistake; he had forgotten one extremely important precaution, and it was the remembrance of this oversight that stood to Flash Sam for conscience, rousing all his superstitious fear, and calling up Ratty Bill's accusing spectre, which would depart only under the whip of strong drink. Flash Sam drank steadily at the bars on Thursday Island, and in the privacy of his room at the boarding-house, where now Wolfe also was lodged. The drink, however, set his nerves shaking and prevented him from thinking logically. This was the cause of his vacillation. He could not keep the various threads of his enterprise distinct in his fuddled brain. He had a nervous shrinking from making a move hastily, lest he should find it a false one and fraught with danger to himself.

Besides, there was the chance, apparently a good one, that Wolfe might die of his fever, in which case, he, Sam, could manage the affair and secure the reward without trouble or risk. If Wolfe got better and he had to take a definite step, Sam felt that he must go to Coolibah Gully in order to make sure of his own position, and to find out what had become of the other two diggers besides Flinders Dick, Wolfe, and Harry the Blower, who, with himself, had taken part in the free fight in his shanty upon that accursed evening. Accursed it was, in all the oaths of Flash Sam's vocabulary, which was sufficiently copious, for since that evening nothing had prospered with Sam. Old Dave's nugget, the freak product of the Gully, and a sort of tantalising will-o'-the-wisp to the discouraged diggers, had brought him evil luck. It wasn't such a particularly big nugget, but it had been heavy enough to hump after he had lost his horse from eating poison bush. And then to have it stolen on the other side of Cooktown by a Chinaman with whom he had camped, a bland, innocent-looking Chinky! That was gall and wormwood to Sam. He who boasted that no white man had ever bested him, except a sergeant of police and Bully Galbraith, had been "had" ignominiously by a Chinaman. The sting was in the fact that he did not

dare lay information with the police or use legitimate means for bringing the Chinaman to justice, lest old Dave should hear of it and wreak the vengeance of the law upon Sam himself.

His intention was to denounce Wolfe as the murderer of Harry the Blower. It would be simple enough for him to swear, and to get the other two men who were in his shanty at the time to swear, that Wolfe's tomahawk had been thrown at Harry of deliberate purpose. Easy also to prove malignant motive, for not even Flinders Dick—assuming that Dick would defend his mate—could deny the bad blood there had been between Gentleman James and Harry the Blower, and the threats Wolfe had uttered in his anger at being accused by Harry of cheating at cards. On that particular evening, all the men with the exception perhaps of Flash Sam himself, whom exceptional circumstances had sobered, were very much the worse for liquor, and not one of them could have been positive as to what he saw or did not see. The two outside witnesses in question were pals of Sam's and open to persuasion, even though Flinders Dick should maintain the theory of accident. Thus the balance of evidence would be on the side of murder. And if the case should come up for trial at the forthcoming assizes the sentence was a foregone conclusion. A certain Judge Flannigan, now on the northern circuit, was well known to be averse to sentencing for manslaughter, and had openly given his opinion that a conviction for murder was the only thing to put a check on the number of brawls on remote diggings—brawls that too frequently ended in homicide.

Flash Sam's queer code of morals made allowance for such deviations from strict justice. He had small scruples about getting Wolfe condemned to death on shaky evidence, though he would have shrunk from the idea of directly killing by poison or other means, which, nevertheless, in Wolfe's precarious state of health might not have been readily discoverable. As a matter of fact, however, it would not have been so easy for him to poison Wolfe, for the hospital doctor to whom Surgeon Blair appealed had, on the strength of the subscription got up on board the *Clytie*, provided a nurse, who, if not well qualified professionally, was at least honest and assiduous in her attentions. She kept Flash Sam out of the sick man's room, only employing him on outside errands, and these, Flash Sam being anxious to earn the £5 note promised him, did his best to perform. He was in very low water just now, and bitterly regretted not having tried to get some money out of Brian towards the expenses of enquiry. He felt that he had bungled the affair at that point, and was angry at his own lack of sharpness.

Sam was considering as carefully as incipient delirium tremens permitted, whether he should try to wheedle Surgeon Blair's £5 note out of the doctor to whom it had been entrusted for him, and start immediately for Coolibah Gully. His object in this would be to set his mind at rest concerning that oversight alluded to, which might seriously imperil his own safety were he at once to make the charge against Wolfe. Or, he thought, would it be wiser to take a pearling job near at hand, trusting for profit to the chance of speculation and thus hang about the settlement until Wolfe should have passed through the crisis of his illness, and should either die or recover his senses and be on the road to recovery. One of the two things must happen soon, but even if Wolfe should shortly take a turn for the better, the nurse had said it must be a fortnight or three weeks before he could get on his legs again. That would give Flash Sam time to accomplish his journey and ascertain what his own position and risk might be in delivering Wolfe up to justice. He had almost determined on the latter course as the safest at the time of his recognition by Mr. Galbraith.

The result of this meeting has been told. Flinders Dick was the digger person of whom Susan had spoken to Patsy as having accosted Flash Sam with the enquiry whether he knew anything about *his* mate.

Flash Sam's wits were not so bemused by drink as to have lost their cunning. He scented danger at once in the appearance of Flinders Dick, if it were only the spoiling of his game with "Bully

Galbraith," should Flinders Dick make indiscreet revelations in the squatter's hearing.

He gave his furtive, sideway glance at Flinders Dick, who, like Flash Sam himself, was a blend of bushman and digger, in the usual cotton shirt, dirty moleskins and shabby felt hat with the brim pulled down and a wisp of a puggaree dropping behind. He was lean, big-boned, loose-jointed, his face tanned to the brown of a half-caste, with a short, coarse beard, and stubby moustache; teeth blackened by much smoking, and a break across the bridge of the nose. It looked as though Flinders Dick's might lay rather in his fists than in his brain.

"Hello! old man. What yer doing here?" said Flash Sam in cheerful voice and welcoming manner, that seemed to puzzle the other, whose tone had been slightly belligerent. . . "Hello!"

"Hello!" repeated Flinders Dick, with a puzzled expression in his eyes, which somewhat resembled those of a mild-tempered retriever. "Hello!" he said again. "Wh–What —" But before he could proceed Flash Sam stepped quickly away from the neighbourhood of Mr. Galbraith, and taking Flinders Dick by the shoulder pushed him along to the further end of the bar where there was a door opening on to the verandah.

"What's yours, mate?" asked Sam with affected geniality and called the barman, who brought drinks. Flash Sam raised his glass. "Here's luck!" and Flinders Dick responded mechanically.

"Here's luck!" and both men drank, which suspended conversation for a minute. Then Flinders Dick began in a more friendly tone, "I say ne-ow—do you know anything about my old mate?" he said in his drawling twang.

"What mate air ye talkin' about?" returned Flash Sam in a distant, casual way, taking up his empty tumbler and eyeing it abstractedly. "Dry weather, ain't it? . . Have another go, old man?"

"Naw, it's my turn to shout ne-ow," drawled Flinders Dick, and signalling to the barman, he took a crumpled bank note from his trousers pocket and planked it on the counter. The barman assiduously produced two or three bottles and recommended a particular mixture. Flash Sam helped himself; so did Flinders Dick.

"We've got to cut along presently," said Flash Sam to the barman. "You kin bring me my tally," and he winked meaningly, and glanced sideways at Flinders Dick, adding to the barman, "You needn't jump the counter arter me another time jest for a dashed tanner."

The barman seemed to understand the reference, for he winked also, and taking down a slate from a nail held it face outward to Flash Sam with a dirty finger marking the score. Flash Sam nodded; the barman took the note and brought back two very small coins in exchange. Flinders Dick stared at them reflectively, then looked at Flash Sam, who burst into a shaky laugh.

"See! . . Eh? *Had*, old man! A cove has allers got ter *have* or *ter be had* in this 'ere blessed world, as yer should have found out by this time. You've been *had* this turn, sonny. Next turn yer can *have* me. That's it now, ain't it?"

"Ye—es. That's so, ne-ow," repeated Flinders Dick, stolidly pocketing the coins.

"Seems yer in luck," pursued Flash Sam. "No good in getting yer dander up, Dick. And yer allers had a soft heart for a pal that was cleaned out."

A gleam of slow wrath shone in Flinders Dick's gentle eyes, suggesting that though not easily roused there was a reserve of spirit behind.

"I should have thought," said he with sing-song asperity, "that the price of old Dave's nugget would have kept you in drinks for a bit."

Flash Sam swallowed an imprecation, and jerked his head violently in the effort. "Good for you, softy! But I ain't so sharp in my wits as I used ter be. Where's the joke over old Dave's nugget?"

"I suppose you never heard that old Dave found the only blessed nugget as ever there was to be found in Coolibah Gully; and you never heard neither that somebody had hooked it with old Dave's nugget from where he'd made a plant at the back of his tent," rejoined Flinders Dick sarcastically.

"And a damned lot o' useless graft that bloomin' nugget of old Dave gev us,"

retorted Flash Sam with a deeply injured air. "Who'd ha' ever stripped for alluvial on Coolibah if it hadn't been for old Dave's dashed nugget. See! It's my belief the Almighty fluked that nugget there by accident—or else a purpose to bamboozle a camp o' diggers." Sam paused and took another nip. Then he enquired casually if any of the old set were on Coolibah now.

"The whole bloomin' lot jacked up and cut the gully," replied Flinders Dick, "as soon as they heard Hogan's party had raised the colour higher up on the Yellaroi. Old Dave's turned hatter, fossicking by himself the other side of the range. Seems he's gone a bit off his chump since Ratty Bill disappeared."

Flash Sam's hand shook visibly as he held his glass suspended for a minute and gazed in a wild sort of way through the opposite wall as it were, seeming to see something fearsome beyond it.

"I say you'd better go slow, or you'll be having the jim-jams," said Flinders Dick warningly. "A bit ratty yourself, eh?"

Flash Sam pulled himself together and took a draught of rum.

"Be blowed to you! So — so — Ratty Bill — disappeared?"

"Same time as Dave's nugget. But Dave swears it wasn't Ratty Bill as took it. He lays that on to you, Flashy, and I tell you it won't be safe for you to camp with old Dave all alone in the Bush. Take my tip and keep clear of him."

Flash Sam, infuriated—though Flinders Dick did not know the exact cause of his wrath—poured out a torrent of profanity, ending with a recommendation that old Dave should come along and ask for his nugget. Did he—Flash Sam—look as though he'd just had the handling of a nugget?"

Flinders Dick owned that he did not, and was about to make and renew his enquiries after his own mate, but Flash Sam took him by the arm again.

"You come along and we'll moon round and have a yarn," he said amiably. "This ain't no place for a quiet smoke and *yabber*. We shan't be able to hear ourselves speak in a minute with all this mob crowding in."

He pointed to a company of pearlers that had surged up to the bar and were clamouring for attention.

"See that chap with the rings in his ears?" continued Flash Sam. "My oath, I wish I was him. He dropped on a pearl the other day that he got £80 for. My word! there's more money in pearling than there is in digging any day. That's the graft I mean to go in fer. Look at Hal Aisbet now," and while he diverted Dick's attention with dazzling stories of the wealth going begging at the bottom of the straits, Flash Sam got the newcomer out of the hotel through the door on to the verandah. He hurried him along an unfinished white road with verandahed shanties and bungalows on either side, that straggled across a green bend of the shore, picturesque with tropic trees and clumps of palms. More unfinished roads went up from it at right angles towards a low hill covered with scrubby growth, at the foot of which some humbler tenements were scattered. One of these was an hotel of the roughest sort, with a fenced-in patch behind called by courtesy a tea-garden, where were a few tables made of planks nailed across stumps and some dilapidated chairs. Flash Sam walked straight through the bar, the back verandah of which gave on to the apology for a garden and, steering his way among various prostrate bodies stretched along the boards in a state of inebriation, settled himself and Flinders Dick at one of the tables. Here he lit his pipe and called once more for drinks.

CHAPTER XIV

A COUNCIL OF WAR

PRESENTLY Flinders Dick returned stolidly to the charge.

"I say! I've come up here to look arter my old mate. What I want to find out is, did he go down in the *Quetta*? Somehow I can't believe he did."

"How do you know he was in the *Quetta?*" asked Sam, temporising to gain time in order that he might see round the situation before committing himself.

"Why he told me when he left me on the Yellaroi that he was going to catch her

and that I should hear from him from Thursday Island. I'd have known if he hadn't caught her—unless he was knocked down by fever. I thought he was sickening for it. But I can't get no track of him anyways."

"Well, if he did take the *Quetta*, it's more than like he went down in her, and was chawed up by sharks same as the rest o' 'em," replied Sam, brutally.

"Dry up with your sharks," said Flinders Dick, a shake of emotion in his twangy drawl. "I ain't going to think of my mate eaten up by them devils. I've got it fixed in me that he's alive."

"It 'ud be a wonder," observed Sam impartially.

"How am I to find out?" asked Flinders Dick. "You're up to the tricks of this place; you kin tell me."

"I dunno. You'd better go to the company's office."

"I've been there," answered Flinders Dick. "His name's not in the lists, but they told me that there might have been a bit of a muddle over some of the second-class and steerage passengers that had got in at the last intermediate port. All I could get hold of was that the *Clytie's* boat had picked up three men. Two of 'em they know about, but the other one don't seem to be accounted for. The *Clytie's* gone to New Guinea, and there's no getting at her. Ne-ow it strikes me that man might have been my mate. I was casting about what to do when I came across you, and I know my mate was looking out for you, so perhaps you can tell what has become of him, and if that chap was him or not."

Flash Sam took a long pull at his pipe before answering. Sooner or later, he reflected, Flinders Dick was certain to find out Wolfe's whereabouts, and there did not seem to be any particular harm in his doing so. It might be possible to turn Flinders Dick into a watch dog on Wolfe, while he himself took a trip up country. Flinders Dick was reckoned a bit of a softy and likely to swallow any tale he was told. Habitual caution, however, made Sam hesitate.

"It's a curious thing," he said, "but it just happens that I was in the *Clytie* boat when she took those men aboard her."

Flinders Dick leaned forward excitedly.

"Why the blazes, then—why—you *must* know if one of 'em was my old mate."

"What old mate?" asked Flash Sam, still affecting ignorance.

"You know my mate, Jem Wolfe—Gentleman James—that was working with me on Coolibah Gully."

Flash Sam took his pipe out of his mouth, examined the bowl as if to ascertain what was wrong with it, and said in a slow, almost unconcerned, manner:

"The cove what did for Harry the Blower?"

Flinders Dick paled under his tan.

"Did for?" he repeated stammeringly, and added in an eager whisper, "Did Harry the Blower die?"

"Hadn't you heerd that?" asked Sam, putting his pipe back into his mouth again.

"No, I hadn't. It's what I've been wanting to find out—it's what Jem was coming up to see you for. He's had it on his mind awful—writing to me all the time to get him news. And as I heerd you was up here pearling, I told him he'd better make tracks for Thursday Island and catch you afore the fleet went out."

"Who told you I was up here?" asked Flash Sam sharply.

"One of them chaps that was in the row, Wall-eyed Bill. I come across him when I went after Hogan's party, him and the other cove, old Never Despair."

"Where's Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair now?" asked Flash Sam interestedly.

"I heard they went prospecting along Yellaroi Range," said Flinders Dick. "I lost sight of all that dashed Coolibah crowd when Hogan's show bust up. And I wasn't sorry; they was too rowdy for me. I went back Palmer way for a bit; then I went mates with a chap called Lean Peter, and we started fossicking on quite a different lay."

"Any show?" asked Sam.

Flinders Dick controlled a satisfied grin, which was not lost on his companion, and answered with assumed indifference, "Pretty fair. We've got on to a blow. Can't tell you, though, how it's going to turn out. I've got a month's exemption from the Warder and I've put up my

flags, so I'm safe from being 'jumped.' But I say," and Flinders Dick's face became anxious again, "you hain't told me if that chap that was picked up was really Jem Wolfe."

"Yes, it was—though at first you couldn't have told yerself that it was him. You never seed such a sight as he was when he come out of the water. His own mother wouldn't ha' knowed him."

"Where is he now?" cried Dick. "I'll be off straight away and see after him."

"You needn't be in a hurry. He's down with a fever and right off his nanny, and don't know nobody."

"Who's taking care of him? Is he at the hospital? Poor old Jem!"

"They was chock full at the hospital. But he's got a sort of nurse that was lookin' after him. She's a bit of a Tartar—won't let yer see much of him. I done all I could though in the way of gettin' things and smoothin' the boarding-house people. I passed me word to the doctor of the *Clytie* that I'd keep me eye on him and I gev up a job a purpose to look arter him. Hadn't it ha' been fer me, your mate wouldn't be where he is. Didn't give me credit for havin' sach a feelin' heart, eh—did yer, Dick?"

Flinders Dick appeared somewhat taken aback by this new aspect of Flash Sam's character and became faintly apologetic.

"Of course, on the Diggin's it's you and your mate, and nobody else counts," he began. "And, besides—why you know it was that darned snake-juice of yours that done the mischief."

"*I* never asked you to swig my grog, nor to play cards in my shanty neither," grumbled Flash Sam. Then he changed to a whining tone. "Howsoever, I ain't going to get up any more rows. Maybe I've seen my mistake and started on a clean sheet. Maybe I've had it in my mind to make up to one of yer a bit. I've bin a brother to yer mate and you kin tell him so. Yer kin tell him not to worry himself because Harry the Blower's kicked the bucket, for he was a bad hat, and not much loss to anybody."

"But . . . but he was your mate," said the disconcerted Dick.

Sam chuckled evilly, and his bleary eyes fixed themselves with cunning solemnity on Flinders Dick, as he replied with fatherly tolerance:

"Yer a bit of a softy, Dick—got old-fashioned notions that yer mother must ha' taught yer, about mates and them sort of things. Tell yer, I had a mother *onst;* and I was a bit of a softy meself, *onst.* Shouldn't wonder if I wasn't gettin' back to me second childhood—See! . . eh?" Sam had acquired a nervous manner of punctuating his remarks with "See! . . eh?" and of shaking his head like a person afflicted with St. Vitus dance. That was when he had for some time been spreeing on the quiet. "That's what I allers like about you, Dick," he went on. "But mother's milk most often turns sour on the Diggings. Never mind, sonny, yer a mate as a cove might get fond of, and Harry the Blower warn't. That's the difference—eh?"

Sam spat against the stem of a palm and missed it, then added conversationally: "What did yer do that night when yer cleared out so smart from Coolibah?"

"Rolled up swag and took a cross track coastways. Awful dry spell o' country that! If we hadn't had the luck to spot a waterhole, my word! I dunno what we should have done. We'd only got one little waterbag that had been strapped on to Jem's saddle, and I had to leave him that. He would have come back and stood the show, but I didn't see no good in his running the chance of swinging for what had been a accident."

"Accident!" repeated Sam, with meaning intonation. "Could yer take your Bible oath now as it *was* an accident?"

Dick looked up startled, tilted his hat forward and pushed it back again.

"Why—well. Yes. Why, of course, you know it was."

"I don't know nothin'. I'm askin' ter know," said Sam.

"Why, you know, my mate told me the top of the tomahawk swung off and hit Harry on the head and knocked him down—my word! it was just as if he'd been a bullock that was pithed!"

"Could yer swear in a court that you had seen that tomahawk swing off and

that it weren't aimed at Harry?" persisted Flash Sam.

A look of slow horror came into Flinders Dick's stolid countenance.

"What—what d'ye mean?"

"I aint' meanin' nothin' but what I say. Suppose it come before a judge and jury—a judge like Flannigan—See!. . Eh? Sort of judge that don't believe in them accidents—and you was had up to give evidence; yer'd have to say what yer'd seen, not what yer mate told yer."

Flinders Dick put his two rough hands to his forehead as if he were trying to recall the scene. Presently he removed them and stared bewilderedly at his questioner.

"By gosh, I dunno. . . Come to think of it, I dunno as I *could* swear anything. Come to think of it I don't b'lieve I ever seed the tomahawk fly at all. I don't remember nothin' except that those other two chaps made the devil of a hullabaloo, and I thought they was on to Jem. 'Twas you shouted out Harry was killed, and we'd best be off. . . We all got too much drink aboard—that's the truth. 'Twarn't till I was sobered down that I could think it out, and then I reckoned the rest of you would look after Harry, and perhaps it wasn't as bad as you'd made out. Anyway, I didn't want to give the show away by going back straight and stirring up the row, and perhaps getting information laid and the P.M. coming down on us. So I did a bit of fossicking just then. But I began to be uneasy when I heard afterwards that somebody had been buried in Mick's old hole."

"Wha. . . What?" cried Sam hoarsely, leaning forward, his head shaking.

"Who said anybody had been buried in Mick's shaft?" he cried.

"'Twur one of the Cassidys—Californian Joe—him as was on the next gully to Coolibah. I come across him on the Palmer and we got talking about Coolibah. 'Twur he told me about old Dave's nugget and how old Dave was mad over it. And he didn't believe neither that Ratty Bill had nabbed it. He said he thought Ratty Bill had got the drink craze and didn't dare let on to old Dave, but sloped off to the Dead Finish Shanty, and got finished himself."

"But what—what did he say about anybody being buried in Mick's shaft?" repeated Sam, in a trembling voice.

Flinders Dick bent forward too, his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands. A suspicious gleam shone in his troubled, dog-like eyes. He suggested a faithful hound on the alert. Flash Sam drew back to avoid his gaze.

"I've got me reasons for wantin' ter know," he said with an air of bravado. "You'll hear 'em byme-by, I dessay. What was Cassidy's yarn?"

"Well, it didn't come to much," replied Flinders Dick, still steadily watching Flash Sam. "Cassidy only said a black boy had come to him with some story about a chap who'd been hit with a tomahawk. He was a Herbert River black, and Cassidy didn't understand the lingo. But the black told him there were 'plenty feller crow all about old Mick's shaft'—and you know what that means. Anyway it was disappointment for the crows. I don't know if it was poor Harry the Blower that was buried in Mick's old shaft, but whoever conducted the funeral might have put down a spadeful or two of mudlock, and given the chap a decent grave. You might have seen to that, Flashy."

"Was—was that all? Did—did Cassidy go himself and look?" asked Flash Sam.

"No, he didn't. He said he guessed he hadn't got no call to worry round on undertakers' business and that he wasn't so fond of the police as to do their work for them. He said he didn't see as he could have done any good either way."

There was a brief silence, during which Flash Sam relit his pipe which had gone out, and pushed his seat back against the trunk of the palm while he watched Flinders Dick uneasily. The younger man knocked the ashes out of his own pipe in a thoughtful manner.

"Then, I kin take it," he said, "that Harry the Blower's dead, and that you put him into Mick's hole and said nothing to nobody about it. Seems uncommon kind of you, Sam, not to have given notice of his death."

"And ha' got us all into quod and your mate under the gallows most like," returned Sam. "I reckon Cassidy was in

the right. There's no good to be got from stirrin' up dead bones. Harry wurn't the furst dead un I've done parson over to save pals from awkward questionin'."

Again Flinders Dick felt surprised at this show of benevolence on Sam's part, though the explanation he had given was sufficiently obvious.

"Well, I expect, old man, you wasn't any more particularly set on meeting the police than Cassidy was," he answered. "Nor yet Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair neither."

"They didn't gev 'emselves a chance," growled Sam. "The whole lot of yer were mean skrunks. Those two coves were keen after Hogan's rush, and they got their horses saddled outside and just upped and went."

"What I'm thinking about is Harry the Blower's people," said Flinders Dick, sentimentally. "He might have had a mother and a sister maybe that'll be wondering they don't hear from him. It's pretty rough on them."

"Don't you trouble yerself, softy. Harry the Blower's a good riddance to his people. I know that much. . .Now just drop it and don't ask me no more bloomin' questions, for I ain't goin' to answer 'em."

"I wish to God me and my mate had never seen you nor Harry the Blower, nor Coolibah neither," cried Flinders Dick passionately. "I'm not pretending to be cut up over Harry being dead. I've seen a man go down in a fight before, and coves on the Diggings don't seem to think of life anyway, your own or other chaps'. Here to-day and gone to-morrer. Dropped from a windlass with the rope breaking, or speared by a black, or dyin' under a gum tree with an empty waterbag—it ain't much odds how it's done in the long run, and anyone of us might ha' been wiped out same as Harry the Blower was. But what sticks into me is that my own mate should ha' done it—as white a man as ever I come across in this blarsted colony. If it weren't that I'm on the lay of gold I'd up stick and yank it . . . and if it weren't for Jem who I'd go to hell for."

"Didn't I say you was a bloomin' milky!" put in Flash Sam contemptuously. "Now drop it—drop it all, carn't yer? I tell yer what I want yer to do. You've got to stop here and shepherd your blessed mate while I do a business that's waitin' for me up country."

"Is your business up where Harry the Blower is buried?" asked Flinders Dick, sharply, fixing his dog-look on Flash Sam. "Are you wantin' to cover tracks or to get at Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair and see what they'd be able to swear to if they was put to it?"

"What the——is that to you?" cried Flash Sam, losing control of himself and giving vent to a burst of foul language. He made one or two unguarded remarks that were not lost on Flinders Dick, who, if he had the dog-like qualities of honesty and fidelity, had in him something of the sleuth hound as well. When Sam had finished he said quietly:

"It's a great deal to me if my mate is going to be concerned in it. I ain't such a softy as you seem to think, Sam. Look here! What was you driving at when you said that about my perhaps havin' to swear in court? Is there any chance of the police gettin' on to Jem about that dashed business?"

Sam sobered at once, and Flinders Dick saw that he was afraid of having spoken too freely. He put on the surly whine with which he was wont to cloak his most crafty purposes.

"Supposin' there was a damned good chance that I knew of, and that I was tryin' fer me own sake to prevent 'em findin' out who's buried in Mick's old shaft?" he said. "You hit the nail on the head, sonny, when you reckoned that I didn't want to have more nor a bowin' acquaintance with Hangin' Flannigan and the Crown Prosecutor. It ain't to everybody I'd say as much as that, but you ain't the chap as 'ud ever round on a pal. Now you kin see that I'd rather not be givin' a picnic party at Coolibah with Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair helpin' to invite me guests."

"Oh—I see," said Flinders Dick in his unembarrassed drawl. "You ain't quite sure what they mightn't be willing to swear to—goin' a bit further back, so to speak."

"That's about it, sonny. They aren't to be depended on—either o' them two, and they allers had a down on Gentleman

James. See! . . . eh? Now, supposin' that Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair was trying fer a reward from Harry's people. See! . . . eh?"

"You said just now, Harry's people would think him a good riddance," put in Flinders Dick.

"Smart ye are, sonny! So I did; and so they would. But there's a bit o' property in the case. They can't lay claim to it while there's an oncertainty. . . and, see! . . eh? once they was to start on a plain track there's no tellin' what mischief 'ud come of it. Well, see! Supposin' Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair, too, was to get an inklin' of who Harry the Blower's people wur. . . ."

"Who are they?" interrupted Flinders Dick. "Not much chop, I bet. Nobody ever asks a cove on the Diggings what he is, and where he comes from, but you can tell—ne-ow you wouldn't need to be told that Gentleman James had been one of the real sort, but as for Harry the Blower....Well, I reckon his people are a jumped up lot."

Flash Sam chuckled enigmatically. "You ain't a goin' to tempt a chap ter gev away his pore dead mate's show. That wouldn't be your line, softy. Harry was a blower and no mistake—blowed about his ridin' and his boxin', and his card-playin', and the yield from his prospects, and Lord knows what besides. There's no denyin' he was the most almighty liar as ever swung a pick, but he never blowed about his people. See! And I passed my word to pore Harry that I'd not peach on where he came from, and I allers keeps my word unless I've good cause to do otherways."

"How did them two chaps find out, then?"

"I never said they'd found out. I said they might have an inklin'. Their game 'ud be to get me into their show and try fer a reward."

It struck Flinders Dick that there was a slight discrepancy between Flash Sam's apparent knowledge of Wall-eyed Bill's and Never Despair's motives, and his previous questions as to their whereabouts. But he said nothing.

Flash Sam continued: "If you was 'on gold,' it 'ud be no harm for you to square 'em; I could manage that all right, so long as you and me come to an understanding. See! . . eh?"

Flinders Dick laughed. "I see you're at your old game, Flashy, but I'll stand in if it's to keep things quiet for my mate. I don't mind tellin' you now that I *am* 'on gold,' fair on it. I believe we've struck it rich this time. Anyway I'm willin' to hand you over a slice of my luck, if you settle things all right for Jem."

Flash Sam's face beamed.

"Right you are, sonny. It's a bargain. I believe I'll roll up sweg and be off quick as I can. I shall have to buy a moke at Cooktown. You might lend me a few quid to start with."

Flinders Dick took a roll of dirty notes out of his pocket and handed a small bundle to Sam. Some further confabulation followed, in which Flinders Dick engaged to keep Wolfe at Thursday Island and wait Sam's return, and Sam engaged to come back well before Flinders Dick's month of exemption had run out. The most unshakable confidence in the integrity of each was professed on both sides, and Flash Sam then pioneered Dick by back ways to a disreputable looking bungalow standing in a cleared patch by the beach on the outskirts of the settlement which he informed him was Gentleman James' present abode. Refusing to go in himself, he left Flinders Dick to find his mate.

TO BE CONTINUED

When the Dominion Was Young

The Third of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY

IN the debate on the Address in the first session of the First Parliament there was something of the usual aftermath of a general election, but the prominent question was that of Confederation and the means by which it had been carried in the Eastern Provinces. George Brown had been defeated in South Ontario. A. T. Galt, disgruntled over the distribution of Confederation honours, had broken with his leader, retired from the post of Finance Minister, and had publicly pledged his utmost effort "to break down the power of Sir John Macdonald in Canada." There were running through the debate echoes of these events, and of earlier debates in the old Canadian Parliament, criticisms of the B.N.A. Act, and questionings as to the real status of the Dominion. Why had the draft of the Act as first printed creating the Kingdom of Canada been changed to read the Dominion of Canada? Why was the word Dominion rendered Puissance in the French version? Was Canada a power, greater or lesser, in the accepted meaning of that term? Or a nation, as the words of Lord Monck's Speech from the Throne had called it? Was Confederation a half-way house to Independence? Was such a union as had been formed, a source of strength after the manner of the much hackneyed bundle of sticks, bound together, or a source of weakness, as in the case of more joints added to a fishing rod? (The latter was Joe Rymal's illustration.) Such were some of the minor questionings and criticisms in and out of Parliament. Above them all rose the question of peril to the new state from Nova Scotia being legislated into the union against the wishes of her people, who were now almost in open revolt.

From opposite political standpoints, as from opposite sides of the Chamber, Howe and Tupper engaged the forces of their oratory and logic in this great controversy. It was the last of a long series of conflicts begun many years before between these foremost of the many able and eloquent sons of Nova Scotia. When young Tupper, then a mere stripling, made his first appearance on the Cumberland hustings against the great Nova Scotian leader, then in his prime, Mr. Howe remarked to a friend, "That boy will give us trouble yet." The words had proved prophetic. The trouble which began that day continued till it saw Howe first driven from Cumberland to Hants, and afterward from political life, taking refuge in an imperial appointment, while the Cumberland boy reigned in his stead. But the old man could not forget his quarter century of political triumphs. The Confederation movement gave him the opportunity for which he had long waited, and returning in 1866, like Napoleon from Elba, he called his generals about him, harangued the people, his army, and on that memorable day in June, 1867, when throughout the Province the battle raged from Yarmouth to Cape North, he routed the usurper and annihilated his forces. They came to Ottawa, Tupper, the sole survivor of his shattered band, his comrades politically slain and his hopes destroyed; while on the other side sat the victor, Howe, with his followers, the Savarys, the Killams, the Macdonalds, Campbells, Chipmans, ranked beside and behind him.

Here, a thousand miles from where they first met, in the hall of the National Parliament, and under such unequal circumstances they were now about to renew the encounter. And here was noble audience. Here were the elected deputies of the people from the east, the west and the centre of the Dominion. Here, on privileged seats, sat sons of the noblemen of England, officers in her

armies, whose glittering medals told of victories won in the four quarters of the world. From the galleries, looking down into this splendid arena were the rank, fashion and intelligence of the capital and other Canadian cities. It was known that Howe was to speak for the first time in the new Parliament, and all had an intense interest to hear this orator of the seaside, the great repealer, the O'Connell of the Dominion.

A thrill of sensation that was half alarm ran through the assembly as Howe strode out into the open space before his desk, struck an imperious attitude, and slowly swept his glance around the chamber and galleries. It seemed as if another Samson were making ready to grasp with mighty hands the pillars of our national fabric and overwhelm it in ruin. The next moment he broke the strained and breathless silence and collapsed the anxieties of the company with a little joke about tight boots! It was the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. But he quickly grew serious again as he began to draw the contrast between the Nova Scotia that had been—prosperous, free and glorious, her ships carrying the British flag from their native ports to every sea—and the Nova Scotia now betrayed, prostrate, bleeding, her liberties gone, her treasury rifled and her sons and daughters "sold for eighty cents a head—the price of a sheepskin." He shook his clenched hand at the ministerial benches, and it seemed that blood alone could quell his vengeance. Then another joke. And then a vivid picture of the utter hopelessness of any scheme of Canadian nationality—a narrow margin of fifty miles of inhabited or habitable country between the great Republic and the eternal snows. He saw in the Northwest only the possibility of Canadian scalp-locks decorating the tepees of innumerable savages, and in the Act of Union an atrocious usurpation, bearing upon its face the brand of indelible sin.

Mr. Howe had been applauded throughout his speech at frequent intervals, and the cheering redoubled when he sat down, but the demonstration was mainly limited to the Nova Scotia contingent and a scattering few from New Brunswick. There was a louder burst of cheering from the ministerial benches when Tupper sprang to his feet, like some Canadian Danton, whose motto was "audacity, audacity, always audacity." What cared he that he stood alone among the representatives of his Province? What cared he for the loss of one battle where the campaign was already assured? As Blucher, defeated at Ligny, thrown under his horse while the enemy's cavalry had charged resistless over his prostrate form, turned up at Waterloo to face again the old enemy, and share the glories and triumphs of that glorious day, so stood the man of Cumberland now, dauntless, bold, defiant, confident in himself.

His reply was addressed to an appreciative audience. There were few more than a score of anti-Unionists in the Chamber, and he readily proved that Howe himself had been a Unionist. He thundered out quotation after quotation of eloquent passages which Howe had uttered in earlier years in favour of union, and closed with one of Howe's own perorations, in which he had told the Nova Scotian people that if they refused to join in union they would deserve to be pitchforked beyond the Rocky Mountains. It was indeed a crushing rejoinder under which Howe sat shrinking and pale, shading his brow with his hand, as if to shut out the vision of the past. Tumultuous applause rewarded the victor in the rhetorical duel.

How alike and how different were these two new lights that suddenly blazed forth in the Canadian Parliament House! The younger had evidently unconsciously copied from the elder some tricks of phrase, of movement and gesture. "I have no hesitation in saying," was common to both. And each had the trick from time to time of seizing his coat by the lapels, lifting it up, and throwing it back to leave the neck more free. But the contrast in age, in vigour, in the energy and fire of utterance was great. Howe was the more engaging, graceful, ornate and picturesque; Tupper the more impetuous, forceful and resolute. I recall that the cold-blooded critics of the press gallery, among whom I sat, pronounced the older man "stagey," and the younger "wordy," but old Canada

was then a little too critical of the men from the East. Both East and West have learned many things since then.

When on a following evening McGee arose, there was a hush of silence, almost painful in the full House and galleries. The pages clustered on the steps of the Speaker's dais and sat with folded hands. They knew that under the spell of oratory the House would not have need of their services. McGee was a little lame and in physical pain. He rose with the assistance of a cane, and stood with one knee resting on his chair. But the lameness was physical, not mental. His voice was melody, his tones earnest, his phrases ornate and captivating. Beginning with a compliment to the newly-elected Speaker and a graceful reference to Ottawa, the capital of the Sovereign's choice, and where they had met in obedience to her summons, he thrilled us with a scene in which he depicted the good Queen herself thus addressing the new Parliament:

"Gentlemen of the four united provinces! I transfer to your charge and keeping all those parts of North America which remained faithful to the King, my grandfather, after the secession of our other American possessions. I transfer to your charge and keeping a vast territory which the kings, my predecessors, have clung to with a determined resolution for three centuries; for the possession of which we seven times went to war with powerful rivals; which cost us to retain and defend many thousands of lives and many millions of treasure. This territory, so eagerly explored, so ardently coveted, so bravely contested with gallant competitors, I now, in the name of my people and by the advice of my Parliament, transfer to you and to yours, to have and to hold, to make or to mar, to build up or to break down!"

Having thus splendidly rallied our patriotism, while the Chamber rang with plaudits, he proceeded to reply to Howe, the bold invader of the sanctity of the Union compact:

"No such stain must be allowed to rest upon the fair fame of this great transaction. No such false version of the facts shall be allowed to go forth uncontradicted into general and permanent circulation, and I stand here prepared to maintain the allegations in the Address, that not only as to its substance, but as to the mode of its preparation and passage into law, this British America Act is a glorious and most timely charter, for which we all have cause to be thankful. . . I stand up to maintain that all its provisions were honestly meant and fairly meant towards every province, and I deny that in any degree our union owes its establishment to intrigue, or corruption, or coercion."

He did not omit to remind Howe of his former advocacy of the Union:

"If he says that he did not mean what he said at Halifax in 1864, and after the Charlottetown conference was called, or at Port Robinson in 1862, when I stood at his side, what we all thought he meant, what was corrected for the press by a hand which he only could control, and what he received without explanation our congratulations on having said, I can only say I regret it, I deeply regret it.

Who would grieve if such an one there be;
Who would not blush if Atticus were he!

"But when he goes further, when he attempts to lay rude hands upon the work of so many able and patriotic men, steadily prosecuted through several years; when he ventures to asperse the motives of our colleagues in this work and to discredit the work itself, it is necessary that some Unionist who knows all the facts should rise before the close of this debate to vindicate both the work and the workmen."

Later he dealt with those whom he charged had in the Maritime constituencies made appeals to Irish prejudices, by forced parallels between this union and that of 1801 between Great Britain and Ireland. He apparently meant this passage for Timothy Warren Anglin:

"Sir, some months ago, a truly great man on his election as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, in speaking of the abuses of high intelligence, was driven to ask, could there be a sadder spectacle than an eloquent man speaking that which is untrue? I turn to those gentlemen who were guilty of misleading their Irish friends into hostility to this union, and I ask them in all earnestness for what purpose do they suppose did the Giver of all good gifts endow them with their superior intelligence above the mass of men? On what tenure do you hold those powers of persuasion by tongue and pen? What are the obligations of the intelligent to the unintelligent among countrymen and fellow-citizens? Is it to trade on their prejudices, or to withstand them? Is it to tell the truth or pass off falsehood for truth?"

When he had disposed of the opponents of the union, the orator rose again to the

higher plane on which his classic diction found its best expression:

"I will go further," he said, "than the fitness of the time, the constitutionality and circumspection of the change and the excellence of the Act. What is it to establish such a second government in America? It is, in my opinion, to provide all men with an opportunity of comparison and a means of choice between two systems, the British representative system of free government and the American or democratic system. It is to give the third generation of the nineteenth century an opportunity to observe the institutions of our common ancestors adapted to our Canadian circumstances, side by side with the institutions of Anglo-American invention in the last years of the last century. It is to put side by side in this new arena, filled with eager spectators, the masterpieces of Alfred and Edward the First, of Bacon, Somers, and Chatham, with the masterpieces of Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson and Marshall. It is to compare an ancient text of freedom, enriched with the commentaries of Hall, Burke, Mansfield and Mackintosh, with a modern text elucidated by Webster, Storey and Calhoun. They have no cause to be ashamed of their political progenitors; neither have we, and with all possible admiration for the age that produced the American Constitution and the illustrious men that adopted it, I hope we live in a better century than they did. This century as compared with the eighteenth may be called a religious century. There is no Bolingbroke now possible to patronise Providence; no Voltaire to argue that Christ was a charmist; no Leichtenburg to anticipate the time when the belief in God would be a nursery tale. The sceptical method of Descartes is not, thank God! the philosophical Gospel of the age. Franklin and Jefferson were professed sceptics, and the philosophy of doubt, breaking off all traditions and pretending that each man should start afresh on his own consciousness, acknowledging nothing he could not prove, was too congenial to the epoch and its work, not to be acquiesced in by the majority. Rationalism lies at the basis of republicanism; faith and reverence have prepared the deeper and better foundations of our form of Government. And until faith and reverence shall fail from our hearts or those of our children, I have no fear that this constitution will fail."

It was a great speech, in several respects the greatest I was permitted to listen to while in attendance upon seventeen of the earlier sessions of Parliament. Especially was it a historic vindication of the great work of Confederation and of the workmen who framed it, and this at a crisis when that work was in peril. A strong sense of that peril ran through the entire speech, even down to the eloquent peroration:

"The honourable member for Hants (Mr. Howe) told us the other night that he would not take back anything he had said as to the extent of the provinces. He leaves us unabridged our square miles and I trust he will leave us what is more essential, the faith of our people in their own future, the faith of every man Canadian in Canada and of every province in its sister province. This faith wrongs no one, it menaces no one, it burthens no one, it dishonours no one. And as it was said of old that faith moves mountains, so I venture reverently to express my belief that if the difficulties of our future were (which I cannot yet see) as high as the peaks of Ætna, of Tolima or Illimani, yet the pure faith of an united people would be all sufficient to overcome and triumph over all such difficulties"

TO BE CONTINUED

Wistful

BY MURIEL ALBERTA ARMSTRONG

A GOLDEN halo wraps the dream of yesterday
As through the gilded portals of the past,
In blissful retrospection we behold
The vanished pleasures—all too sweet to last.

To-day is but a world of sunless mist;
Each sombre hour creeps softly to a close;
But, ah! the glory of the coming dawn,
To-morrow's world is all coleur de rose.

Governor Lawrence and the Acadians

A Review

By JUDGE A. W. SAVARY

THE paper on Governor Lawrence by Mr. James S. McDonald, published in Vol. XII of the Transactions of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, seems to call for a few observations from me. He says on page 36, speaking of the deportation of the Acadians: "Removal had been counselled in 1719, thirty-five years before, but for reasons of state it had been deferred." Now, with all respect, surely this is not historical. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 all the Acadians who did not care to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown were granted the liberty of leaving the country with their effects within a specified time, which was extended by Queen Anne in a promise made by her to the King of France for a consideration needless to mention here; but the English authorities in Nova Scotia, "for reasons of state," distinctly violated this solemn agreement, "coolly setting at naught both the Treaty of Utrecht and the letter of the Queen." I am quoting from Parkman's Half Century of Conflict, Vol. I, page 188, *et seq.*, the "reasons of state" being that their presence in the country, unwilling as it was, and despotically and perfidiously enforced, prevented the Indians harassing the English, and secured for the fort and garrison at Annapolis Royal a supply of materials and provisions. As often as the Acadians were called on to take the oath of allegiance they invoked the terms of the treaty which permitted them to leave, and so often was the treaty violated by the English authorities in the Province, compelling them to remain. At length, Governor Phillips, evidently appreciating the disgrace of such measures, and understanding the absolute treaty rights of the Acadians, compromised with them by substituting for the unconditional oath of allegiance one which bound them to fidelity, but exempted them from bearing arms against the French and Indians. Every time they were called on to take the unqualified oath without the alternative of removing from the Province, there was a distinct and flagrant violation, "for reasons of state," of faith and honour pledged by the British Government and Queen. Let any one read the remarks of Judge Morris, published in Vol. II of the Transactions of the same Society, especially on page 160, and the pitiful story told on page 149 of that volume, and he will surely see that the confiscation, destruction and dispersion of 1755, its robbery, arson and homicide, constituted a widely different affair from the "removal contemplated in 1719." It is stated in the paper under review that "in most cases they found friends and help," and "their sufferings were greatly exaggerated." The fact is that they were, "in most cases," cast helpless among hereditary enemies of their race and religion, whose hostility had been aggravated by generations of war and persecution. Imagine a family in affluent circumstances; their possessions suddenly wrenched from them, the husband and father put down on the coast of North Carolina, the wife and mother, and perhaps infant children, landed in Boston; of the grown-up members of the household, some disembarked at New York, some shipped for the coasts of Europe, perhaps to be drowned on the way; all the survivors utterly destitute, among alien people of a different language, in utter ignorance of each other's whereabouts, at a time when communication between places comparatively contiguous was difficult and rare even to the ordinary citizen, and it is impossible for a humane person to conceive how their suffering

could be exaggerated.* It was a part of Lawrence's inhuman orders that the grown-up men should be embarked first, and the women and children later, so that, as Brooke Watson wrote to Doctor Brown, "some families (at Baie Verte and Beauséjour) were divided and sent to different parts of the globe." At every port of embarkation the same instructions applied. Many families were thus separated never to be re-united, and never knew one another's fate. Can imagination fix any measure to the anguish of their sufferings? On page 45 of the volume the author of the paper says: "Lawrence deserves the thanks of all British subjects for his decision in carrying out at such a crisis in our history the orders of his Sovereign's advisers." Where are those orders to be found? They certainly have escaped discovery by our most acute and industrious antiquarians.

The truth is that "his Sovereign's advisers" had sanctioned no such measure as that for which he thus commends Governor Lawrence. It is, on the contrary, evident that Lawrence carefully abstained from disclosing his full plan to his masters in London. It would be inconsistent with the whole scope and tenor of their despatches, and with the traditional policy of England towards conquered people to suppose they would have approved of it if he had. When he reported to the Lords of Trade that he had ordered Moncton to drive out the Acadians at the Isthmus (of which they disapproved), he was actually taking steps to prevent the departure of this ill-fated people. (I refer to his letter, Akins' Archives, page 243; their reply, page 278-280, and Morris' letter mentioned above).

It would be interesting to know where the author of the paper got authority for the statement that Edward How was murdered by a French Acadian disguised as an Indian. There were plenty of Indians to do it without disguise. It is a bold and flat contradiction to every contemporary of the event who mentioned the subject in any letter or other document that has come down to us. The conception is entirely original with this imaginative writer, for no historian has ever hinted at it that I am aware of. Parkman says an Indian disguised as a French officer lured How by a white flag to within range of a party of Indians lying in ambush to shoot him. I have heard of "making history." The statement I quote is fabricating it with a vengeance.

The paper abounds in references to "Le Loutre and his Acadians," the "Savages and Acadians," the "Indians and Acadians." It would also be interesting to know from what villages these Acadian followers of Le Loutre were drawn, and how the people of Pisiquid, Minas, Annapolis and Pouboncoup could be held responsible for their actions. If Le Loutre had any French followers with his Indians they came from beyond the peninsula, from territory still claimed and occupied by France. Even on the border this fanatical missionary was obliged to send Indians to burn the neighbouring Acadian village in order to force its inhabitants into Fort Beauséjour and on the French side of the line. No writer of history has claimed that Le Loutre attracted to his banner any number of those who could be called Acadians and had taken the oath of fidelity to King George. When in 1749 eleven reprobates of Pisiquid had joined a party of Indians

*Those who were sent to the West Indies soon perished miserably from the effects of the climate. Governor Belcher, Lawrence's successor, and one of his Council at the time of the first deportation in 1755, continued the policy of his former chief, and after the capitulation of Canada in 1760, when Acadians who had escaped to or been re-united in that colony came and tendered submission, asking to be allowed to take the necessary oaths and settle in the Province, he imprisoned and deported them again, and Governor Wilmot, who succeeded him, proposed to ship them all to the West Indies, where they would die and be out of the way like their predecessors there. They professed to believe that it would be unsafe to allow French "Papists" to settle in the colony, even in time of peace. And yet after an experience of one hundred and forty years, and in the clearer light of the present era, there are still Christians who contend that these proceedings were all quite right and proper. I confess that as a Nova Scotian I cannot contemplate any of them without a sense of burning shame. The proscription of this inoffensive and helpless people continued till 1767, four years after the Treaty of Paris.

in an attack on the fort of Captain Handfield, a reputable Acadian laid prompt information before the Governor and caused a warrant to be issued for their arrest (Akins, page 177.) If the author be correct in his unqualified and wholesale assertions it is marvellous that Caulfield, Mascarene, Hopson and other civil and military commanders in their reports to the Home Governments had nothing but words of approval for the conduct of the Acadian population in time of war, as well as of peace. Mascarene reports that without their assistance in putting the Fort of Annapolis Royal in repair, and supplying provisions down to the day before the attack in 1744, its successful defence would have been impossible, and Lawrence himself before he had disarmed* them affirms his belief that in the event of war breaking out nothing would induce the great body of the Acadians to take up arms on either side. If the author of the paper be right, these men were all wrong, and in not permitting these treacherous and pestilent neighbours to depart the country, the governors were not only violating a treaty made doubly solemn by the personal promise of the Queen, but failed in their duty to their masters as well. For, notwithstanding all their testimonies to the contrary, the writer of the paper on page 43 makes the astounding statement that there was not for forty years a fight between the British on the one side, and the French and Indians on the other, that the Acadians were not found taking part with the enemies of Britain, while the great body of these, though not appearing openly in arms, contributed information and furnished supplies. If we believe this, we must presume that the letter to Captain De Ganne from the French at Minas, on page 135 of the Archives, is a forgery.

Again he says: "A French force was encamped for weeks within this Province, and no Acadian would carry the news to the English garrison at Annapolis." If there is here an allusion to De Ramesay's army at Beauséjour, the garrison at Annapolis knew all about it, and if he means that the French commander's sudden march and surprise of Colonel Noble at Minas might have been averted by information from the Acadians, he directly contradicts Noble's surviving fellow-officers, who reported that the Acadians warned that unfortunate officer of the probability of an attack on him, which they inferred from the communications being cut off, but he deemed it impossible at that season and took no heed (Murdoch, Vol. II, page 186). Plenty of instances are to be found in the Archives and in history of timely and valuable information to the English by the Acadians; and while a few straggling Acadians on the fatal occasion referred to joined the French at Tatamagouche and Pisiquid, and some young men of the village were forcibly impressed to conduct the French to the officers' quarters, the French commander complained that the unwilling guides led them astray. Mascarene puts the whole number of the Acadians who yielded to the threats and persuasions of the French at this period as not over twenty, and at the close of the war the British sent £10,000 to be distributed among the Acadians at Grand Pré in recognition of their fidelity, and to recompense them for their losses during the war; the last war between England and France before that foul blot upon our country's honour and humanity, the deportation and dispersion of the Acadians. If we believe the author of the paper, we must conclude that Mascarene by most atrocious falsehoods duped the British Government into this signal act of grateful generosity.

Mere assertions of however amiable and sincere a man, unsupported by or in conflict with authority, should not be mistaken for a contribution to history; nor can my personal esteem for the author impel me to suppress my sense of the discredit the Nova Scotia Historical Society has incurred in giving its imprimatur to a paper containing statements such as those I have selected for comment.

*Lawrence had ordered the Acadians to deliver up all firearms in their possession, which under a respectful protest they did, with a submissiveness that showed the innocence of their intentions, while rendering themselves powerless to do the English any harm in case of war if so disposed. Soon afterwards all their boats were seized, so that they could not escape in families to go wherever they pleased.

A Montmorency Adventure*

By GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.

THE *Trent* affair brought to Canada a goodly number of soldiers, representing almost every arm of the Imperial service. These were Guardsmen who had fought in the Crimea, resplendent in gay uniforms and sparkling with medals, Highlanders who had won their insignia of bravery on the hills of India, and artillerymen who had sustained British prowess and valour in many a sharp engagement. Of soldiers of the line, there were two crack regiments whose drums and standards told of valiant deeds; and, perhaps more famous than they all, was a smart corps of Rifles, whose pleasant lot was cast in the ancient and picturesque capital town of Quebec. The brilliant scarlet uniforms of the Fusiliers and Guards caught always the eye, but somehow or other it was the sombre riflemen who captured the most hearts.

In that regiment of Rifles there were some splendid fellows, and it was not long before they began to play sad havoc with the affections of fair young Canadian maidenhood. Lieutenant Jack Bellson and Charlie Black, who had lately joined, were inseparable companions. They were up to everything, and seemed ready always for the day and its events. Thought of the morrow never entered their heads. They were soldiers, and attention to orders was their only care. To them the world was very fascinating and, as they hadn't a responsibility to bother them, they made the most of what some of their comrades were wont to describe as their exile.

Life in Quebec, however, was no torture or trial to Bellson and Black. When off duty they played a pretty stiff game of racquets, danced, flirted, skated, and shot down steep, glittering slides in fleet toboggans with the best of their fellows. No two men were more in request in the ballroom, and their cards were always full before the first dance was called. The Rifles, at the time of our story, were commanded by Colonel Hall, a bluff veteran of sixty, to whom, however, promotion had come slowly! All under him loved him, for he was a manly man, and to the younger officers he behaved like an indulgent father. If he had a favourite, it was Black. If he had two favourites, they were, undoubtedly, Black and Bellson.

Quebec, always gay in the winter-time, has never been as gay as it was during the period of its occupancy by the troops The soldiers mingled freely with the citizens, and many were the interchanges of civilities between both. Picnics to Montmorency, drives to Lorette, outdoor parties to the Seven Steps, and sleighing excursions in all directions, were the order of the day and night. They afforded an agreeable change to the festivities of the city, which, for the most part, took the form of a dinner or a dance.

It was on the occasion of one of these drives to Montmorency that Jack Bellson lost his heart. He had often been to the Falls, which in winter are even more strikingly beautiful than in summer, and his was ever the first toboggan to attempt the feat of riding down the hazardous cone. On this crisp, frosty day, a party of twenty sleighs wended their way through the lovely village of Beauport. The roads were in capital condition. The spirits of the young people were high, and the merry shout and the musical jingle of sleigh-bells brought to the door of every French cottage the amused face of Marie or Josephine, who, after seeing the last cariole shoot swiftly by, returned to her indoor avocations with just the slightest little sigh in her heart. Bellson's sleigh led the party. He usually drove a spanking tandem team, but this time he contented himself with a pair of greys. With him sat the daughter of a retired town major, whose sparkling black eyes and almost olive complexion told the story of her Canadian origin. Many thought that Jack had serious intentions towards

*Dr. Stewart sent this MS. to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE a few days before his death in March last.—*Editor.*

Maud Drayson. He liked the girl well enough, though to be sure she was a sad flirt. During the last three or four years she had regularly transferred her allegiance from the line to the Guards, and when the Rifles came, she, nothing loth, took up promptly with them.

Maud Drayson was just the woman to turn the head of any young fellow of susceptible nature. She was always full of life, bright in her sayings, and the admirable evenness of her temper made her a favourite in the lively circle which she adorned. Men said she was difficult to please, but those who knew her well were sure to say that when the right man came along it would be all up with Miss Maud, who would surrender without a moment's hesitation. Not that she held herself cheaply; on the contrary, she rather prided herself, did this charming young person of twenty-three, that in the matrimonial market the most valuable prize which could be drawn would be her own, dear, delightful self. Everybody envied Jack when he and Maud Drayson danced together, or drove, or skated together. They made a handsome couple, and it was the idea in everyone's mind that one day, not very far off either, Jack would lead the great prize to the altar.

Jack himself, however, declared that he was not a marrying man, and that while he found the society of Miss Drayson very delicious indeed, she was really—and this he said to his intimates only—not his particular style. But, notwithstanding all this, she was ever his first choice when a dance or a drive was proposed. The young people seemed to be understanding each other pretty well, at all events. In the same sleigh sat Wilkins of the Artillery—a massive, heavily-bearded fellow, an athlete of magnificent proportions, and his *fiancée*, the beautiful La Tulippe girl, with whose conversation, however, there is little need to concern ourselves. All told, this particular sleighing and tobogganing party consisted of between fifty and sixty persons, the greater number, of course, belonging to the gentler sex. This party was the second of a series, and, after nine miles of sleighing, it was the intention of the company to devote a couple of hours to the exhilarating pastime of sliding or, as it is termed in other parts of Canada, coasting. Then, after a hot supper, the drive home would be made by the soft light of the silver moon; fitting time, indeed, for the pledging of the faiths of man and woman smitten by the tender passion.

Jack Bellson blew a blast from his tin trumpet as he drove briskly into the courtyard of the Montmorency Arms, and, tossing the reins to his servant, gaily sprang down and helped his fair charge to alight. One after the other, the carioles and cutters flew into the yard, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes the whole party were indoors. A blazing log, resting on andirons which crossed the ocean with the Duke of Kent, illumined the quaint old hearthstone, and sent a rich glow through the room. The ladies enjoyed a biscuit with their mulled port, while the gentlemen partook of something stronger in the cosy coffee-room on the ground floor. Meanwhile all was activity in the yard on the right of the inn, where a steep toboggan slide stood in readiness for the afternoon's pleasure. The structure was in splendid condition, ice and snow being well packed, and seeming to invite all to make the swift descent. Little time was lost in preparation, and the tobogganers were soon observed climbing the narrow pathway to the summit of the slide, and dragging behind them their fleet toboggans. Bellson with three ladies led and, shouting joyously, he madly plunged down the long and glittering incline. He was followed in quick succession by the others. Those who steered wildly got a bath in the snow for their pains, but the skilful conductors brought their precious burdens safely to the end of the journey without mishap. The time passed so pleasantly away that it was not until young Wilkins looked at his watch, that it was found that in less than three-quarters of an hour more, supper would be ready. Bellson proposed that the party should cross the road in the meantime and try a slide from the top of the cone at the foot of Montmorency Falls. The suggestion was no sooner made than it was acted upon, for the true tobogganer scorns danger, and is never so happy as when his sport is extra-hazardous. The

Falls on this day bore out well the truthfulness of their ancient title, *la vache*, and as the cone, formed by the spray, reared its head, the sight presented was a very pretty one indeed. All members of the party had not come to the Falls, for the wooden slide had fascinations of its own which some could not withstand. Nor would all those who had come attempt the dashing feat. Miss Drayson decided to look on, and her decision had its effect on the other ladies. Six of the gentlemen climbed the cone with their toboggans and sleds. Black offered to steer, but Bellson would not hear of it. There was some excitement as the toboggans were adjusted, and when the three coursers clattered down the side of the miniature mountain, the spectators below held their breaths. And well they might, for the height was full seventy feet. Bellson and Black were the first to leave the top. They were overconfident, perhaps, of their skill. Certainly, they did not notice the hollow in the cone about halfway down the steep! They came with a rush, and when the indentation was reached, the frail bark gave a great spring in the air, and came down with a crash, smitten in twain, on the other side. Black rolled down the cone, and save a bruise or two was unharmed. Bellson, on the contrary, fell with such force that his arm was broken, and his left foot, bending under his body, sustained a severe and painful wrench. He dropped over on his side and lay in a state of unconsciousness for several minutes. Gentle hands lifted him up and conveyed him to a friendly farmhouse hard by, where the matron and her husband received him with sorrow on their faces. The best room was given him, and by the time that he was placed in bed the surgeon of the Rifles, who had been sent for by one of the party, arrived, and in a very few moments pronounced his patient seriously injured. On no account could he be removed to town. He must stay where he was for at least two or three weeks, arm and foot requiring care and nursing. He dressed his young friend's wounds, gave him a stimulant, and ordered him to go to sleep. Then the old doctor took Pierre Lemieux aside, and told him who his guest was, and asked him to take care of him, and suitable remuneration would follow.

The wounded man was not long in adopting the advice of the surgeon. He was very tired, his injuries pained him, and the stimulant he had swallowed made him drowsy. Almost instantly he fell asleep, and dreamed of all sorts of things. The sleighing party partook of supper with a very bad heart, and soon afterwards the drive home was undertaken. Black sat by the side of Miss Drayson, but neither felt like talking. Even the sleigh-bells tinkled sadly on the way, and Charlie made the drive home in quicker time than it had ever been made before.

Meanwhile, matters went along very well with the sufferer. After a somewhat restless night, he awoke with the sun, and the first sight which met his eyes as he looked towards the open doorway was the figure of a young girl of about eighteen years of age. She was tall and erect, graceful in form, though rather slender, and while her face was dark she had the loveliest pair of blue eyes in her head that Bellson, in all his travels, had ever seen—at least he thought so. Her features were clean cut and regular. As a model for a sculptor, she might have made a small fortune. Her hair, which hung in ringlets down her back, was coal black. When the lovely vision spoke, her voice, to Bellson's entranced ears, sounded like sweetest music. In purest French, she asked him if he had rested well, and would he partake of coffee and hot rolls. Coffee, Bellson said he would drink, but he did not care, just then, to eat anything. The doctor arrived soon, and when he and his patient were alone, the first words he uttered were, "I say, Jack, old man, that's a deuced pretty girl, that eldest daughter of old Lemieux; Josephine, I think."

"Was that Josephine who has just left us?"

"Yes."

"Well, I do think she is pretty, and, by Jove, she's good too, so thoughtful, so considerate."

"You would hardly take her for the child of a wood-chopper, would you, Jack?"

"No, but in this country you do not

have to probe very deep before you find blood as gentle as any that flows. I'll wager a sovereign now that that girl has Normandy blood in her veins, aye, and blood of the purest too. But, say, Doctor, when are you going to get me out of this? I am anxious to get back to quarters."

"Oh you will have to be patient; injuries like yours cannot be healed in a day. It takes time. Besides, here you won't be bothered with visitors. Some of our fellows will be out to see you every day, but none of them will stay long; I have advised them on that score. I have brought you out some books, a bundle of newspapers, an invitation to a dance at the widow's to-morrow night—of course, you will cut that; a card to Madame Granger's beauty show on Friday, and a note to meet the Dashwoods at dinner at the Chief Justice's. Your letters—three or four of them—are tied up with the invitations. Now, good-bye, old fellow. Porridge for breakfast, no whiskey beyond the allowance I make you, and eat a light dinner, and we will have you out again in a fortnight, or I resign my position in the corps."

And then the old surgeon, wrapping his great coat tightly about him, bade adieu to his friend and to Josephine, who opened the door for him, and jumping into his cariole dashed rapidly away in the direction of the town.

Bellson, after all, was not sorry to be left alone. He lay back in the bed and wondered if he really would be all right again in a couple of weeks. Was the doctor chaffing him? His arm pained him a good deal, and fractures do not heal quickly always. It was just like the old surgeon to make light of the accident, and to say a cheerful thing or two about it. But, in his own mind, he felt that when a fortnight passed he would still be with the Lemieux's. As matters turned out, he was not wrong. Instead of two weeks he spent half a dozen weeks, and during all that time, Josephine nursed and consoled him. He soon learned to watch for her coming. She was very patient, and never tired doing comforting things for him. She cooked his food, mixed his drinks, and talked to him in that winsome way which went straight to his heart. Often his eyes kindled with pleasure at her animation, and he soon found that she had more than good looks to commend her. Gentle in manner, she had one of those voices which instantly soothe, and Bellson was not long in discovering that her presence gave him a peculiar joy. He began, at last, to realise that he was not insensible to her charms, and though he had visitors enough from town—Miss Drayson had called three times—somehow he was always glad when they left. He was in the mood to be easily bored, but all trace of irritation passed from him when the threshold of the door was crossed by the daughter of the house. He fancied that she might care for him, but he felt sure that it was not yet time to speak; and so the days slipped by, and the hour of his going away was drawing near before he ventured on the word which might mean so much to both of them. But all this time, if Bellson and Josephine had been careful to conceal their love, there were keen eyes looking at the scenes in the little drama which was being so unconsciously played.

The doctor soon noticed the marked way in which the young people regarded each other, and once or twice he thought he noticed the beam of love dancing in their eyes. Bellson said nothing to him on the subject, and he said nothing to Bellson, but he kept his own counsel for a while. After a visit to the farmhouse, however, on one particularly stormy afternoon, he resolved on confiding his suspicions to the colonel. Hall listened with great attention, for he was, in a measure, responsible for the young fellow, and he knew how Bellson's uncle, Sir Geoffrey, would view the projected alliance. Marriage with the daughter of a Canadian wood-cutter was decidedly out of the question. He would go out himself and see how matters stood, and if they had gone far, he was determined to write home to the old baronet and tell him to get his nephew recalled on one pretext or another, and exchanged into another regiment. Accordingly, he drove out the next day, and had a long and not very comforting interview with the young subaltern. He found, for Bellson confessed it, that he really did love the girl, though, as yet, he had not spoken a word to her on the subject.

"Will you abandon the idea?" asked the colonel, with feeling in his voice. Well, no; Bellson thought that if he could get the girl's consent he would marry her—for he had been hit badly—and risk the consequences. In vain the colonel spoke of Sir Geoffrey. In vain he stamped his foot, and characterised the act as the folly of a madman. Bellson was firm in his stand, and told the colonel plainly that he would speak to Josephine that very night. The colonel was a wise man, and he thought a moment and then withdrew. On his way out he encountered the girl, and calling her to him said: "Lieutenant Bellson will have to leave here to-morrow. He says that to-night he intends speaking to you on a subject which is always interesting to young women. I hope that you will behave sensibly and honestly in this matter. Of course, you know you can never become his wife. He is an officer and the heir to a baronetcy. He must marry a lady of his own class."

A quick, hot flush, crimson red, mantled the cheek of Josephine, who was stung to the heart by the bitter words. She said in a low voice, and her accents trembled as she spoke, that she understood full well the meaning of the old soldier; she would be sensible and honest.

After he had gone she went to her room. There she gave vent to her feelings, and she never knew till then, when he appeared to be passing away from her altogether, how much she really loved him. He was not for her. He must wed a lady who moved in his own aristocratic circle. The thought nearly drove her mad. Her heart, she felt, was breaking. She had never dreamed that it would come to this. They had glided so easily into each other's affections that she had never thought that class would step in between them and mar the happiness of both, two kindred souls. She could not understand why this cruel barrier should rise up and separate them from each other. The whole thing was incomprehensible to her, but she knew her duty, hard though it was, and while the colonel's words stung, they seemed so true that she felt bound to act on them should Bellson speak to her and declare his passion. And so he was going away on the morrow! She had not heard of that. Would he come out to see her soon again? Ought she to allow him to meet her after what would pass when next she saw him? The more she thought of it the more she felt that she ought to obey the injunction of the colonel, who, doubtless, had spoken with authority. It would cost her a terrible pang, but she would go through the ordeal, cruel as it was. At last relief came to her in tears, and when she grew calm again she went down stairs and busied herself with household duties until it was time for the evening meal.

Bellson had made up his mind to leave on the morrow, but before going he determined to speak to Josephine, reveal his love for her, and learn his fate. Entering the sitting-room he sat down by the fire and tried to read; but he could take no interest in the page before him, and he laid the book aside and stared mechanically at vacancy. He must have sat in his chair half an hour when the door opened and Josephine walked in, scarcely looking one way or the other, but intent on finding a place to rest. Almost together his eyes and her's met; both blushed violently, and he rose and, taking her by the hand, gently led her to the sofa, where they both sat down. He had not spoken a word, but her fluttering heart told her that now he would speak. He began in a low voice to thank her for all that she had done for him during the days of his illness and convalescence. Her kindly acts he never could forget. On the morrow he was going away, but before departing from her father's hospitable roof, he had something to say for her ear alone. And then taking the maiden in his arms and folding her to his breast, he told her that he loved her and asked her to be his wife. The fair girl was too proud and happy to speak.

Mistaking the cause of her silence, he again implored her to say the word which would make him the happiest man in the world. Disengaging herself from his embrace, she said in broken accents, mingled with tears, that though she reciprocated his love, she could never be his. A barrier had arisen between them, and she had only discovered it that very day, when, alas! it was too late. Bellson's cheek paled as he heard this. Had another stepped in between him and his love, or had the

maiden given her heart to an earlier swain? He was not left long in suspense. Josephine was not a disingenuous girl. She had none of the artifices of her sex. Though she felt that she ought to act on the advice of the old colonel, she did not see that it was necessary to hide from her lover the true cause of her conduct. She thereupon told him everything that had passed at the interview which had taken place that day. She told him all, and she never for one moment showed that her pride was touched. She felt—and this she could not conceal despite her efforts—that in declining to give her hand to Bellson, she was giving up everything that she prized in the world. He listened, at first with amazement, then with indignation, that any one should have dared to interfere in his private affairs, and finally with pain, for somehow this young, inexperienced, timid girl impressed him with the notion that she would fulfil the obligation Colonel Hall had imposed upon her. He was not mistaken. Over and over again, she admitted that she loved him and that she would marry no one else, but that marriage with him was now out of the question. With a heavy heart Bellson left the room and climbed the stairs to his own apartment. He paced up and down with nervous, excited steps. Ever and anon he would pause in his walk and give vent to his anger or mortification.

He did not blame the girl, whose own heart he knew was bleeding sorely. But he did blame the colonel, and he blamed more than everything else that inexorable law of society, which he knew his uncle respected more than any other rule which governs life. There was no help for it. He must go and trust to time to have his wounds healed. Oh! how he wished for a war to break out so that he might find relief in the cares and trials of an active campaign! What could he do now? What was life to him? Could he again mingle in gay society? And Miss Drayson, too, and those Armstrong girls, whose designing mamma made so much of him, how could he meet them? At a glance they would discover his secret. How could he meet the fellows at his quarters? The thought was maddening to the high-spirited young soldier. But what else could he do but face his position? That night he ate nothing. Busy with his thoughts, he could not sleep but tossed uneasily on his fevered pillow. In the morning he drank a cup of coffee, and saying good-bye to his hosts—Josephine not presenting herself, and he hadn't the heart to ask for her—he drove off to the city. He was received with open arms by his comrades, but he said very little to them. He did not feel as well as he expected; he said the long drive had chilled him. Would the fellows excuse him? He must go to his rooms. He left the apartment and sought his chamber.

Five weeks afterwards he was joined at mess by the colonel, who came in wearing a serious face and holding in his hand an open letter. He was very grave, and Bellson's heart misgave him as he wondered what it was which had happened. His own griefs were enough for him, and he hoped that the colonel's troubles, whatever they were, might not refer to him, in even the remotest way.

"My dear boy," began Hall, "you are ordered home. I have just received this letter," and so saying he handed over the sheet of paper to Bellson, who took it absent-mindedly. True enough, he must leave for England by the next steamer, which left Halifax on the coming Saturday. He had three days in which to prepare himself, but to a soldier three hours were enough.

And now he was filled with a strange emotion. He was glad of the chance to cut Quebec and the Falls, and a certain farmhouse and the associations they called up. But then, how could he leave Josephine? He did not know then that this recall, which had been presented to him with so much gravity by Colonel Hall, was the result of a deeply-laid plot. Hall, like the judicious commander that he was, knew that the only remedy for Bellson's infatuation was separation. He promptly dispatched a letter to his lieutenant's uncle, giving him his ideas of what was going on, and begging Sir Geoffrey to lose no time in using his influence at the Horse Guards to get his nephew ordered home, where under the avuncular eye, a proper matrimonial alliance for the young man might be made.

There was Lady Alice St. John, she would be a good match for the heir of one of the oldest and richest baronetcies in the kingdom. Sir Geoffrey lost no time we may suppose, but his letter reached Quebec long after Bellson had declared his passion. Matters between the two young hearts had gone on more briskly than even Colonel Hall had at first supposed, and he thought that he had acted exceedingly early.

Bellson told the colonel he was ready. The next day he drove out to Montmorency and begged an interview with Josephine. She was lying down, her mother said, but she would call her. When she did appear, the colour had fled from her cheeks, and her lustrous eyes showed that much weeping had done its work with them. She received Bellson with a sad smile, and then the two sat down and he told her that in a day or so he was going to England, and he asked her to give him one ray of hope before he left. It would encourage him to live, he said. They talked together for full two hours, and when he left his face beamed with triumph, while the roses nestled in her cheeks again, and a bar of a tender love song escaped her lips.

. . . . . .

Three years passed away. Josephine Lemieux was still the sunbeam in her father's home. War had not broken out, and the troops were returning to England. The Guards, the Rifles and the Artillery had changed about a good deal since Colonel Hall commanded the old "Sixtieth." His regiment had been ordered abroad. Bellson had never rejoined it. He left the service after arriving at his uncle's house. At first he wrote pretty regularly to Josephine; but after a while this regularity ceased, and his letters grew infrequent. She never doubted him, though the gossips of the village said, with significant shrugs of the shoulders, that she would never see her cavalier again.

The *cure* said little, but in his heart he felt sure that one day Josephine Lemieux would become a *religieuse*. As a Sister how much good she could do, she of the gentle heart and kindly manner! From such as she the convents are annually recruited. Josephine's friends shrewdly exchanged glances when they met. But all through the crisis Josephine preserved her even temper, and if she suffered much from heart anguish, or from any other cause, no one knew it, for she made no outward sign and kept her secret well.

One day, however, there was a stir in the little village. It was a lovely autumn day, and the leaves of the maple were just beginning to turn. Along the road, mounted on a mettlesome steed, there dashed a tall and handsome stranger. He drew up at the door of Pierre Lemieux's house, and sprang from his saddle with an air of evident impatience. Before he could knock at the door it flew open and Josephine, radiant with smiles, took her lover's hands in hers.

"I have come for you, darling," cried Bellson; "we will be married at once."

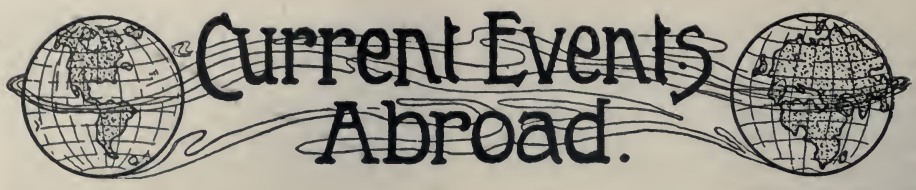
"And your uncle?"—she broke.

"He died three weeks ago. I am his heir, and you will be my lady."

The Dandelion's Message

BY W. A. CLARKE

LEST men who delve for gold forget
The best in life is free as air,
The golden, smiling dandelion
Blooms richly, freely, everywhere.



HAD the attempt to kill Alfonso and his bride succeeded a feeling of horror would have thrilled the civilised world. The nations witnessed the romance of the young pair with that mingling of approval and jocosity which is inevitable when love-making takes place under the eye of the special correspondent. But the young king's infatuation and the lady's frank and innocent acceptance of his devotion made a pretty scene for the world to look at. Had it been suddenly changed to a tragic death, the public horror would have known no bounds. As it was, however, the assassin's missile snuffed out the lives of twenty people doubtless just as avid of life as the young king and queen. Of course we can understand the processes of reasoning of the assassin no more than we can understand those of the occupant of the padded cell. The killing of any other Spanish gentleman would probably do just as much to bring the monarchy to an end as the killing of Alfonso. The young king's death would precipitate, in all probability, dynastic complications, which might find their expression in civil war. While Alfonso lives Spain has a reasonable assurance of the continuance of peace. It would puzzle the misguided wretch who perpetrated this hideous crime to say what possible good his detestable deed could do, any more than the murderer of President McKinley could point out a single foreseen consequence of that most purposelessly wicked murder.

But we are face to face with these conditions. Modern explosives put in the hands of any madman a destructive capable of multiple murder that can be carried and hurled with the ease of a cricket ball. Precautions against it are almost futile. All that is needed is a lunatic careless of his own life furnished with the necessary devastating missile. When subsequently captured, the Madrid assassin was found to be a man of apparent refinement and intelligence. A matter worthy of note is that these plots cannot be carried on without money. Who supplies the funds that enable the anarchist to live, to move about from place to place all over the globe, to secure rooms in the proper places, and do, in fact, whatever seems to be needed to carry on his campaign of murder? Capital and anarchy would seem to be the antipodes of each other, but it requires some capital to promote anarchy.

Mr. Bryan, who is making a world tour, is again being mentioned as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The Democratic conventions of six States recently held have expressed their preference for him. Democrats to whom his sixteen-to-one campaign was so distasteful that it drove them into the opposite camp, now regard his candidature with approval. They are taking it for granted that he has repented of his free-silver sins. But has he? or will he confess that he has seen the error of his ways? He may decide to ignore it altogether as a thing that is dead and buried, and need be referred to no more.

Would he be a dangerous candidate? What one feels about President Roosevelt is that he is raising issues and causing discontents that he will not be on hand to lead and guide when the talking campaign is on. He will not be a candidate, and his occupancy of the Chief Magistrate's chair debars him from taking any part whatever in the contest. Who will lead and keep within the fold the discontented whom Theodore's muck-raking has disquieted and alarmed? Bryan is the natural leader of the dissatisfied and rebellious, and if the wave of

disillusionment that is now rolling high in the United States does not break before the fall of 1908, Bryan will be a dangerous candidate, and made dangerous by the reforming zeal of the strenuous President.

The death of "Dick" Seddon, as his New Zealand admirers were fond of calling him, removes from the field one of the most thorough-going Imperialists which our times have seen. He had just concluded a tour of the Australian States, during the progress of which he preached the practical Imperial doctrine that purchases of commodities from nations other than the mother country or the colonies was a good way to help the foreigner to maintain formidable navies, which in a future day might imperil antipodean independence. Since the jubilee Mr. Seddon had become progressively more convinced of the necessity for tightening the bonds of the Empire. He was prepared to adopt the most extreme measures to achieve desirable ends. His chief object, however, in visiting Australia was to advocate the establishment of better trade relations between his colony and the Australian Federation. To what extent he succeeded has not yet appeared.

A BIT OF A BREEZE

C.-B. (Organ Grinder, to Independent Labour Party): "Ain't you a-goin' to join in with your friend, Miss?"
I.L.P.: "Not me! She ain't my class!"—*Punch*.

Difference of situation undoubtedly affects the view of the various colonies on Imperial questions. While it is difficult to arouse interest in Canada on the question of the maintenance of a strong navy, in Australia and New Zealand it is a question of first-class importance. These colonies live along their coast lines, and a hostile fleet gaining the ascendant for even a short time in those antipodean waters, could effect a great deal of damage. Contributions to the navy are, therefore, not regarded as objectionable in the antipodes. Coastal defence, too, is a live topic for discussion and legislation. New Zealand has been contributing £40,000 annually towards the

HE DARES NOT LET OUT THE ROPE

—Binghampton *Press*

The Czar and his advisers seem determined to retain their special privileges.

maintenance of the Imperial navy, and it is expected at the approaching session of Parliament that the sum will be increased to £100,000. An annual contribution of $500,000 from a colony of less than 800,000 people is an unmistakable testimony to the vital interest which these colonies of the southern cross take in the matter of naval defence. There is great interest, too, in the allocation of islands in the south seas. The presence of France in the New Hebrides and of the Germans at Samoa is regarded with unconcealed dislike at Sydney and Melbourne, as well as at Wellington.

But it was as the chief of a State which was practically given up to sociological experiment, that Mr. Seddon commanded the interested attention of the world. His qualifications as a statesman consisted mainly in his rough force of character, the simplicity of his political philosophy, and his freedom from the bondage of historic or economic teaching. His attitude towards sociological questions is well illustrated by the measures taken to avoid the conflicts between capital and labour. He was not the author of the New Zealand legislation on that subject, but he gave it his full assent and undeviating adherence. With him to recognise that the war between capital and labour was a pernicious thing, was to suggest at once that it be prohibited by law. While more deeply instructed economists and sociologists would see insurmountable barriers in the way, it was his belief that anything that was desirable in the State was attainable by statute. The old, crude trade disputes, therefore, were abolished by compelling the disputants to submit their differences to arbitration, the decision of the court being binding on both sides whether they were willing parties to the arbitration or not. The same emancipation from received ideas of men's relations to each other in society was shown in every direction, and the world has been breathlessly watching the outcome of the experiments. No explosion has yet occurred, and those who expected one are now explaining that New Zealand's isolation in the southern seas exempts her to some extent from the operation of universal economic law. Richard Seddon was a democrat for whom history, received opinions and venerable names or institutions had no terrors.

The British King is credited with being very busy at the moment patching up an understanding between his people and the Russian court. He is represented as feeling a great pity for the plight in which his nephew has been overwhelmed for the past two years, and is disposed to relieve him of anxiety as to foreign affairs at least, by arriving at an understanding of the aims of the two countries wherever those aims would tend to come into conflict. An article in the *Novoe Vremya* of a recent date attracted a good

deal of attention. It pointed out that Russia and Great Britain had been friends and allies in other times, and might well be so again. A careful perusal of the article is not at all reassuring, however. The burden of it is that there might be a rapprochement between the two countries, provided Great Britain would smile benevolently on most of the projects of aggrandisement with which the name of Russia is connected. The only thing that is left out is aggressions in the far East. Japan appears to have completely cured the big Empire of that obsession. In regard to other schemes of expansion, the article might be interpreted as saying: "The aims which we have failed to achieve by bullying and threats we will endeavour now to get by an understanding with Britain." What the latter is to get out of it does not appear at the time of writing.

NOT IN THEIR CLASS

THE BUNCH: "Let's snub him, boys, he ain't no financier."—Toronto *News*.

The proposal of James J. Hill to build a transcontinental railway through Canada without government aid marks a new era in railway building in Canada. The cartoonist represents Mr. Hill as being snubbed by the C.P.R., C.N.R. and G.T.R., the pioneer roads, each of which were state-aided. Mr. Hill's advent may be an influence in favour of reciprocity.

The possibility of such an understanding, however, is sufficient to occasion some little uneasiness in Berlin. Wilhelm met Francis Joseph at Vienna during this month, and it has been represented that it was a somewhat embarrassing visit. The fact is, however, that Austria was the only power that espoused the German cause before the Algeciras conference. Italy has not yet recovered her composure over the Emperor's injudicious letter to Count Goluchowski. Even the German newspapers admit that it contained expressions "liable to be misinterpreted." The Kaiser probably feels that he can afford to be injudicious. A judicious letter would not attract half the attention that the Kruger despatch or the Goluchowski note did. Does Wilhelm enjoy notoriety?

Although Count Witte has gone into retirement, he has not lost his interest in public affairs. He is travelling, and, writing back to a friend in Russia, he is inclined to take a most gloomy view of the situation of affairs. He expressed his regret that the authorities are not taking the present opportunity of coming to a happy understanding with the nation. The Russian Government in throwing away its chance of appeasing Parliament rendered a conflict certain within a short time. The letter proves that M. Witte's difficulties were occasioned by the reactionaries who would not let him have that understanding with the nation which is so much required. Rather than be put in a false position he retired. The Czar and his advisers have had to have recourse to the services of M. Witte at critical moments before. They may have to again.

John A. Ewan

WITH a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams,
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise;
And the winds are one with the clouds and beams—
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!
The dusk grows vast, in a purple haze,
While the West from a rapture of sunset rights,
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise—
Midsummer nights! O, midsummer nights!

—*W. E. Henley*

UNSPOILED CANADA

EGYPT had several plagues in ancient times, and even the Land of the Nile is not unafflicted by the modern plague of advertising, for we have lately been informed that the pyramids have been pasted with bills declaring the unexcelled quality of Somebody's Soap. Canada has been much freer from this modern disfigurement than the United States, but she can boast no longer of her comparatively unadvertised scenery. From Fundy to the Pacific the beautiful spots of the country are being marred by signs that declare the merits of pills, shoes, whiskey, chewing-tobacco and other commodities in which the public is supposed to be interested. There is no legal remedy for this vulgar and distressing misuse of our fields and hills, but there is some hope of educating and enlightening public sentiment, so that such desecration shall become less common.

One of the prettiest curves in Ontario is that of Hamilton Bay, which the traveller from the east or west once leaned from the car window to admire. But its loveliness is utterly marred, though we may hope the spoiling is not forever. On a small cape that juts into the western curve of the bay, a huge bottle rears its ugly head bearing an advertisement of a certain beef-essence. When I first saw the monstrosity, I vowed that I should neither touch nor taste the decoction again, and to my great satisfaction I discovered that many Hamilton women are so indignant with the powers that perpetrate such offences that they have taken similar vows. Between Toronto and Hamilton there are said to be more than one hundred advertising placards and boards which make the hour's run between the two cities a drearier experience than reading the columns of a cheap magazine.

In the west the same deadly work is going on, and the most picturesque spots along the great rivers and among the mountains are being plastered with all the blatant vulgarities that the cunning of the advertising fiend can devise. In a recent number of New York *Life*, Miss Agnes Repplier deplored the condition of the country between the large United States cities, owing to the ravages of unlovely advertising. We are rapidly coming to the same sad state and unless the people begin to protest against the spoliation, Canada will soon be a mere background for the glaring posters which are the crudest form of modern fiction.

THE OTHER SIDE

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has created more than a sensation by his novel, "The Jungle." He has forced an investigation and aroused President Roosevelt himself to an interest in the awful doings of Packingtown, Chicago. There is, however, nothing of the cheaply sensational about this book of revelations, and it is far from the theatrical thunder which distinguished Mr. Thomas Lawson's

dissertations on crookedness in copper. Anyone who can read the story of these slaves in a strange land without becoming fairly sick with horror must be unblessed, or uncursed, with an imagination. The author, in spite of certain crudities of style, has a grim strength that is compelling and almost painful. The story belongs to French or Russian genius, rather than to the Anglo-Saxon. And the worst of it all is that the conditions described are only too truthfully depicted.

But towards the close of the book there are "reflective" paragraphs that take on a hysterical tinge. For instance, the writer becomes quite tearful about the unemployed girls and women in Chicago and makes dark references to the lake as the only refuge for those who can find no place where they may work and be fed. What rubbish such talk is in a country where a host of weary housewives are calling out for domestic help and are willing to give good prices for mediocre assistance! Whatever may be the industrial conditions in England, there is no sense in deploring the condition of unemployed women on this continent. It may be said that some of these housewives do not treat servants with any consideration or kindness. While that may be true in some cases, most American women are too anxious to secure help to fail in ordinary provision for the comfort of a maid. There are hundreds, nay thousands, of households on this continent where employment and all decent surroundings await in vain those who are too lazy or too desirous of a large city's sensations to "stoop" to domestic service. Wherefore, Mr. Sinclair need not wax pathetic over the women in Chicago who have no work. If they really desire to toil and spin the opportunity will not be denied them, and it will be no degrading toil at that. The truth is that such women as he refers to would rather starve in Chicago than go into the clean country beyond and find respectable work. Sympathy and eloquence expended on such people are worse than wasted.

In a Chicago magazine, a short story by Elliott Flower gives the other side. A sincere philanthropist goes to a judge who has retired and has bought a fruit farm, and the former endeavours to obtain from the judge assistance for the unemployed in the city. Then the latter arises in righteous expostulation and shows that he has been crippled and thwarted in his work by the very class he is asked to aid.

He said: "I sent to the city for men; I advertised in the city papers; I applied to employment agents; but it was always the same story: many men were seeking work, but it was work in the city that they wanted, and the farm had no attractions for them. I read of destitution, of appeals to the charitable; of the deserving poor who could not get work—and these unemployed were taking from me every year the little profit of my farm. . . . Nearly a quarter of my original purchase has gone at a sacrifice, even as the farm came to me; more than a quarter of what is left has been abandoned and will soon follow; an orchard has gone to practical ruin; a large berry patch has become waste land; the margin of cash I had has disappeared; my wife works as no woman should have to work at her age; and only the most rigid economy enables us to exist at all. This, briefly, is my ledger account against the unemployed of the city."

The judge then offered through Bullard, the philanthropist, to give employment to a family from the city, but the latter knitted his brow and thoughtfully reviewed the proposition.

"I think it doubtful," he said.

"And the unemployed of the city are crying for help," commented the judge, bitterly.

We cannot be too grateful to Mr. Sinclair for exposing the conditions of Packingtown and shocking decent citizens into active protest. But when his novel ends in a blaze of socialistic rhetoric, when he talks with a tremolo about the unemployed girls in the great cities, we feel inclined to yawn in weary unbelief. By the way, an author of his literary pretensions ought to know better than to use that tiresome Yankee revival of "have gotten," an archaism that is no more good modern English than "washen" or "baken." He concludes his novel with a wild confusion of "shall" and "will," which is no un-

usual blunder for a writer on this side of the Atlantic.

A FORGOTTEN PRINCESS

NOW that Princess Ena, in spite of anarchist bombs, is safely Queen Victoria, the interest in princesses is somewhat on the wane. But in the columns of the *Monthly Review* there is found the story of a little princess whose pathetic life forms an interesting page in royal annals. She was a daughter of the most unfortunate of the Stuarts, Charles I, and was born in 1635, fourteen years before her father's execution. Of the five daughters of that ill-fated king, only two reached womanhood; Mary, who became the wife of the Prince of Orange, and who was the mother of William III, and Henrietta who was born in Exeter in 1644, on the eve of her mother's flight, and who was afterwards Duchess of Orleans, and herself the mother of queens. There is a miniature in Windsor Castle of the forgotten Princess Elizabeth, which "gives her a broad forehead, fine eyes, rather melancholy but full of character and spirit; a small, well-shaped mouth, and a delicate chin."

After the trouble between Parliament and king became acute, the younger children of the sovereign were regarded with jealous eye by the former and an edict against association with all but those who were willing to accept the solemn league and covenant required the dismissal of every one whose sympathies were royalist. A few days before his execution Charles was allowed to see Elizabeth and her brother Henry, and there remains the girl's affecting account of the interview. Her grief at her father's fate was so overwhelming that her life was despaired of. The two children were transferred from guardian to guardian, and were finally given into the care of Colonel Sydenham, Governor of the Isle of Wight. At Carisbrook Castle, her father's last residence, the Princess Elizabeth died in September, 1649, and was buried in the church of St Thomas at Newport. "Here the body would probably have remained in utter obscurity and oblivion had not Queen Victoria erected a memorial to the forgotten princess as 'a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes'."

"Baron Marochetti has at last rendered a fitting tribute by carving an effigy worthy to rank with those at Worcester and Ashbourne—a child asleep and at rest; her cheek presses an open book; the Bible, which tradition alleges was the gift of her father and lay upon her pillow when she died."

THE SANDWICH SEASON

THE days of the picnic have come again and the small boy rejoices in the prospect of games and races, not to mention lemonade and caramel cake. It is easy to become cynical concerning the picnic, for we have all had melancholy experiences when the salt made the custard pie and lemon tarts unpalatable, and the sandwiches were soaked with cold tea. "Go to a picnic," said one man scornfully, "not I. It's a case of knees in your mouth and flies." But there is no reason, granting that the weather powers are kind, why a picnic should not be an agreeable break in the week's monotony, and the modern aids to an outing make it far less of a tax upon the housewife than it used to be. The light wooden dishes, the metal drinking cup, the tissue paper serviettes make the "lunch-basket" no longer a burden to be avoided by the small boy.

But in no article of food has the ingenuity of modern providing manifested itself so amazingly as in the sandwich. In the days of our childhood there were the ham and tongue varieties, and it was thought a dangerous innovation when salmon was wedged between the slices of bread. But the variety went on until we found ourselves devouring nasturtiums, leaves and flowers, and pretending to enjoy them. The secret of the picnic is the sandwich, which should be thin and of several sorts. Tarts are a vain and doubtful good, as they have a cheerful way of upsetting and smearing everything within reach, and they are also fatally attractive to ants and other picnic insects. Cake is a safer commodity and fruit is not to be left at home. But the

THE ORATORY, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND

Showing, to the left, the statue to Cardinal Newman. The Oratory is the second best Roman Catholic edifice in London

sandwich is the staff of the picnic, and is essentially a summer joy, for the beribboned variety that we have at teas in the winter afternoons is a mere apology for the genuine article, which should be associated with the breeze from the lake, the scent of the pines and the gladness of a day "beyond the city."

THE VICTORIAN WOMAN

MRS. FREDERIC HARRISON, writing in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, says: "It is now the fashion to speak slightingly of the Victorian woman. It is an unmannerly fashion; for these women were our mothers and our grandmothers, and what we distinguished beings are to-day they have made us.

"She had a delightful reserve, the maiden of the middle eighteen hundreds, though she may have appeared at first sight obvious enough, discharging her little household duties with a pretty precision and a happy pride. The care of a household, the spending of money, the household budget, the education of children, the training of young servants, were considered high social duties, to which the wise woman would bring all her skill and courage.

"The writer has heard it said of women belonging to an older generation that they had never been known to propose an entertainment for themselves. It would yet be wholly untrue to suggest that they were dull in their lives or lethargic in intelligence. 'I find myself very good company,' said one old lady. 'I do not pay myself the ill compliment to suggest that I could be bored with myself.' She kept a diary of the old-fashioned sort, not so much to chronicle events as to have a daily record of her life, her moods, her growth, her shortcomings and failings. It was full of shrewd humour and observation, with pathetic touches, as when, in complaining of failing health, she says: 'Am getting to be too fond of sitting in easy chairs; mem.—to cure myself of this.' Dear, delightful old lady, where shall we find your like?"

Jean Graham

A CANADIAN GIRL IN NEW YORK

ONE of the things which brings delight to the heart of the music-loving Canadian girl when she finds herself settled in New York is the opportunity to hear good music. In a single week she may attend a Philharmonic concert,

Young People's Symphony, New York Symphony, Boston Symphony, and numberless recitals, while the Campanaries and Yvetti Guilberts perform on the Metropolitan stage for her benefit. Europe has been scoured by eager managers, and prima donnas and celebrated virtuosi charm her with their power. She may sit and dream through "Aida," or be carried backward through the centuries by the gorgeous pageantry of "The Queen of Sheba." Or, being of a practical turn of mind, the different musicians which she hears will set her philosophising. Why should all the popular musicians bear foreign names? Is it true that the "spirit of American life is too utterly commercial and lacks the artistic sensitiveness of the Latin nations?" The list of American composers is very short, and in that list there are few who are really American. There is, for instance, Charles Martin Loeffler, an Alsatian by birth, whose tendencies are extremely German; Louis Victor Saar, who is typically German; Rubin Goldmark, an Oriental, and Mr. MacDowell, who is of Scotch parentage, to mention a few American composers. Is it that in music Americans have no individualism—no standards of their own—that it is necessary for John Martin to be announced as Giovanni Martini, if his debut in the musical world is to be a success.

Long ago, when the country was young, the youthful Longfellows and Whittiers wrote of nightingales and blue Italian skies, but one day they realised that there were song birds close at hand, though they were not nightingales, and beautiful skies overhead, though they were not Italian skies, and thereafter they sang of themes about them, and so created an American literature. And in some such way American music will be created. Theodore Thomas saw clearly the mistake Americans were making, and during all his musical career strove to teach his countrymen that it is better to stand upon one's own feet, than to make one's self the slave of foreign theories. Following in his footsteps for the musical education of the masses is Franz X. Arens, founder and conductor of the People's Symphony Orchestra. Though a foreigner by birth, he has made his home in America since his eleventh year, and he believes that the time is now ripe for a real development of American music out of American genius; that it should be no longer necessary to send every talented boy or girl to Paris or Berlin to form their first musical impressions. It has been his aim, therefore, to create for the students of New York a musical atmosphere which they go abroad to find.

For this purpose he conceived the idea of giving concerts at reduced rates for students. The programmes are made up of the most severely classical music. One of the characteristics of the concerts is the remarkably clear and interesting descriptions which Mr. Arens gives of the composition to be performed. Perhaps he will tell of the "Flying Dutchman," who was rescued from his curse by the sacrifice of a woman's love. Or explain how in the "Faust Symphony," by means of musical treatment, this character is presented as harassed by doubt and despair; how in the second movement a melody is introduced designed to give expression to the gentle grace of Gretchen's character. In the third movement Mephistopheles appears; mighty trombone sounds are heard through discordant hell-music; while in the last, when the infernal diabolical spirit has risen to its most brilliant power, there appears, as if soaring aloft, the main theme of the Gretchen music in virgin beauty, and the power of the demon is shattered and sinks back into nothingness. Through these explanations the listener, though his knowledge of the composition is slight, is enabled to follow the theme understandingly.

The first of these concerts was given five years ago in Cooper Union Hall, but so great has their popularity grown that it is now necessary to give them in different sections of the city, at Carnegie Hall, Grand Central Palace and Cooper Union. The interest and enthusiasm which they have awakened, represent not only an artistic triumph for the founder, but a development among the masses, of a taste for classical music which in time will leave a perceptible impress on the national music life.

S. E. A.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

IMPERIAL PROGRESS

THE progress of the British Empire pleases and interests us all—but only when it is properly labelled. Call it British progress and we acquiesce pleasantly; label it progress of the Empire and we at once exhibit pride; distinguish it as imperialism and we are intellectually non-committal; call it Chamberlainism and we mingle derisive and congratulatory cheers. Peculiar as it may seem, there can be no denial of these statements. We are as touchy on these phrases as a man with rheumatism. In fact, we are delightfully childlike.

After all, what matters the word they use? Even if they label it Chamberlainism, why should we who are Liberals shudder? When Mr. Chamberlain passes away, the Empire and the flag will remain. Some say the term imperialism has a sinister aspect. Yet this is only because a few people have read features into British imperialism which it does not and should not contain. The progress of the mother country and the colonies—the development of Great Britain and the Dominions over Seas—the onward march of the British peoples——Civis Britannicus sum—the glory of the British Empire —what difference? It is not the word but the thing itself which is important.

Approve it or not as you may, imperialism is using its wings these days. Following the example of Canada in previous years, nearly 27,600 schools throughout the King's domains celebrated "Empire Day" this year, partly in honour of Queen Victoria, mainly in honour of the great Empire which she saw constructed. It must be a great source of satisfaction to men like Lord Meath who have fathered an unpopular cause, to find that the younger element in the greatest Empire of modern history have thrown technicalities to the winds and have frankly, fully and unreservedly avowed themselves proud of the British Confederacy. The men who opposed Imperial Federation scorned it out of court, but their opinions have been in turn trampled under foot by the growing multitude of imperialists who are not necessarily strict federationists.

Empire Day found its slowest appreciation in the British Isles, but this year has seen the end of the opposition. Empire Day is now an institution. If it is kept free of guns and gunpowder, it is likely to be permanent.

THE LIBERALS AND IMPERIALISM

IT is curious to a colonial to note the reasons for the slowness of Great Britain in taking up imperialism. I am not sure that I am able to give all the reasons or that any person can. Sentiment as well as reason has played a part, and sentiment is often unreasonable.

One writer puts it this way: *"It is not so long since the word 'imperialist' was to the Liberal party in Great Britain the bitterest reproach that could be launched against a politician. . . . . The plain and simple fact is that the Liberal party, the Whigs and the bourgeoisie, is and always has been out of sympathy with both the colonies and India, and has never for a single moment as much as attempted to realise their overwhelming importance. . . In the days of its power the Liberal party in Great Britain, both by word and deed, did its best to detach the colonies from the Empire as a useless encumbrance."

It might also be said of the Tory party at times that it shared this prejudice. Yet, since 1895, the Tories have been frankly and avowedly imperial. The Liberals, however, have been more tenacious of their original position, and many of them are still anti-imperial. This

*The Baronage and the Senate.

is as true of the Scotch Liberals as of the English Liberals.

A few weeks ago, there appeared in *Punch* a cartoon* representing Madame Britannia's empty Imperial School "For Little Radicals." It was a rebuke to Winston Churchill's meddling in Natal. He should, said *Punch* in effect, be studying the subject "Our Colonies and How to Keep Them." Yet there are signs of a change in the Liberal attitude. The Liberal party is growing more imperialistic in its tendencies. Lord Elgin is an imperialist of the best kind, and others might be mentioned. The historic Liberal attitude is vanishing before the rising colonial sun, the growth of inter-empire trade, the undying influence of Cecil Rhodes and Rudyard Kipling, and—may I be permitted to say it without being snowballed—the wonderful persistency and personality of the small body of imperialists owning the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain as their chief. The day is fast approaching when the only difference between the two historic parties in Great Britain on this question will be one of method.

INVESTIGATIONS AND REFORM

THE air is full of investigations and revelations. In spite of an attempt to stop the movement, it is gaining rather than losing force. The novelist has joined the magazine contributor, and the end is not in sight. From the insurance companies and the railways, the interest has passed to the meat packers, and thence to foods generally.

The average citizen of to-day is wondering if this is an extraordinarily wicked age, that so many lids must be lifted and so many smells investigated. The historian would probably say that such things are periodical; they precede every era of reform. The abolition of slavery and the reform of European prisons were preceded by much writing and private investigation and agitation. Later Charles Dickens and Charles Reade wrote novels in which they portrayed and criticised the social conditions of the day, thus paving the way for reforms in prison life, in public schools, in private lunatic asylums, and in the merchant shipping service. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is said to have been an important instrument in arousing anti-slavery sentiment in the United States. Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street," and numerous novels of like character have aided in bringing the British public to a realisation of unfair social conditions. In addition to novels there have been reports from hundreds of Royal Commissions in Great Britain and the colonies which have paved the way for reforms.

The investigations of to-day differ less in character than in form from the corresponding heart-searchings of previous generations. Reformers need not fear that the day will soon come when there will be little for them to do. Human progress is slow and all great reforms are the result of national travail. Each generation is confronted with new problems, and each solution is reached only after much experiment and discussion. Looking abroad over the nations, we find each struggling with its particular set of problems. In Europe and Asia the problems are mainly political; in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, they are more commercial, though we are not without our political problems.

The lesson of a broad survey is that there is much work to do and that the reformers of any particular country should not be discouraged by the appearance of fresh problems nor appalled by a recognition of the improbability of bringing the world but an inch or two nearer perfection.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

NEARLY every province finds difficulty in getting and retaining good public school teachers. The Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction in the Province of Quebec has 861 elementary schools under its control, out of which number three hundred are taught by young girls who have no certificate. An extra tax is proposed in order to raise salaries.

Manitoba and British Columbia are

*See June Canadian Magazine, p. 172.

A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, LL.D.
Deputy Minister of Education

JOHN SEATH, M.A.
Superintendent of Education

TWO RECENT ONTARIO APPOINTMENTS

forced into high expenditures to maintain their public schools—the average cost of a pupil in attendance being over $30. In the other provinces the cost runs from $14.40 in Prince Edward Island and Ontario Roman Catholic schools to $19.51 in Ontario public schools. Probably no province has less effective public school education than Quebec where the average cost is about $15.40.

No general rule or deduction can be made, but it seems almost certain that no province can maintain efficient public schools at an average cost per pupil in attendance of less than $25. Only the western provinces attain that limit. The other provinces, it may therefore be assumed, are starving their public schools.

Ontario, which has always been considered liberal in its educational expenditures, proposes a vast increase for 1907. The salaries of all rural teachers are to be increased by an act passed this year. This act places a limit below which no school section may go. Only sections where the assessed value of the taxable school property is less than $30,000 is exempt.

The details of the plan are comprehensive and cannot be given here. The effect is the important point. Taking West Huron as a typical example, the following figures from a local paper will be found to be informing:

"In West Huron there are twenty-four rural school sections with an assessment of $200,000 or over, which, under the regulations as above outlined, must pay a salary of $500 in 1907; twenty-six sections assessed between $150,000 and $200,000, which must pay $450; thirty-seven sections assessed between $100,000 and $150,000, which must pay $400, and nine sections assessed between $50,000 and $100,000, which must pay $350. Nine assistant teachers in the inspectorate will receive at least $300 each.

"This means, for the 105 rural school teachers in the inspectorate, aggregate minimum salaries of $44,350. This is a considerable increase over the salaries now paid, which amount to $37,740. The average increase to the 105 teachers will be nearly $63, even if the minimum is not exceeded in any instance."

This Ontario plan should commend itself to the educationists and the parents

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY
President of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Steamship Company

of other provinces. The rich man provides his children with special private schools; the poor man should have the very best that the state can in justice maintain. The adequate salary is the first step towards school efficiency.

QUEBEC AND THE C.P.R.

AT the banquet to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at Quebec on May 19th, the reasons why that city was chosen as the western terminus of the Canadian-British steamship service were given quite frankly. Sir Thomas pointed out that the channel between Quebec and Montreal was in an unsatisfactory condition, and it was thought best not to attempt to bring such large vessels as the Empresses to Montreal. It was true that this meant 175 miles of a railway haul for freight instead of a water haul, but the saving in fuel, insurance, terminal charges and time somewhat counterbalanced the train charges.

Sir Thomas recalled that in May, 1856, just fifty years before, the first mail steamer under the first contract with the Allans arrived at Quebec, and to the Allans he attributed much of the progress that has been made in that half century. It was a generous compliment to a rival in trade.

Sir Thomas expressed his pride in the new steamers put on by his own company, but he did not believe that they marked high tide in the St. Lawrence service. He apparently looks forward to even larger and speedier boats as the Canadian route becomes more developed and more popular. To accomplish this the waterway from the ocean must be adequately buoyed and lighted. Much has been done; much remains to be done. The traffic from Western Canada must find an outlet to the sea, and the efficiency of Canadian routes and harbours will determine what proportion shall go out by United States routes. In this question, the banks, the vessel owners, the railways, the commission men and working people are all interested. It is the most important question of the day.

Then Sir Thomas quietly hinted that all this rivalry among the Canadian Atlantic ports was nonsense. "There is business enough for all of them and to spare. Get the ports ready, fit them up according to modern ideas. . . The business will come."

There was one point on which Sir Thomas did not touch. There have been millions of dollars wasted on the St. Lawrence in the last twenty-five years. There should be a St. Lawrence Commission to see that all money voted for the improvement of that route, harbours and canals, was properly expended. Neither the civil service nor the Quebec politicians can be trusted to do that. It is disheartening to see the interests of Quebec and Montreal so badly served as they have been in the past by men posing as statesmen and patriots, who were nothing more than adventurers. This is truer of Quebec than any other province, because of the peculiar character of the French-Canadian—with whom oratory and position and nationality are more potent than a highly disinterested form of public service. In fact, they seldom distinguish between public and party service.

John A. Cooper

IMMORTALITY

THE administrators of the Ingersoll fund at Harvard University, which provides for an annual lecture on the "Immortality of Man," have been subjected to somewhat hostile criticism lately on account of their choice of lecturers, says "*Current Literature*." Dr. William Osler, the distinguished physician, who spoke on "Science and Immortality" two years ago, assumed an agnostic attitude; and the latest lecturer, Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, Professor of Physical Chemistry at the University of Leipzig, has handled the subject, "Individuality and Immortality,"* in the same spirit. He refuses to affirm personal immortality. The only real immortality, he argues, is that we achieve when we leave an impress upon the life and work of the world. He goes further, and says: "Death is not only not an evil, but it is a necessary factor in the existence of the race. And looking into my own mind with all the frankness and subjectiveness which I can apply to this most personal question, I find no horror connected with the idea of my own death."

The only lasting kind of life that the lecturer is able to discover in the realm of experience is that "quite independent of individual life or death," to wit, the more or less limited effectiveness of the work a man has accomplished. He says:

"How long it will remain effective is entirely dependent on the degree to which the work has suited the wants of the race. Work of no value to these wants will be wiped out as soon as possible, while useful work will be retained so long as it is seen to be useful. The examples I have given show how very long the influence of a great and useful worker may persist, but there is no doubt that by this very influence the individuality of his work disappears, however slowly. It becomes more and more a part of the general mental equipment of his clan, his nation, his race. It will then exist as long as these exist, no longer as a distinct idea or work of art, but as a common possession. Here again the general law of diffusion already met with is at work, and duration and individuality are linked as are reciprocal numbers; the one increases as the other diminishes."

Instead of feeling that we sweep away the foundation of all our ethics when we banish the idea of a personal future life in which vice shall be punished and virtue rewarded, Professor Ostwald thinks that not only is ethics possible without this idea, but that "this condition involves a very refined and exalted state of ethical development." "The more each individual is filled with the consciousness that he belongs to the great collective organism of humanity, the less will he be able to separate his own aims and interests from those of humanity. A reconciliation between duty to the race and personal happiness is the result, as well as an unmistakable standard by which to judge our own actions and those of our fellowmen." He concludes:

"In fact, we find the interests of humanity in the very centre of our ethical consciousness. To frighten people into ethical action by threatening them with eternal punishment is a poor and inefficacious way of influencing them. The natural way is to develop a consciousness of the all-pervading relation between the several individuals which make up humanity, and this to such a degree that the corresponding actions become not only a duty but a habit, and at last an instinct, directing all our doings quite spontaneously for the interest of humanity. And every mental and moral advance which we make for ourselves by our constant efforts at self-education will be at the same time a gain for humanity, since it will be transmitted to our children, our friends, and our pupils, and will be to them easier than it was to us, according to the general law of memory. Beside the fact of inherited taint, there exists the fact of inherited perfection, and every advance which we, by the sweat of our brows, may succeed in making

towards our perfection, is so much gain for our children and our children's children forever. I must confess that I can think of no grander perspective of immortality than this."

PREACHER AUTHORS

THE new life of "Wesley"* and "A Parson's Ponderings"† attract attention simultaneously, though there are no points of resemblance except that the author of each is a minister of the Gospel.

John Wesley is fortunate in finding such a biographer as Dr. Fitchett. The sub-title, "A Study in Spiritual Forces," sounds the keynote of the book, and at the same time explains the attraction. An imperialist is likely to feel the appeal of Wesley and his work, for has he not founded a spiritual empire within the empire? Methodism is a spiritual force on an imperial scale. Its spread has been wonderful, and Wesley's spiritual genius and his skill as an organiser are directly responsible. Oh! the pity of it, that the mother church did not seize and use this great movement which began within her own borders, and was largely owing to the richness of its spiritual cradle! But Providence has decreed it otherwise, and we can only rejoice at the success of a movement which has never forgotten that its origin was found in an Evangelical revival. This voluminous study deals first with the making of the man, then with the making of a saint; next with the quickening of a nation, then with the evolution of a church, and finally with the personal characteristics of its hero. Perhaps panegyric is better than a too critical estimate, when we are dealing with a character like Wesley's. In any case the author never forgets that the spirit of God was the chiefest factor in a movement of which the end is not yet. This book is likely to have many readers and it deserves them.

Everything that Canon Low writes is bright and clever, and in this volume of musings he is at his best. It is pleasant to notice that he cannot away with the Revised Version. It jars his nerves and makes him "mad," like "some atrocious variation thrust into some beloved old tune." It is not that he is not "modern." On the contrary, with science and criticism Canon Low is in full sympathy We are not so sure that we agree that the state had better drop the Bible from the public schools. We see no reason for this. Canon Low is also very amusing at times, especially when he scratches his head over the problem as to whom he is to preach to on Sunday, for the modern congregation is a conglomeration of heterogeneity. The "wise men from the east" is a very pretty adaptation of an old legend in which we find Buddha, Confucius and Zoroaster introduced as the leading dramatis personæ. But enough. Here are words witty and wise—and otherwise, but quite enough of wisdom to furnish forth a light banquet which will give no reader indigestion. The volume is prettily dedicated to Sir Sandford Fleming, who will find it versatile, scholarly and patriotic.

C. E.

*Wesley and His Century, by W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D., President of the Methodist Church in Australasia and author of "How England Saved the Empire." Toronto: William Briggs.

†A Parson's Ponderings, by G. J. Low, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

MONEY AND CURRENCY

PROFESSOR JOHNSON'S discussion of Money,* while dealing with the various theoretical aspects of the question, is written with an eye to American conditions. The fact that 1896, and its "cross of gold" hysteria, has passed away, is well emphasised in the scientific eclecticism of Professor Johnson's treatment. The extreme arguments on either side of the vexed question of bimetallism are examined. It is recognised that there is considerable force in the contention that, for a time, the apparent depreciation of silver was really an appreciation of gold. The theoretic arguments in favour of international bimetallism are recognised as tenable. At the same time the extreme vagaries of the pro-silver adherents are subjected to trenchant criticism. He recognises that the argument in favour of bimetallism

*Money and Currency, Joseph French Johnson. Ginn & Co., Boston: 1905. Pp. viii and 398.

from the standpoint of its staying effect on falling prices has passed away; for the rapid increase of gold since 1900 now necesitates attention being turned to the consideration of "how to guard against the influence of rising prices."

The most important parts of the book are those concerned with credit and prices. The influx of gold since 1900 has caused an upward movement of prices. The credit mechanism, as it exists in modern industrial countries, has enabled each gold dollar to support a portion of a credit edifice. Credit, by lessening the demand for money, has enabled prices to be kept at a higher level.

While in the United States and England the inelastic nature of the banking system makes the question of gold shipments of prime importance, in Canada and France, the author holds, the elastic systems of banking make the effects of international gold movements of minor importance. The reason for this is to be found in an adequate system of representative, or as the author terms it, "credit" money. Under an ideal credit money system the supply of credit automatically adjusts itself to variations in the need for a medium of exchange. When properly issued, credit money should not cause prices to rise; it should simply prevent a fall in price, for it should be put forth only in response to a need for currency. This need he, in opposition to some of the apologists for the American banking system, holds is not to be met by the use of "deposit currency."

While the book is only incidentally concerned with banking, the author finds it necessary, in suggesting concrete reforms in the monetary system of the United States, to speak of banking. He is of those who desire the government to go out of the banking business. He criticises the banking system of the United States because of the lack of ease in its methods of redemption, while he holds that the advantages of the elastic credit currency possessed by the Canadian banking system, should be adopted in the United States.

The book is a treatise dealing in an interesting and illuminating manner with the accepted divisions of the subject matter. The most fruitful parts of the discussion are, however, those concerned with the relation of gold and credit to prices. Here the analysis is thorough and the reasoning clear. While, in the sections where illustrative matter is cited, the experiences of various peoples are passed in review, these are incidental to the study of American conditions. But while the book is thus directed to conditions as they exist in the United States, the book has a wider value, for the United States has insisted in trying over the old-time experiments, and the defects in its policy bring out the old-time mistakes in a new setting.

S. J. McLean.

SAMANTHA AND OTHERS

THERE is a certain class of people who like to have their religion and philosophy given them in dialect. When the first commandment is read to them in the ordinary and proper Anglo-Saxon they fail to see its literary force; but if Samantha* or some other rather clever person will just say, "Sol. Smith, he wuz a-worshippin' his farm and his money and left no room in his flinty old heart for God," they are satisfied. Josh Billings set the fashion for this continent, if I am not mistaken, and he has had many imitators. Homely and epigrammatic sayings of all grades seem to find a quick popularity. The "Irish" humour of the comic papers is mostly of this class. The semi-religious novels are full of rather tawdry sentimentality and cheap wisdom in gaudy dress. Some of the characters created to spill this milk-and-water wisdom over the community have been rather attractive—David Harum and Mrs. Wiggs, for example—but it is doubtful if such intellectual food produces real manhood and womanhood.

It must be admitted, of course, that the world is composed of many classes,

*Samantha vs. Josiah: The Story of a Borrowed Automobile and What Came of It, by Marietta Holley. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

and that each class demands a certain kind of literature. That so many people will read Josh Billings, does not surprise one, because he was a genuine humorist; but that so many will read "Samantha's" weak utterances is not so pleasant. People should have humorous reading occasionally, but there should be some discretion in the choice of it. All humour is not elevating, nor are all books worth while. Sam Slick was a humorist and a thinker, but few Canadians have ever heard of him; the University professors and High School teachers don't know him and cannot quote from his books. The blind are leading the blind, and most of them spend much time in the ditch.

Sydney H. Preston's "On Common Ground"* is one of the most humorous books ever written by a Canadian. Perhaps it is not quite as good as Mrs. Yeigh's "A Specimen Spinster," but it is delightfully light. These two volumes are of a much higher rank than Samantha's new book, partly because Samantha is written out. Moreover, these two authors are Canadian and deal with life more or less from the Canadian viewpoint. There is not quite so much philosophy in Mr. Preston's book as in Mrs. Yeigh's, but that would hardly be considered a fault. If "On Common Ground" has a weakness it lies in the narrowness of the theme. Mrs. Biggs is a sterling character with a head and heart full of knowledge about men and women. Her remarks do not read like those in the almanacs; on the contrary, they are bright, humorous and natural. Mr. Preston is to be congratulated on the general excellence of this his second attempt to produce a volume of dignified literary entertainment.

*On Common Ground, by Sydney H. Preston. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

AMATEUR ESSAYS

IF one were to judge all the essays and articles that appear in book form or in periodicals by absolute standards, many of them would fall short in regard to technique or form. Nevertheless most of these contributions to current thought are both important and influential. W. Frank Hatheway, of St. John, N.B., has given the public a volume entitled "Canadian Nationality, The Cry of Labour, and Other Essays,"* and, with this explanation, they may be highly recommended. The author believes in a high type of citizenship and aims to do what he can in forming it in Canada. He brings a frank, forceful bundle of ideas to bear upon the problems with which he deals. There is no mistaking his point of view. He lays bare the hypocrisies and selfishness of modern economic society with a dashing, clear-cut style of expression which must be effective with his readers. The literary form and the logical sequence of ideas is not always present, but this may be pardoned because of the other virtues which his work possesses. Every citizen-student of affairs may gain much by a perusal of these pages.

*Canadian Nationality, by W. F. Hatheway. Toronto: William Briggs.

BRITISH NOTES

Sara Jeannette Duncan's "Set in Authority" is a recent addition to Constable's Colonial Library. A new novel by Marie Corelli is to be published in the same series during the summer.

Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel" will appear in Bell's Colonial Library in the autumn.

A new volume of Vernon Nott's verses will be issued shortly by Greening & Co. It is entitled "Summer Days." Mr. Nott is one of the few Canadian verse writers to find an English publisher in recent years.

Those who have a taste for soliloquies and ponderings will find "From a College Window," by A. C. Bensen, a well-recommended book. It is issued by Smith, Elder & Co.

Chatto & Windus will publish "The Lost Earl of Ellan," by Mrs. Campbell Præd, which is now running as a serial in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Duckworth & Co. have just published "The Scottish School of Painting," by William D. McKay, R.S.A., librarian to the Royal Scottish Academy. It is quarto size, with 48 illustrations, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

Idle Moments.

MANITOBA REMINISCENCES

WHEN I first landed in Winnipeg, I was quite green. In fact, I was what is known as an English "tenderfoot." The Winnipeg of those days was quite different from the busy and beautiful city of to-day.

I asked a man on the street if he could direct me to a hotel. He looked at me and then pointed to the immigrant shed. I made no reply, but being hungry, like a good Englishman thought of my dinner. I noticed a big tent on the main street, with a sign which read, "Meals at all hours," so I thought I would take it in. However, I concluded that they had taken me in before I got out again. I was surprised to be charged 75c. for a ten cent meal.

As my means were rather limited, I hied me to the immigrant shed that had been pointed out to me. There I got a good clean board to sleep on for ten cents per night. There were no restrictions as to eating; you could eat when you felt like it, providing that you had anything to eat.

After staying there a short time a grizzly-looking farmer came along, who wanted to hire me, as he said I was a likely looking man. I had not been accustomed to farming, but being in need of employment, thought I would go with him; consequently, I threw my luggage, which was not cumbersome, into the waggon, and started for the farm. We lumbered along for miles and miles, passing sod shanties and boarded huts, which I afterwards learned were farm houses.

At last we reached our destination. We pulled up with a "whoa," and with several sharp barks from a mongrel pup. That was the most comical looking pup I ever saw; it had one ear up and the other down, as if it were wondering where its future home would be, up or down. Before I had been there two days, I concluded that it ought to be "down."

After helping, or rather hindering, the man to unhitch his team, he suggested that we would go to the house and have something to eat. I felt very hungry, and according to the size of the house, I began to wonder if he thought I was capable of eating it. However, we had a fairly good meal inside, which consisted of one room—the house I mean—which served as dining-room, kitchen, bedroom, and parlour combined.

After supper we went to the "barn," which looked like a straw heap. After feeding the horses, and "fixing" things up in general, I began to wonder where I would sleep. The boss said I could sleep in the granary, in the oat bin, which I did. I slept very comfortably, except that I dreamed that I was a horse, and was trying to break into a granary. This wakened me up, and I found that I was choking myself trying to swallow a mouthful of oats.

The next morning being Sunday, the farmer did not get up very early. So I got up and went to the stable to attend to the horses. When I got there I found one of the horses loose; it had broken the halter. I had often heard of halters, but I did not know what they were used for. The other horse which had had a rope around its neck, had somehow got it about its feet, so I concluded that that was the way they tied up horses. I fastened the halter around one of the legs of the other horse the best I could, fed them, and left.

After awhile the boss came out and asked me how the horses got into the wheat field. I had to confess that I did not know, as they were tied up safely when I left them. There they were, however, quietly grazing on the wheat as if they had all the right in the world to do so.

After we had secured the horses again, the boss said he would show me how to milk the cows. I watched the operation for some time, and thought I could do it all right. It was quite awhile afterwards that I undertook to milk those cows. It

LUNCHEON HOUR CONFIDENCES

"Such a nice young man took me out to dinner last night—such a well mannered-man. D'you know, when the coffee come and 'e'd poured it in 'is saucer, instead of blowing on it like a common person, 'e fanned it with 'is 'at!"—London *Punch*.

was on the Queen's Birthday. The boss and the mistress had gone to the celebration at Winnipeg. They said they would not be home until late, and consequently left me to do everything. Well, I started to milk those cows, but I never finished them. I couldn't remember which was the right side to milk on, so I thought I would milk half on one side and half on the other. I noticed, however, that they kicked the bucket oftener while I was on the other side.

The next thing I undertook was to do some "breaking." That is what the westerners call the first turning of the sod, I made a great success at that job, for which I got a great "blessing" from the boss. He said I was a good "breaker," but no ploughman, as I had succeeded in breaking the whiffletrees, the harness, and also the plough. Then, being provoked at my non-success, I tried to break the horses' heads; which I might have done had not the boss interfered, swearing that he would break my neck if I did not break and run; which I did.

Rambler.

COMMENT FROM "PUNCH"

IN the debate on the Budget Mr. Balfour warned the House of the dangers of the reduction of expenditure on our armed forces at the cost of that national efficiency which we have never had.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, speaking at Ottawa last week, declared that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of the five greatest men in the world. He did not name the other three.

According to *The Morning Post*, the start of the Marathon Race took place at Marathon at three p.m. on May 1. "The winner," it goes on, "arrived at Athens two months ago. He ran splendidly, and finished as fresh as paint." This is, of course, easily a record, beating the previous best by two months, two hours and fifty-eight minutes. After reading of it we do not wonder that the winner is uncertain whether his name is *Herring* or *Sherring*.

SCENE—*Village School*

VICAR'S WIFE: Now can any of you children tell me of *another* ark?

BRIGHT CHILD: 'Ark the 'Erald Angels Sing?

A LEGAL FICTION

A solicitor in a provincial town, who openly prided himself on his knowledge of the law, was one day proceeding to the local court with several ponderous law books under his arm, when he met a friend.

"Why, P——," exclaimed the latter, pointing to the books, "I thought you carried all that stuff in your head."

"I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."
—*Selected*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

SHAGANAPPI

IN the days when the buffalo roamed over the prairies of the Canadian North-West, the Indians and half-breeds made use of the skins for every conceivable purpose. Variously prepared, these skins served, among other things, for tepee walls, pemican bags, moccasins, rope and string, and when put on "green" *and dried on*, they made excellent tires for the wooden wheels of the "Red River carts," which were constructed entirely of wood and of buffalo raw-hide without so much as a single iron nail.

"Shaganappi" was a corruption of a Cree word signifying a rope, and from the general use of the raw-hide for lines or ropes, the name came to stand for the skin itself.

Soon after the country had been taken over from the Hudson's Bay Company by the Dominion Government and opened to white settlers, two missionaries and a doctor happened to locate in the new Territories at a point some four hundred miles north of Montana, and not far from the Forks of the Saskatchewan.

One evening the three friends chanced to meet in a primitive log-house. As "tenderfeet" from older Canada, they were discussing the extraordinary uses to which Shaganappi was put by the plainsmen.

After a pause in the conversation, the doctor remarked: "I guess I'll write a poem on Shaganappi."

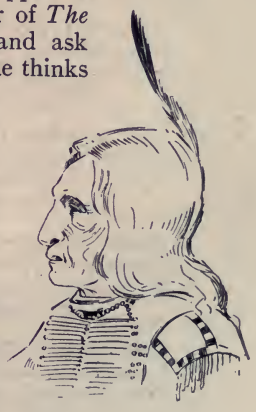
"You can't do it," put in the younger parson.

"Bet you I can!" retorted the man of drugs.

"Who's to be judge?" asked the doubter.

"Stop, boys," said the older preacher, "I have a scheme. We three will write some verses on Shaganappi and send them to the editor of *The Saskatchewan Herald* and ask him to publish the set he thinks best."

"Agreed!" said the others.



Now, the enterprising editor of *The Saskatchewan Herald*, the pioneer paper of the North-West, issued every second or third week as news might accumulate, was, nevertheless, a cautious man. Instead of publishing the "poem" which he considered to be the most meritorious, he printed the three, and thus escaped the lasting enmity of *two* of the scribblers if he did not gain the unalloyed friendship and support of the *three*.

The only one of the compositions available at the time of this present writing is here given with a few emendations.

N.B.—The words in italics suggest some of the uses of Shaganappi.

THE PRIZELESS POEM ON SHAGANAPPI

I rode upon North-western plains,
To turn my losses into gains,

And all I got me for my pains
Was *Shaganappi.*

My Indian guide, a man of lore,
Of hostile scalps he had a score;
Bound to his *belt*, behind, before,
With *Shaganappi.*

My Broncho, from Montana's wild,
Was yet as gentle as a child;
With *lariat* about him piled
Of *Shaganappi.*

My cattle tugged, they could not race,
Held firmly in the *three-ply trace*;
Which, tho' *untanned*, was no disgrace
To *Shaganappi.*

My ox-cart, tho' 'twas only deal,
Was celebrated for its wheel,
With *tire tough*, not built of steel,
But *Shaganappi.*

To cross a flood I made a *raft*
Of carts and *skins* both fore and aft;
It was a *bully*, tippy *craft*
In *Shaganappi.*

There followed me a Husky* dog,
As lively as "The Jumping Frog,"
When he had *fed*†—well, like a hog,
On *Shaganappi.*

Some Indians wished to trade one day.
I asked them what they had *for pay*;
They answered, in their stoic way,
"Ugh! *Shaganappi!*"

"I came into your *raw-hide tent*,
On *money-making* fully bent;
I tell you, I don't care a cent
For *Shaganappi.*"

*Eskimo.

†Eskimo train-dogs have been known to devour their raw-hide harness.

With roving bands I soon fell in;
They could not trade, or fur, or "tin,"
Or anything, save *Buff'lo-skin*,
Or *Shaganappi.*

To Winnipeg I hied me back;
I gave the Great North-West the sack;
It yieldeth naught for toil or rack
Save *Shaganappi.*

Which is a gross libel upon the most promising country on the face of the earth.

The Chaplain

QUEENS TALLER THAN KINGS

THERE is hardly a king in Christendom to-day whose wife does not overtop him by a head.

King Edward is quite six inches shorter than Queen Alexandra.

The Czar is overtopped a full head by the Czarina.

Kaiser Wilhelm is of the medium height, but the German Empress is tall, and that is why the proud Kaiser will never consent to be photographed beside his wife, unless she sits while he stands.

The King of Italy, short and squat, hardly comes up to the shoulders of the tall, athletic Queen Helena.

The King of Portugal, though fatter, is less tall than his Queen.

Even the Prince of Wales is shorter a good four inches than the Princess.

The young King of Spain is several inches shorter than his new bride.

The Queen of Denmark towers above her royal spouse.—*New York Press.*

THE "BREECHES BIBLE"

THE "Breeches Bible" was published in 1560, and is so called from its use of the word "breeches" in Gen. iii, 7, where our version has, "They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons." This Bible was the result of the labours of English exiles at Geneva, and is known as the first Genevan version. It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, but was never sanctioned by royal authority, by Parliament, or even by Convocation, for public use in churches; yet for three-quarters of a century it was the household Bible of England.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS
A Department For Business Men.

THE ATLANTIC PASSAGE

IT is not more than five years ago that a Canadian would almost unclass himself socially if he went to England by a Canadian steamer. New York must be the sailing point for all people with a social standing and a bank account. Only labouring people, ministers, students, artists and those with a "pass" sailed from Montreal or Quebec. Yet in five years we have changed all that.

To-day, there are four steamers running from the St. Lawrence to Liverpool which are equal in comfort to any steamers in the world of equal tonnage—12,000 to 14,500. Two of these, the Allan Liners *Victorian* and *Virginian*, are turbiners, while the two Canadian Pacific Liners, the *Empress of Ireland* and the *Empress of Britain*, have the latest type of reciprocating engines. Each of these vessels can average seventeen knots, and can cover the distance between Quebec and Liverpool in seven days. If the stops at Rimouski and Moville were cut out, the trip could be made in good weather in six days. The *Virginian* has made 432 knots in 24 hours, and the *Empress of Britain* on her first trip accomplished 452 knots. As the total distance is 2,810 knots, it will be seen that six days of favourable work should bring the vessel from one harbour to the other. With such a service as this it is not surprising that Canadians should be rapidly coming to the point where they do not think of going via New York between May and October. Eastern province people also use these steamers in the winter months from St. John or Halifax, and it is just possible this fashion will extend to Western Canada in the near future.

The reasons for this revolution are several. The boats are larger and more commodious. The St. Lawrence channel has been improved by dredging and better lighting. The European trade of Canada is increasing, and European travel is developing fast. Canada is getting big, and every time she adds an inch to her stature, she grows less dependent on the United States.

PATRONAGE

MR. HENRY DALBY, lately editor of the Montreal *Star* and general organiser for the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec, writes on Patronage in "The Argus," as follows:

"There can be no doubt that the patronage system is responsible for many of the evils that beset public administrations, whether legislative, municipal or public utilities.

"When a member of Parliament, an alderman, or a joint stock company director, can secure jobs for his poor relations for the asking, the service rendered by these same relations is apt to be of the poorest and the organisation is likely to be very much over-manned.

"These facts were realised many years ago in England where, through the patronage system, the civil service had fallen into very bad repute and the necessity for drastic reforms was as apparent as urgent.

"The remedy applied was as simple as it was thorough. A civil service commission was appointed and a civil service examination provided. Members of Parliament not only had no power then to nominate or recommend candidates, but the act provided that should any member be so uninformed or indiscreet as to venture to recommend or ask for the appointment of a candidate, that fact would compel the commission to at once

CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPRESS OF IRELAND," QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL

remove the candidate's name from the list and make it necessary for him to begin again at the bottom.

"And there were no exceptions made either. Even the Premier of England was powerless to secure the appointment of a third-class clerk. And that is the system that prevails in the English civil service to-day."

A TELEGRAPH INSTANCE

THE Laurier Government built a telegraph line to Dawson, in the Yukon. When it was ready for business, Mr. Hosmer, of the C.P.R. Telegraphs, offered to lease it and pay 4 per cent. on the cost as rental. The Government would not agree to this. It wanted to work the line itself and control the patronage. It appears to be a fairly good line. In 1900-01 it earned $108,272, with an outlay of $84,536, and there was a credit to the good of $23,736. Somebody must have seen that this was not a profitable state of affairs for those who belong to a party for what there is in it. The line was intercolonialised. In 1901-02 the earnings had gone down to $93,283, and the expenditure was up to $130,220. There was a deficit of $36,-937. There has been a deficit every year since. Last year the revenue was $115,-878, and the expenditure $227,824. It cost $111,942 more to work the line than it earned. This money the country loses, as well as the $30,000 or $40,000 a year a solvent contractor was willing to pay for the lease of the property.—*Montreal Gazette.*

DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.

AT A CANADIAN EXHIBITION

From a Photograph by Galbraith, Toronto

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
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The Exhibition Habit

By NORMAN PATTERSON

With Drawings by Fergus Kyle

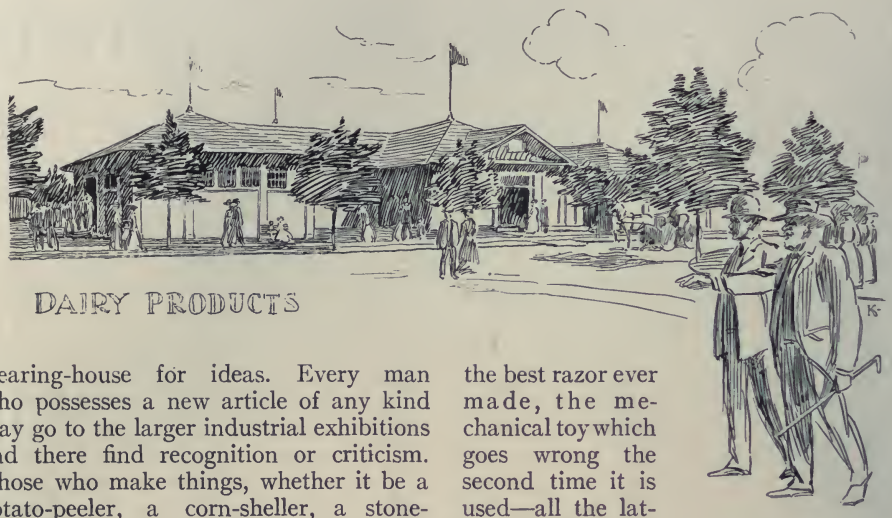
THE Exhibition Habit is closely allied to the Horse Show Habit, and is cousin germain to all forms of entertainment habit through which people show themselves and their clothes. Men have their simplicities as well as women The women's simplicities are plainly and easily recognised; those which are particularly of men are to be sought under cover. His desire to show himself is usually hidden behind his desire to show what he has thought or produced or acquired, while the woman's tendency is to show herself.

The man who can go to the horse show or the provincial exhibition and bring home a red card or a red ribbon is a proud man. He may throw it in a corner when he arrives, or he may keep it in his pocket until the family ask for it; but if some person does not make a fuss over it there will be a greatly disappointed exhibitor. Call at the best barns in Ontario, the province where the Exhibition Habit is most highly developed, and you will find a number of red, blue and yellow cards tacked up in prominent places in the horse and cow stables. Go into the farm-kitchen, and in a glass-fitted frame you will find a red rosette and ribbon—perhaps of ancient vintage. And who shall say what effect these have upon the imagination of the "hired man" and on the sons of the farm? They speak of battles fought, of honours won, and of possible victories in the future. They have something of the influence of the full-rigged ship-model of the English home; they have something even of the nobility of the ancient gilt-handled blade, the suit of armour or the family portraits of the baronial halls. These bits of pasteboard and bunches of ribbon are the trophies of an agricultural people.

Yet the Exhibition Habit has other bases than its agricultural basis, because the exhibition is larger and more complex than the local fall fair. The exhibition has many sides designed to bring in all the interests of the province in which it is held. Agriculture, cheese and butter-making, fruit-raising, mining, manufacturing, natural history, art, women's work, education—all these are combined to develop a very complex exhibition. It is not alone an appeal to the man on the farm, but to the inhabitants of the village, of the town and of the city. It is an appeal, not to a class, but to a people.

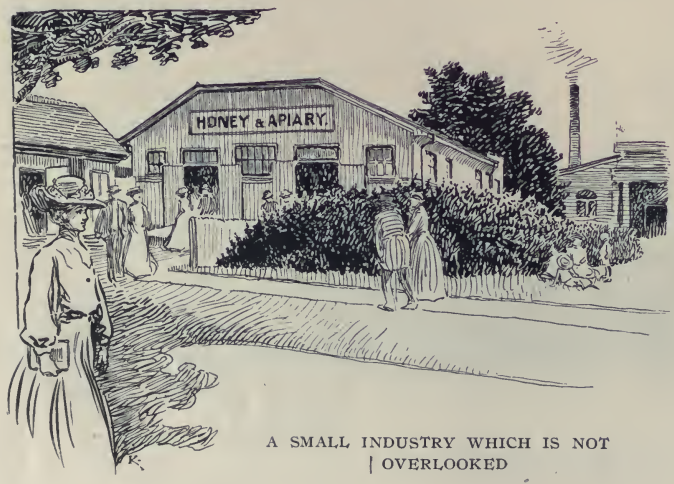
An industrial exhibition is a sort of

ON SOCIETY ROW



clearing-house for ideas. Every man who possesses a new article of any kind may go to the larger industrial exhibitions and there find recognition or criticism. Those who make things, whether it be a potato-peeler, a corn-sheller, a stone-crusher, a tin-pot, a baking-powder, an automobile, a piano or a painted picture, will find a crowd willing to examine the product of his brain and hands. The anticipator of wants here discovers the large body of people with wants—and if the people are convinced, his reward is great. The latest type of self-binder, of road waggon, of cream-separator are to be found side by side with the latest style of jewellery, carpets, corsets, buttons, sewing-machines, and pianos. Not far away are the newest brands of teas, cocoas, coffees, biscuits and cheese. In the interstices among the larger exhibits are the novelties—the glasscutter that will not cut, the razor-paste which will destroy the best razor ever made, the mechanical toy which goes wrong the second time it is used—all the latest devices for causing a separation between the man and the dime.

Further, an industrial exhibition is a lethal-chamber for hallucinations. The young farmer with the best hogs, the best mangold-wurzel or the finest colt in the township goes to a provincial industrial exhibition with a confidence which is often misplaced. The village reeve brings in the finest trotting mare in two counties and goes home sorrowful. Mrs. Smith's crazy quilt turns out to be insignificant compared with that shown by Mrs. Jones from the other end of the province. Miss Eliza Ann Struther's maltese cat fails in competition with the other toms. Yet in most cases it is failure, not dismay. Each defeat is but a fresh stimulant to get a better pair of pigeons, a better animal, a better machine, or to paint a better picture. Perhaps the exhibitor gets a "special mention" or a "highly commended" which signifies that he has just missed it by a small percentage. Next year, there will be a little more care taken with the pear trees, the grape vines or the



A SMALL INDUSTRY WHICH IS NOT OVERLOOKED

TORONTO EXHIBITION—THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

This view gives an idea of the park-like appearance of the grounds through which the buildings are scattered

Drawn by Fergus Kyle

spring lambs, as the case may be. The monotony of the winter in the village or farmhouse will be broken by the study of agricultural papers and stock books. The Government experts find more attentive listeners when they come around to deliver their lectures, and they will also be asked some private questions that have had their origin in these failures.

The desire to see and be seen is also an important part of the Exhibition Habit. On Farmers' Day, the visitor may run across relatives from other parts of the province with its characteristic crowd mingling together for pleasure and profit.

Then there is the music. It is said that Canadians are not great music lovers, but it is an open question whether the charge be true. When a first-class band plays at the Exhibition in Toronto, it is not unusual to see an intensely interested audience varying in number from ten to twenty thousand. The appreciation of good music is so marked, that the management brings a special band from Great Britain each year, in addition to securing the services of the best city bands in the

CATTLE JUDGING

whom he has not met for years. He will see ten thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand, of those who like himself live on the farm and wrestle with grim, natural conditions. He will see how they look, how they dress, how they talk, and he needs no introduction to engage in conversation with them. Then there is School Children's Day, when the little gaffers from the town and surrounding villages crowd together and overrun everything, gathering advertising cards, fans, samples, popcorn, and physical weariness. There are Manufacturers' Day, Press Day, Commercial Travellers' Day, Labour Day, Fruit Growers' Day, and Citizens' Day, each

Province. True, the people may prefer Sousa, Victor Herbert and other popular composers to the classical music of Wagner, Mendelssohn, Beethoven and other masters. This lack of discriminating taste is a matter of opportunity. When the country is older and more populous, the taste should be quite equal to that of continental peoples.

A feature of Canadian exhibitions, and especially of the Toronto Exhibition, is the development of the "demonstration" feature, under which may be included cheese and butter making and processes of manufacture. When the World's Fair at St. Louis was being organised, the

TORONTO EXHIBITION—MACHINERY HALL, PLAIN, MODEST AND BUSINESSLIKE

Drawn by Fergus Kyle

TORONTO EXHIBITION—A TYPICAL EXHIBITION BUILDING WITH AN IMPRESSIVE DOORWAY

Drawn by Fergus Kyle

management promised "processes" as a feature, but the attempt was hardly successful. The best item was the mining camp. In Canada, the manufacturers have taken up the idea enthusiastically, and a serious attempt is being made to show the visiting public how an article is made. At Toronto, looms, boot and shoe machines and other processes have been installed and the actual factory methods indicated. This year there has been erected a new "Process of Manufacture" building which is the largest permanent exhibition building in the country. This enterprise on the part of the management seems to be justified by the interest taken in the new process exhibits made in previous years. Other Canadian exhibitions will no doubt follow along this line as their means allow and opportunity offers.

Apparently Canadian cities with permanent annual exhibitions show a tendency to make their exhibition grounds fit into their park schemes. In Toronto this is especially noticeable. The Exhibition ground is a city park lying along the lake front, laid out with permanent roadways, sidewalks, flower-beds and sward. Every grand stand and judging ring looks out over the water of the lake to which the whole park slopes. The illustrations which accompany this article show the parklike appearance of the ground. Plans are in hand whereby the park idea will be developed by the city authorities and the Exhibition grounds will thus become more and more a permanent showplace. This is economy as well as wisdom.

Beside the educative basis of the Exhibition Habit there is the amusement basis. People must be amused. A considerable portion of the people's time is spent in seeking diversion and entertainment. Local amusements grow stale and familiarity breeds contempt; hence people

THE ART OF NATURE AND MAN—THE LILY-POND AND THE NEW ART GALLERY AT TORONTO EXHIBITION

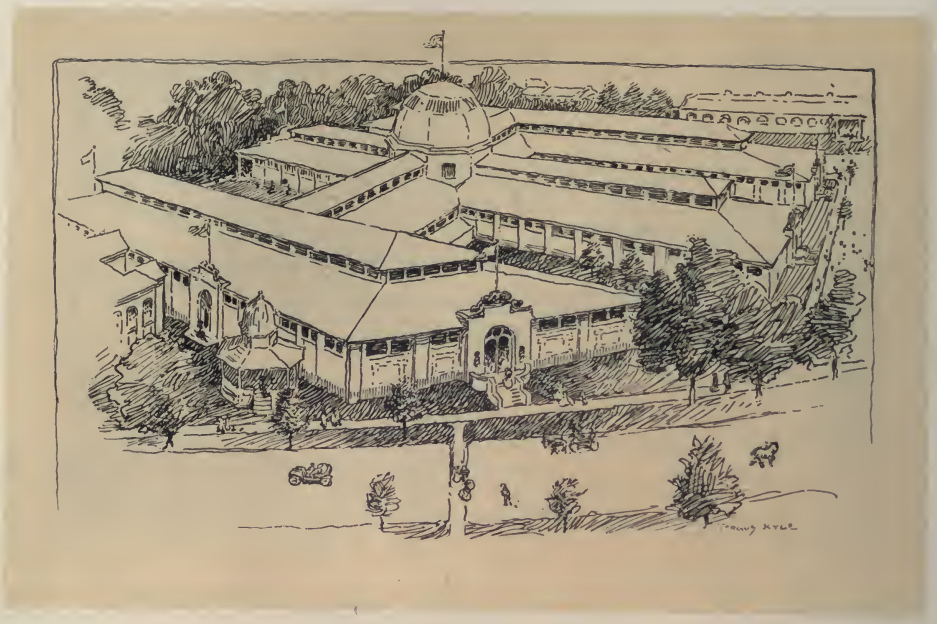
Drawn by Fergus Kyle

travel to seek new spectacular interests. An exhibition is to some extent a circus which does not travel and which does business for only a few days in each year. Perhaps it would be better to describe it as a circus-theatre, with performances in the open air.

Besides the minor amusements scattered about the grounds where the young farmer may test his strength with a hammer or his skill in getting bad cigars by the use of a base-ball, there are two distinct amusement features—the performances in front of the grand stand, and the "Midway." The grand stand performances consist of horse races and platform exhibitions, with the addition in the evening of a small drama and a display of fireworks. Here are the circus and theatre in combination. Art mingles with pure buffoonery and entertainment skill in such a way that the prominent citizen and the boy from the "Ward" each finds pleasure and a smile.

The "Midway" is a development of the side-show feature of a circus. At Coney Island and at various World's Fairs, this spectacle has been developed upon a large scale and is now a feature of all large summer resorts such as Sohmer and Dominion parks in Montreal, and Hanlan's Point in Toronto. It has now come to be a feature of our larger exhibitions. That it is educative, no reasonable man may maintain; that it is debasing at times, no just person may deny; that it is amusing and successful when properly handled and supervised, nearly all will agree. Most of those who have the Exhibition Habit, find amusement features decidedly attractive, and if they were cut out the serious features of themselves would fail to draw anything like the crowds which may now be found at the larger exhibitions.

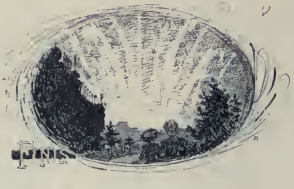
The Exhibition Habit seems to develop best among agricultural people. Ontario is essentially an agricultural province, with nine million acres of land devoted to this branch of human activity. It produces annually about 175,000,000 bushels of grain, and accompanies this with 80,000,000 bushels of field roots and potatoes. Its farms are inhabited by three-quarters of a million horses, nearly two million horned and dehorned cattle, a million sheep, a million swine (not including any humans), and eight million fowls (not of the air). Hence Ontario is the place where the Exhibition Habit is



TORONTO EXHIBITION—A NEW BUILDING FOR PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE

most highly developed. Toronto, Ottawa, London, Guelph, and other cities have splendid annual exhibitions, most of them financially successful. Manitoba follows in order with successful fairs, and Manitoba follows Ontario in point of a progressive agricultural population. Some day the greatest annual agricultural exhibition in the world may be in Winnipeg instead of in Toronto.

Agriculture alone, however, will not breed the Exhibition Habit. It must be scientific agriculture—conducted not by ignorant peasants but by men of intelligence and learning. In Canada there are 10,000 pure-bred horses—Bloods, Clydesdales, Hackneys, Percherons, Shires and Standards. There are nearly 80,000 pure-bred cattle and 45,000 pure-bred sheep. Further, there are 535 butter factories, 1,667 cheese factories, and 292 that make both butter and cheese. These are the evidences of scientific agriculture. Scientific agriculture means annual shows where these specialists may meet together and exhibit their scientifically produced animals and products. A farmer with a first-class Shorthorn cow cannot get three expert judges to visit his farm and pass upon the excellence of his animal; he must bring the animal to an exhibition where these judges may compare it with the best produced on other farms.



WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD, PH. D.

Canadian Celebrities

No. 71—WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD, PH.D.

THE comparative method was *the* great discovery of the nineteenth century. Its application to the study of nature has been recognised in Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, and even to some extent in England. A New Zealand professor wrote a text-book on the subject for the International Scientific Series. Columbia College, New York, has had Professor Woodberry in charge of a course in comparative literature for several years. And now when Harvard has established a similar course, we have just cause for pride in the fact that a young Canadian, Professor W. H. Schofield, has been selected as the head of a new department of such great importance and so entirely in harmony with the spirit of the age.

No event of the year 1906 has awakened so much interest in the academic circles of the United States. Harvard has ever worthily maintained its position in the forefront of American colleges. Ninety years have passed since George Ticknor, the famous historian of Spanish literature, was appointed the first professor of Modern Languages. Among his successors in that chair, the names of Longfellow and Lowell are well known to every reader. Equally well known to every specialist are the names of the late Francis Child and his successor, Professor Lyman

Kittridge, the greatest English scholar in America. Such are the men whose tradition Professor Schofield has to carry on. As his colleague in the task he has the newly appointed professor of English Literature, Mr. Bliss Perry, formerly editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Like so many distinguished Canadians Professor Schofield is a son of the circuit. His father, the late Rev. W. H. Schofield, M.A., of Brockville, was like himself a graduate of Victoria University, where he was a fellow-student of Mr. Justice McLaren, of the late Judge Rose, of Dr. Burns of Hamilton, and Dr. Burwash of Victoria College. His son was born in Brockville, April 6, 1870, and received his early training at the Peterboro' Collegiate Institute, and at Victoria College, then in Cobourg. He was graduated B.A. at the early age of nineteen. as a Gold Medallist in English and Modern Languages and valedictorian of his class.

The subsequent career of the young graduate illustrates the romance of scholarship as well as the scholarship of romance. He passed through the newly established School of Pedagogy and became Modern Language master in Hamilton. While teaching there he became intimate with another young Canadian whose after-career was to be as brilliant and romantic as his own. This was A. W. Stratton, destined to be Professor of Comparative Philology in Chicago University, and Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Lahore, India. The Ambitious City inspires even the strangers within her gates, and these two young teachers determined to take up post graduate studies, the one going to Baltimore for ancient languages, while the other, Mr. Schofield, went to Boston for modern. Harvard was then making that advance in this line of work with which it answered the challenge of Johns Hopkins and Clark.

At Harvard Mr. Schofield fell under the influence of Professor Child, whose reading of Chaucer was a revelation, whose mastery of ballad literature was greater than Sir Walter Scott's, and whose scholarship was both extensive and intensive to a rare degree.

With such inspiration and the work that it called forth, the young Canadian won speedy recognition as a rising man. He received twice in succession the Morgan Fellowship in English, and was given a travelling Fellowship for four years. His studies abroad brought him under the lectures of two of the most eminent teachers of the last generation, the late Gaston Paris of the École des Chartes, Paris, and Sophus Bugge, the European Nestor of Germanic Philology in Christiania.

Under these teachers and with such an opportunity to acquire a wide and profound knowledge of mediæval literature, it is not surprising, though none the less creditable, that he should have amassed a great store of learning. While gaining a thorough working knowledge of the modern idioms of France, Germany and Scandinavia his more serious studies have been in what may be called the period of origins, when modern literature as well as modern languages were in the making. In days gone by these were called the Dark Ages. At the present day they are recognised as the seedtime in which, according to our modern methods, we must study literature in the embryo. This mode of study promises to be as fruitful of results in historic investigation as a similar method has proved in natural science. Much, indeed, has already been accomplished: witness the hundreds of volumes of Beiträge and Annalen and Zeitschriften, of Anglia and Germania and Romania, of Archivi Glottologichi and of Tidskriften which load the shelves of university libraries, and the three million theses which are stored in the warehouse of a single Leipzig bookseller. Surely we must admire the courage of the modern scholar who advances single-handed and single-minded to attack such a serried phalanx of authorities, with the hope of adding some new theory or establishing some new thesis in connection with this mass of learning. He it is who can say with Browning's hero:

> Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
> And blew. "Childe Roland to the dark tower came."

After receiving the appointment of Instructor in Anglo-Saxon in the summer school of the university, he entered upon his career as an investigator in comparative literature. His first important essay was

an article on "The Source and History of the Seventh Novel of the Seventh Day of The Decameron," in the second volume of the "Harvard Studies in Philology and Literature." This article was as fortunate as the most superstitious of Boccaccio's countrymen could have expected an essay with such a title and on such a subject to be. It won as wide an appreciation as the story itself on which it was based and might therefore serve as an illustration of the old Greek ruling: "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." Having thus followed the advice of Mr. Frederick Harrison in the "Choice of Books," that we should busy ourselves with the writings of the very best authors, Dr. Schofield next became a disciple of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who advised the St. Andrew's students to read wherever their curiosity led them, be the author great or little. A variety of subjects in mediæval literature claimed his attention, and he touched nothing which he did not illume.

In a former article on Canadian monographs on Literature* some account was given of Professor Schofield's study of the Middle English poem called "The Pearl." Another Middle English poem which has been much studied of late is "King Horn." In the last five years almost as many editions have appeared by American, English and German scholars, and the mere bibliography of the subject fills twelve pages of a German doctor's thesis on this saga. It has been subjected to a very thorough investigation by Dr. Schofield, whose views are contained in the first 83 pages of the 18th volume of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. Not content with showing the relations of the various existing French and English redactions to one another, he traces back the saga through Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon versions to an old Norse original representing possibly actual events of the 10th century. A collateral line is traced back through Anglo-Norman songs and another Anglo-Saxon version to a West Germanic original. All of these are supposititious, and older than the 13th century. But in modern literature he finds the old saga represented by versions still preserved in German prose, in Scottish ballad, and in Icelandic Rimur (rimes) of the 16th century. "The hero in the first English version was a Norseman, in the second an Englishman, in the third a Frenchman. Steadily the influence of continental conceptions increases. Steadily the traces of its Northern origin disappear. Journeys by land replace those by sea. The action shifts more and more from the outlying islands to the mainland of Europe and the East. Viking warriors become crusading knights. Each redaction reflects the manners and sentiments of the age when it was fashioned. The last version is a far fetch from the first." He ends his paper with the brilliant generalisation: "Few stories illustrate better the extraordinary transmutations that popular tradition is empowered to undergo. Saga lives long by repeatedly changing its shape."

But Dr. Schofield's most remarkable achievement in this line of work is his discovery of an old Norse original for the famous first riddle of the Anglo-Saxon collection in the Exeter Book. By his intimate knowledge of the early Scandinavian poetry he proved that the so-called riddle was not a riddle at all, but an early Anglo-Saxon version of a still older Norse poem which he has christened Signy's Lament. Space does not permit more than a reference to this weird lyric, into which some Scandinavian scald poured the bitterness of the family history of the Volsungs; a story as tragic as that of the royal house of Œdipus. Dr. Schofield's theory led to a vigorous controversy in the Academy, but left the Harvard instructor in possession of the field, and shortly afterwards he was promoted to an associate professorship in English.

What to Canadians may seem a still higher honour was his selection by the Macmillans to write the final volumes of their great history of English Literature. The three authors who have been collaborating in this work are Stopford Brooke, Edmund Gosse and George Saintsbury. From the preface to the first volume which is about to appear we learn that Professor Schofield has treated his period, that of Middle English literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer, by a novel

*Canadian Magazine, vol. XXVI, p. 333 (Feb. 1906).

method based on French models, as well as on those scientific principles referred to above, for by this method all writings of one kind are brought together, and the evolution of each type is traced separately. The second volume will follow a different plan; after a broad consideration of the general tendencies of the era, it will treat particularly of the chief writings of prominent individuals, and will emphasise their personal qualities rather than the origin and development of their themes." It thus appears that Brunetière and Ste. Beuve have both been influential in determining these methods.

The author tells us in his preface that "the book was undertaken with the warm encouragement of my revered master, Gaston Paris, and follows in general outline the plan of his indispensable history of old French literature. It is the fruit of studies begun under the inspiration of the late Professor Child, whom all of us, his Harvard disciples, hold in loving memory. And it has been brought to an end with the constant help of my former teacher and present colleague, Professor Kittridge, whose vast erudition, keen intelligence, and unfailing generosity, astonish most those who know him best." Such sentences as these show the spirit of enthusiasm that the great masters evoke, and they prove at the same time a generosity and breadth of mind in the author capable of inspiring a similar tone of discipleship in the minds of his own students.

Those who have met Professor Schofield during his visits to Toronto, where his family still reside, are aware of how much his genial manners and rare conversational powers must have contributed to his success in so difficult a social milieu as Cambridge, Massachusetts. And yet one seldom meets an expatriated Canadian of that class with so little of the peculiarly typical tone that marks an Eastern College man. It may be that this lack of distinctiveness constitutes the highest distinction. From all accounts it is as fully appreciated in Boston as in Copenhagen or Toronto. His training has been too cosmopolitan to leave any narrowness. Paris, and that other Paris of the north—Christiania, Claverly Hall, and Balliol College have worked together to produce a combination of social qualities rarely met with. His appearances as a lecturer in the University Saturday course, and as an after-dinner speaker at the Graduates' Banquet, are fresh in the minds of his audiences on those occasions.

Although as yet but midway in the path of this our life, in the Dantean phrase, this young scholar has won his way through many a wood obscure of ancient myth and mediæval story. That he will be equal to the high responsibilities of the important post to which he has been appointed those who know him best feel sure. That he will wisely direct the keen, bright intelligence of those chosen minds of this continent along such lines of advanced literary scholarship as will best profit the surviving remnant of thinkers, must be the hope of every intellectual Canadian.

D. R. Keys.

Pennants Four

BY S. A. WHITE

A SEWER sat 'mong his tinted silks
And fashioned four royal flags;
He smiled at the brilliant show they made
Beside his lowly rags.
He sent them forth with never a thought
Of what their end might be;
They left his heart as they left his hand,
For all eternity.

But Fate, that woman of gloom and gold,
Beshrouded her form in one;
Two more in her hands, the fourth she wove
Among her tresses dun;
Then up she rose to heights of the clouds
And shook the pennants free,
So to the world on their mission bent
They fell o'er land and sea.

Now would you know where they are to-day—
These flags that the sewer made?
Well, one on a steelclad's tapered mast,
By battle torn and frayed,
Has tasted deep the smoke and the flame,
The roar, the din, the strife—
Has looked on victory, blood and pain,
And death as well as life.

Upon a peak of the Matterhorn
The second in triumph flies,
Full-welcoming those who scale the steep
Where peril dread defies;
It beckons them when strength is at ebb,
It helps and buoys and stays,
A beacon light when the clouds hang low
Through months and weeks and days.

Another lies on a rocky isle
Unknown in a far-off sea;
The vessel that bore its floating folds
Is buried in the key.
The south-wind croons a sorrowful song
Unto the flag so lone,
For it must rot on the hard, grey strand
Where never seed was sown.

The fourth one floats from a palace dome
On breezes that softly blow;
Blue skies are above with sunlight gold
And kingdoms fair below;
It basks in pageant, pomp and in pride,
It garners through the years
The eyes of patriots borne above
And lists to a nation's cheers.

And thus we fashion our words and deeds
From the rarest of soul and heart,
And wonder sometimes how grand they seem,
What worship they impart.
We send them forth with never a thought
Of what their end may be;
They leave our hearts as they leave our lips,
For all eternity.

A STUDY IN CHILD EXPRESSION

Phctographs by Henderson, Kingston

The Treasure of Ternoise

By S. FRANCES HARRISON, Author of "The Forest of Bourg Marie," etc.

THIS is a tale of the Seigneury of Ternoise, on the River Roye, in the year of our Lord 1203, and the tale shall be brief, as were the lives of most men in those days, and of many women. Grey-beards there were who slowly dwindled, sitting over winter fires, or spreading shaky hands to the warm rays of spring, but in the main, men's lives were short and sharp, and women went prayerfully, lest every morning that saw their lords ride away might be the last. Feuds and bloodshed filled the land, and of all the cruel seigneurs in that cruel land and time, Guy-of-the-Mountain, Count of Alençe and Ternoise, was the most hated and feared, yet the most powerful and prosperous. His iron hand was over all, and it seemed that even things inanimate responded and quickened at his imposing tread and his resounding voice, for crops and trees were fertile and fruitful, and beasts productive throughout his domain and at his command, when in other places they failed. Not very far off a strong king blinked upon his throne when Guy-of-the-Mountain was named.

"He has always had what he wanted; he has always taken what he wished; heaven send he leave me and mine alone!" said the king in secret, when news would reach him of a village entered and razed to the ground, of a *manoir* set on fire, of families exterminated, of abbeys rifled, of Pope and prelate openly defied, and all in the name of Order and Justice. For the rest, he grew a moody, blackbrowed, savage man, and often sat alone in his Château of Ternoise, not because he had no kith nor kin, but because some of these he had cast out, and others had fled away. For "order" and "justice" he lived, and thought himself always in the right, to build up which he set his hand to slaughter, his hard mouth never smiling, his gaze always fixed on the distant goal of a reformed and happy, peaceful and united France.

Now of all his brother seigneurs there was only one who dared affront or cross him; only one who gave back silken answer for churlish word, and this was another Guy; Guy-of-the-Meadow, as gay, chivalrous and gently wise as Guy-of-the-Mountain was grim, overbearing and foolishly harsh. It was openly said that the Sieur Guy Dumont and the Sieur Guy Dupré never met but to quarrel, but when they parted, Guy-of-the-Meadow wore a smile, and Guy-of-the-Mountain frowned even more darkly than his wont.

"You err in thinking man must remake the world," said Guy-of-the-Meadow as they reined up during a boar hunt once in the dark forest of Ternoise. "Your motives may be honest enough, but your measures are hard. Only yesterday I saw the good Father Coulomb with his arm in a sling. He says you struck him with your mailed fist. Must I believe that, Messire-of-the-Mountain?"

"Priests are but trained liars," returned the owner of the forest with a snarl. "My measures are hard then! Truly, Messire-of-the-Meadow, I look not for your opinion nor for your meddling. If France were in the hands of such as you, with villainy unchecked and vice countenanced, her future would be dark indeed. Listen now! I go in a few weeks from here with the new Crusade. Your lands—they are not much—but they lie at the foot of Ternoise. See that my people are left alone and you, Messire, see to it that you and *your* people do not enter this wood too often."

"I will make no promises," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, and he smiled. Now, both Alençe and Ternoise were left without their head, and for the first time in many years the people of the domain, under the mild administration of Father Coulomb, drew long and easy breaths, but

the priest's knowledge of men and affairs was soon found wanting, and the services and sympathy of Guy-of-the-Meadow were often in requisition. A strange, dull peace fell upon the land, many of the great barons and nobles being absent in the east, and in Ternoise itself there was so little to do that the hardier spirits longed at times for the return of Guy-of-the-Mountain.

But one day the men-at-arms and squires of the Château, seeing a company approaching, hastened to tell Father Coulomb, and to put their defences in order, for they anticipated some angry neighbouring noble or some perturbed messenger from the king. When the gates were opened, a small group of men from the town appeared, ill dressed and riding but clumsily, marshalling a couple of women.

"I seek my relative, the Count of Alençe and Seigneur of Ternoise," cried the younger, her large eyes and trembling mouth proclaiming her what she was, a maiden of fifteen, both beautiful and courageous.

"The Seigneur dwells far from here, my daughter," said the priest gravely. "Before the walls of Jerusalem or Constantinople he may be encamped."

"When does he return?" and her eyes blue and English, were larger now from natural surprise and fear.

"Neither pagan oracle nor Christian prayer can tell us that. And if the Seigneur had been here, what would you, my daughter, have had to say to him?"

"She is the child of his sister," the elder woman replied, "Clotaire Isabeau, who married against the will of her brother the English author and traveller Sir John Montrésor. She has plenty of friends in England, and has no need of seigneur nor priest!"

"Hush, Madeleine!" said the girl, flushing. "I can tell my own tale and in better French than you. I am an orphan, and the ward of the king. Life in England is insupportable, and I claim the protection of my dear mother's only brother. But how can I remain here, now?"

"The Château has no mistress," replied Father Coulomb with hesitation; "but if you will stay and be our chatelaine we may manage to please you till the Seigneur return. I think I had better send for Guy-of-the-Meadow."

Now, the Sieur Dupré was twice the maiden's age, but that only made him thirty, which is the proper time to fall in love; so thus it fell out, and Guy-of-the-Mountain would have stormed and scolded indeed had he seen the younger man ever within the gates of Ternoise looking after the English maiden and her attendant, and planning daily for their comfort and safety. The land was still quiet and Guy Dupré would have been content but that he found the people of Ternoise and of his own domain difficult to please.

"They are used to fighting and to pillage," he said wearily one day to the priest and the maiden. 'To draw the sword is as natural to them as to draw the breath. If one could but give them occupation! They tire of the plough, of the field, of the orchard. They are restless, unruly, seeking and dreaming of what I know not, impossible things, a *feu follet!*"

"It is the same in England," said Rose Montrésor timidly. "The barons and the king are forever quarrelling, and none knows what the end of it may be. But Father Coulomb is busy studying some new and abstruse document, and I will leave you."

"No! rather stay and hear this!" said the priest in unusual excitement. "We shall have work enough in these old woods of Ternoise in a few weeks! The Seigneur's clerk writes that his master requires great building done here in the Seigneury! We are to remodel the Château on a vast scale and make it the strongest and most forbidding castle in France for the reception and storing of wonderful treasure which he is amassing in the Orient. Here is our chance, *mon petit* sieur, and here our directions."

And together the priest and Guy-of-the-Meadow spread out the long letter which had arrived by special courier and the study of which occupied many days before the work could be set on foot. Then, step by step, the great enterprise grew. Trees were felled and rocks uprooted; walls were built and foundations sunk over a wide area; the round Donjon

on the hill, which the watchful king could see from the towers of Paris, was strengthened by an enormous wall nine feet thick around it, and around this in its turn was dug the deepest moat in all Alençe. In this first enclosure were erected new arsenals wherein were stored the arms and ammunition; then arose the mighty stables, the kitchens, the barns, the cellars, the shops of the carpenters, saddlers, tinsmiths, workers in wood, in silver, in gold, and the rooms where the women sat and spun and embroidered day after day. Also, arose a chapel facing the east, rich in mosaics, gilding and pictures, and in all this Guy-of-the-Meadow was the chief architect and designer.

But when the first enclosure was finished, and the people were resting, came another message from the absent Seigneur, and the work began again, and yet again in three months more, and twice after that, till, when several years had passed and the Crusade was ending, a new and terrible Château looked forth from its home on the hill, with its five gates, five moats, five pointed curtains of steel, and five courtyards, the high tower of the Donjon keeping watch over all. No other Château was so wonderful, so impregnable in those days, and there has never been one like it since, and the people both from Ternoise and from the workshops of Dupré were curious as to the treasure Guy-of-the-Mountain was bringing with him.

Pearls from Ceylon as large as Duchesse pears, rubies like pools of wine from India, the work of the cunning Damascus cutters, the beaten gold and sparkling circlets of Persia—rumours of these filled the air, till the English maiden who awaited the Seigneur's return felt as if she could not remain near such grandeur and opulence.

"If I might live with you a little while till this business be settled!" she sighed in the hearing of Guy-of-the-Meadow, who had never spoken of love, the maid being yet too young. "You should have told him I am here. He would have been prepared to meet me, but now it is too late. Could I not go to you? This Château terrifies me—with its men-at-arms and preparations for war! Your little Château of Sançy-in-the-Fields pleases me far better."

But the Sieur Dupré kissed her hand and said nothing. "The Treasure of Ternoise is a woman," he thought to himself, "but only I have found that out, and perhaps Father Coulomb."

The day before the Seigneur's return there arose a mighty storm; although it was only September, winds were wailing and shrieking, wrecks driven in upon the west coast, and even in the south ships rocked and rolled in the high seas outside Marseilles and many were lost, the brave sailors invoking Saint Anne as they went down to death. Through those rough seas rode and tumbled the *Chameau*, with Guy-of-the-Mountain on board, and with the pearls and rubies, the diamond fringes and cups of emerald, the chased swords and silken praying rugs he had worked hard to obtain. The priest and the maiden, nevertheless, allowed no flagging in the preparations; every weapon shone and every tower bore its flag; the huge gates were grimly crowned with heads of boars and wolves, the larders and cellars were full to bursting. There never was such a sight in all Ternoise before, and there has never been one since; the return of Guy-of-the-Mountain was talked of throughout France, for in addition to being the hardest and most warlike man in the kingdom, he was now also the richest. On the following day the sun sank early, but with its setting the raging wind dropped and the bitter rain, and the sky began to redden and glow and burn as if all Normandy west of the black forests of Ternoise and Sançy were on fire. Rose Montrésor stood in the chapel where Guy-of-the-Meadow had placed her.

"If I were only some great lady decked in jewels!" she said again. "I wish I had remained in England."

"Sweet," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, "he who is coming will have enough jewels for you both."

"But I dread to meet him! He is a hard man!"

"A hard man, truly, but not a bad one. Perhaps he will permit me to ride in with him."

"O! that would, indeed, give me courage!"

"You do not need it," said Guy-of-the-

Meadow with tenderness in his gallantry. "You came from England alone, but should you ever go back it must only be with a trusty cavalier and one a few years older than yourself. Would fifteen be too many?" And she gently shook her head, not reading his meaning.

By the gates stood Father Coulomb, bareheaded, forgetful of the hard words and knocks he had received from his Seigneur, but his face was long and vexed, for a curious rumour was spreading through the Château. One said, "He has lost his treasure." Another said, "The Seigneur is shipwrecked." And a third, "There never was any treasure! All this was to make us work."

But with loud blasts of the trumpet, and chiming of the carillon, Guy-of-the-Mountain rode slowly in, safe at least, and not entirely bereft of his accustomed dignity and wrathful bearing, but looking old and pale from perils of the sea and sickness, and with only a small following. And with him rode in Guy-of-the-Meadow as he promised.

"We pray you, sire, to receive——" began the priest in a hurry, but Guy-of-the-Mountain waved him off.

"Keep your thanksgiving for some other occasion!" he returned.

"Perhaps you do not know what has happened; the *soutane* makes men slow. The *Chameau* has gone to the bottom, and with it all I brought back from the East. I have lost all, all save one thing which I will show you hereafter. Treasure—I hear you say! Well, it is gone, and I almost wish I had gone with it. The pearls, the rubies, the gold—you have heard of them, I can see by your faces! It was all mine, I swear it! And now I shall never see such treasure again."

"Nay, Messire," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, riding closer, "you are for the moment discouraged. 'Tis a hard thing to be so near Fortune and to miss her. But while you were absent this same Fortune did not forget you. She brought you gifts you did not dream of."

"Gifts? Of your making? At least you know about them?"

"I know a little. It is but one gift, Messire."

And from curiosity the other said nothing, but entered the chapel, the people all smiling as they saw the Sieur Guy Dumont and the Sieur Guy Dupré walking amiably together. The setting sun still flamed, lighting up every window save the rose window facing east, and its ruddy beams fell on the long golden hair and white robe of a slender girl kneeling at the rail. As the Seigneur approached, Rose Montrésor lifted her head and stretched out her arms, and in the chronicle of Ternoise it is written that no man who saw her face then ever forgot it, nor the face of Guy-of-the-Mountain. Without fear or constraint she kept her white arms outstretched till the Seigneur could do no less than raise her from the ground and stand looking at her.

"How then!" he cried. "This fair child a gift to me? O—if it might be so! If the bright gold of this hair, if the soft ruby of that cheek were for me!" And the people hearing these words from their hard master were astonished indeed.

"That gold, that ruby, shall then atone for the treasure you have lost," said Guy-of-the-Meadow. "I knew it would be so."

"You knew! Always you. *You* knew!"

The glance which the elder man threw first on the Sieur Dupré, then on Rose Montrésor, changed to the old, searching, but softened frown.

"It is well seen how Messire-of-the-Meadow has spent his time. The building of the Château—well, no doubt I owe you something for that; other brains than Father Coulomb's have been here. Shall I fight you then for this English lily? A Montrésor—by her eyes and hair! I could never forget that colour."

"I pray you, Messieurs, to remember the sacred place you stand in!" exclaimed the priest in dismay. "It grows late, see—past the vesper hour."

"Fight me if you will," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, smiling and touching his sword lightly, "but when you win the maid you may not marry her. So fair a bird is bound to fly away. Not even your five enclosures can keep out Love."

"Truly, but I might confine her in the Donjon where Love cannot enter. I am growing old, I need some one to minister

to me, wait upon me, and the maid has been sent as a gift to Ternoise. From Fortune—you said so yourself!"

The eyes of Rose and the Sieur Dupré met, and in that glance the girl became a woman and knew her lover, but Love made her strong also to know and do her duty. Turning to the Seigneur:

"My place is beside you," she said calmly, "as long as you require me. For this I left England and came here alone. For this I am ready to devote, to consecrate my life."

To the horror of the priest, Guy-of-the-Mountain took the maid in his arms and kissed her.

"I ask no such sacrifice," he said. "Sançy-in-the-Fields lacks a mistress still; go and reign there."

His voice was hard, but his eyes glistened.

"As for me, I am not so lonely as I look. Hearken well—you too, Father Coulomb, and change your solemn vespers to a nuptial march, for now I will show you the one thing left to me from peril of the sea and shipwreck, from fever and from weakness, from dangers of war and privations of camps."

Then there came through the lines of wondering people a shape and face strangely new, but wondrously beautiful; even by the side of the English maiden this daughter of the Orient, with her dark eyes and hair, showed fairer than any woman in the kingdom. Supplication and gentle distress were in her gaze as she clung to the Seigneur's arm, while her scarves of green and orange flamed in the wild light of sunset, and her forehead gleamed white beneath its heavy braids.

"She was a slave," said Guy-of-the-Mountain, grimly, "and I released her. I was sick, and she tended me; hungry, and she fed me; sad, and she cheered me. If any know aught against her or any reason why I should not take her to wife, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace."

And in the sunlit chapel there was profound silence.

"It is well."

The Seigneur wheeled abruptly to the priest:

"A double wedding!" he cried, "with Messire-of-the-Meadow and my niece to keep us company."

So with pomp and music and rejoicing his order was carried out, and for the rest of his life Guy-of-the-Mountain was so gentle and chivalrous, and wise, that the change in him was always ascribed to the influence of the beautiful Syrian. Others held that shipwreck and sickness had helped; but, however, that may have been, the Treasure of Ternoise was a woman after all. The Château still stands on the hill, but none lives in it, and there is no king in Paris to watch the tall tower of its Donjon.

Motherhood

BY INGLIS MORSE

'TWAS in an hour of falling rain at dawn,
With her thou camest to this life's fair day.
Out of the darkness of that vale called Death,
Thy spirit like an angel's fluttered near
Her trembling heart, and gave her courage then
To face the glory of the gates ajar:
And all the pain, wherewith was wrought anew
That old and wondrous miracle of Life—
Sweet Motherhood, the rose-wreath crown that gilds
The brow of her who gives to earth a Child.

A Coon Hunt

By F. J. BLANCHARD

REMOTE from the ceaseless clamour and commotion of Greater New York, amid the quietude of a sequestered Canadian farm house, I enjoyed my vacation. The season's product of the soil, with one exception, viz., Indian corn, had been garnered by the husbandman and his brace of sturdy sons. The spacious barn, filled from ground to eaves, yea, verily to the peak, contained the diversified treasures yielded up by the broad acres during the summer months, and eloquently testified to the fertility of the farm, the industry and skill of its owner.

At the close of a beautiful autumnal day we were gathered upon the piazza whiling away the fleeting moments of the twilight hour. The farmer contentedly smoked a corn-cob pipe of his own manufacture, his family and myself being entertained by an itinerant pack pedlar, Solomon Vineberg. The Russo-Japanese war was in its incipient stage, when Solomon was officially notified that he had been drafted for active service in far away Manchuria.

"I no good mark for Jap," he said, shaking his head. "I away run. Get by line, and come mit Hamburg, alretty yet."

His first acquaintance with the family of my host, I learned, had occurred about one month before the evening of my story, and results, disastrous to Solomon, were narrowly averted. There was no pillow on the couch assigned to him to sleep upon. The only English word he could recall to define his need was cushion. In his imperfect foreign accent he pronounced the word "Keissen." Rushing into the spacious kitchen where the farmer's daughter was alone, he exclaimed, "No keissen!"

"No what?" she inquired, a rising inflection of her voice denoting surprise and gathering indignation.

"Keissen, keissen," the foreigner repeated, becoming excited and gesticulating frantically in his efforts to make himself understood.

She believed he desired to kiss her, that his hysterical gesticulations were suggestive of a wish to emphasise his osculatory act with an embrace.

Calling lustily for assistance, she seized the most convenient weapon at hand, a heavy wooden potato masher, and with this innocent utensil from the family culinary department she aimed a vigorous blow at the pedlar's head which he adroitly dodged. It was not until he had led her father and brother to a bed and pointed to a pillow, that his mysterious conduct was satisfactorily explained, and the wrath of the young woman thereby mollified.

Another incident is given, as related to me, of that first night in the farmer's home, in which the pedlar played a conspicuous part, and in its telling none laughed more heartily than he.

When the pedlar was retiring the farmer said to him: "If you hear any person entering to-night, don't fail to give an alarm. There have been tramps in the neighbourhood, and some person may attempt to come in here before morning. Should such an effort be made be sure you call loudly for help. The more noise you make the more likely will you frighten the intruder away."

Ed., one of the farmer's sons, was at the home of his lady love, a young woman in the community, and had no knowledge of the itinerant lodger. About midnight he arrived home, tired and sleepy, and entered the house. He was compelled to pass through the room occupied by the pedlar to reach his own. He pushed the door open.

"Ouch! ow! ow! help!—help!—ow! ow! fef!—fef!—ow! ow!" yelled the Russian, as he sprang from his cot, picked up a heavy chair and banged it on the floor, shoving a table between him and the door. Pandemonium reigned.

Ed., startled by such an unexpected explosion, was at first too astonished for

utterance. He wondered if an escaped lunatic had invaded his home. What did the jabbering, screaming form, flitting dimly in the opposite side of the room, mean? Recovering his speech he shouted:

"What's the matter? Who are you? Why are you making such a racket?"

His inquiries resulted in the Russian becoming more strenuous in his efforts to arouse the family. How long the noisy demonstration would have continued is problematical. The appearance of the farmer in the door, clad in his night clothes, holding a lighted candle in his hand, his body convulsed with laughter, conveyed to their agitated minds the simple truth, that they had been the innocent victims of a practical joke.

During a lull in the conversation the farmer slowly asked, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe by rapping the inverted bowl against the heel of his shoe:

"Are there any coons in Russia, Solomon?"

"Coon, coon," he replied. "What dat is?"

No little effort was necessary to describe the animal to the pedlar.

The farmer suggested a coon hunt, his suggestion being prompted possibly by the depredations that day discovered in his cornfield and attributed by him to the nocturnal plunderings of that animal, whilst on a foraging expedition.

The evening was far spent when we approached the cornfield. The farmer, his two sons, Ed. and Tom, his son-in-law, and the two strangers within his gates, constituted our party. A dense bush skirted the eastern boundary of the field. Perched upon the top rail of a high zigzag fence of cedar poles we speculated, in an undertone, whether the two dogs, Drum and Jack, would prove successful in their maiden efforts as coon hunters. Drum, a young hound, possessed a musical voice that rang out distinct and loud upon the still night air. Would instinct impel him to follow the trail of any animal that might be abroad and trace it to its lair; or if pursued too closely and unable to reach the seclusion of its den, thereby being compelled to seek refuge in a convenient tree top, would Jack, a little red mongrel of some local repute as a hunter of partridges, remain barking under the tree until we arrived upon the scene?

"What would you do, Solomon," I asked, "if we treed a coon and it fell at your feet when shaken from its place of refuge?"

Swinging viciously a heavy club with which he had armed himself, he replied:

"Me hit him head on; him no way from me get; him kill pretty quick yet."

"Do you think you could see him under one of yonder trees?" I asked, pointing toward the wood.

He turned his face and endeavoured to pierce the impenetrable cloud of darkness that everywhere there prevailed.

"How you coon kill?" he asked suddenly, turning to me. "No gun; no shoot," he added, shaking his head. "No light; no see there to shoot," he continued, looking toward the trees.

Further questions were prevented by the prolonged musical barking of the hound, coming from far down the cornfield.

"He is on the track of some animal," the farmer remarked, as the barking at intervals continued to reverberate over the otherwise silent field. In a few moments the sound indicated that the trail had passed from the field of gently waving, rustling corn to the sombre precincts of the silent wood. Our suspense was of short duration. Carried over the tree tops upon the pinions of the still night air, there came to us for the first time the short incisive barking of the partridge dog.

"They've treed him!" the farmer excitedly exclaimed as he sprang from the fence and plunged directly into the forest's gloom, followed by the remainder of our party.

I was unwilling to traverse the unknown forest alone, near the midnight hour, and I hurried in the direction where had disappeared in the darkness the other members of our party. I had gone but a few yards when my progress was abruptly but effectively stopped. Shocked by the unexpected collision with something that seemed to be as immovable as the Palisades, and stunned somewhat as well, instinct impelled me to throw out my arms and clasp in a vigorous embrace the object

against which I had collided, and which had temporarily checked my blind race through the wood. Recovering my equilibrium I discovered that I was hugging a stately tree. Passing my hand over my face I concluded from the moisture there discerned, accentuated by a dull pain in the region of my nose, that the force of the collision had caused the blood to flow.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," I muttered as I groped my way around the tree trunk, resolving thereafter to "make haste slowly."

I had gone but a few steps farther when my attention was arrested by the sound of a heavy object falling, succeeded immediately by the sharp crackling of dry brush. I listened. A hoarse, blood-curdling scream rent the gloom, and momentarily caused a shudder to creep up my spine. There was something uncanny about my surroundings. The darkness was so intense. I wished I had not accompanied the party. The coarse shriek was followed by the excited, frightened voice of the pedlar, crying frantically, "Mein Gott, mein Gott, help, help, I'm kilt," intermingled with words uttered in his native tongue, which were to me unintelligible. Several moments elapsed before I succeeded in attracting his attention. I ascertained by dint of perseverance his effort to pass quickly through the wood had been as unsuccessful and disastrous as my own. He had stumbled over a fallen log and had plunged headlong into a dry brush heap. His shins were bruised and the lineaments of his face were later discovered to be not a little disfigured by their unexpected contact with broken limbs and twigs.

"Ish dat bear trap?" he asked, as he eagerly grasped my arm with his trembling hand. "Him mein legs bark."

"You could not have yelled more lustily," I replied, "if a Jap soldier had jabbed you with his bayonet."

Still clinging to my arm, we recommenced our march through the wood. Progress was very slow, as with arms extended to protect my face, I carefully piloted myself, and towed my terror-stricken companion through the tangled underbrush, maze of tree trunks and labyrinth of fallen timber.

The coon, closely pursued by the dogs, had sought refuge in a basswood tree which grew upon the margin of a marsh, its trunk, encased in a coarse, rough bark, rising obliquely, causing its top to project over the bog. Dense foliage covered its branches, and it was impossible to discern the animal's hiding place. The hound, his nose close to the ground, ran nervously through the brush and trees, until he came upon the trail made by the coon in passing to the tree. He would then, with quick, spasmodic leaps, follow the trail to the tree. This he repeated several times. The other dog remained under the tree, barking incessantly.

"Think you can climb that tree, Solomon?" the farmer asked, as we gathered around the trunk.

"What for me tree climb?" the pedlar inquired in reply, placing his hands upon the corrugated trunk.

"Why, the coon is up there, somewhere, and we want you to go up and shake him out; shake the tree this way," I added, grasping the thoroughly frightened Russian by the shoulders and shaking him until his teeth chattered.

"No, no, no; me no tree climb, me never coon shake; dog shake coon," he stammered as he struggled from my grasp.

It was arranged that Ed. should make the effort to dislodge the animal from its aerial retreat, and that we should form ourselves into a semi-circle, the circumference of which should be a few yards distant from the tree trunk. Solomon's station was next to mine.

"Coon bite?" he asked me, as Ed. began to ascend the tree.

"When they are cornered they will fight in a vicious and determined way," I replied. "You must be careful."

"Coon may think me tree. My back climb up. Oh mein Gott, Holy Mother!" he excitedly exclaimed, crossing himself. He continued to utter a prayer in the Russian tongue. He moved away from me a few paces and there was quiet for a moment, save for the crunching of the coarse bark, caused by the climber as he slowly ascended the tree.

"I see him," Ed. called to us. "He is on that limb overhanging the marsh. There he goes," he shouted, as he gave

the branch a vigorous and prolonged shaking.

The coon struck the marshy ground with a dull thud, and was immediately attacked by the dogs, but in the darkness he made good his escape from the savage, murderous onslaught. There was a quick pattering of muffled feet upon the dry leaves as the coon, followed closely by the dogs, ran into the forest. Then something happened.

Unfortunately for Solomon, he stood directly in the path selected by the frightened little animal. When the coon, in its frenzied effort to escape, collided with Solomon's extremities there was a mix-up such as was not anticipated, and such as rarely occurs. The force of the collision threw the pedlar prostrate upon his face, the coon under his feet. In a twinkling both dogs were upon him. The snapping, snarling, biting, growling, grunting of the dogs, as they fought with each other and their common enemy, the coon, were intermingled with the excited, hysterical exclamations of the panic-stricken Russian imploring all the saints in the calendar for protection.

I found him standing upon a stump, swinging his club, and shouting loudly, his incoherent words resembling more the jabbering of an idiot than the expressions of a rational human being.

"Did you kill the coon?" I asked him. I was obliged to repeat the question several times before I made myself heard and understood.

"Kill coon! Mein Gott. Sometings my legs bite. Alretty yet I go down. Holy Mother, dogs over me run. Fight, bite, pull dis way, pull dat, jump on mein head, over face roll, ear growl in." His English vocabulary was too circumscribed to enable him to adequately describe his experiences, and several times his broken utterances were interspersed with Russian words.

We tried to persuade him to abandon his perch upon the stump, but he obstinately refused to yield to our entreaties.

Turning our attention to the dogs, we found them trying to squeeze themselves through between two roots of a hollow basswood tree.

"The coon is in that tree," sententiously declared the farmer as he witnessed the efforts of the dogs to enter the aperture.

Tom was despatched to the house, about two miles distant, for an axe with which to cut down the tree. While awaiting his return we made a fire of dry twigs and branches. As the flames increased in volume, the forest presented a weird scene, but with the disappearance of the gloom in the vicinity of our fire the Russian's terror likewise vanished; at least he clambered down from the stump and busied himself collecting brush and wood with which to increase the volume of our fire.

"You had a narrow escape," I said to him.

His face was haggard, the spots of red caused by the dry blood which had oozed from scratches sustained when he plunged into the brush heap, standing out in marked contrast with the pallid background. Evidently he had but partly recovered his usual mental and nervous status.

"Coon no more hunt mit dark," he said, shaking his head.

"But you are not injured, are you?" Ed. inquired. "Why are you so frightened?"

"Ouch!" he exclaimed, shuddering, as he recalled the exciting experience through which he had so recently passed. "When mein feet run, mit coon on I by ground go mit mein face. Dogs jump mit mein back on. Cover mein face mit hands. Kick, shout, scare coon, dogs away mit yell, Dogs bite leg," displaying a rent in his trousers.

"Why did you not jump on the coon, or kick him, when he ran against your feet?" Ed. asked.

"Jump coon on?" Solomon replied. "When him feet hit, I high up jump. Dogs, coon, feet mix, when I down come. Fall ground, cover face, no chance kick. No time. No light, see."

"You were frightened," Ed. continued.

"Next time you will not be scared so easily."

"Oh, no next time. No more coon hunt mit dark. Me pack carry, combs sell, rest sleep night. No more hunt coon mit woods in dark. No, no, no," shaking his head.

The tree was chopped down. It was

necessary to cut off the trunk several times before the coon was driven out. It was quickly despatched by the two dogs, Solomon watching its dying struggles from a safe retreat behind a large maple tree. It was not until the hour for day to break and the shadows to flee away that I finally lost consciousness in sleep. As I reclined in my bed, one after another of the events of the night were kaleidoscoped before my mind's vision. From a financial standpoint, I concluded the night's work represented a very unprofitable venture. Six men travelled four miles, occupied six hours, chopped down a large tree. Result, one coon, the skin of which subsequently sold for fifty cents.

When the Dominion Was Young

The Fourth of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY

THE assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, which occurred in the second part of the first session of the First Parliament, was a tragedy not only horrifying in itself and because of the great public loss which it inflicted on the country, but otherwise of far-reaching importance. He was not only one of the Fathers of Confederation, but had been its most eloquent advocate and defender. Of his brief span of life, twenty years had been spent in Ireland, twelve in the United States and ten years in Canada. In each of these countries and in each of these terms of years, he had been widely known as a lecturer, a journalist and an orator. He had been an unwearied soldier of the press and of the platform, in Ireland, the great American Republic and in Canada. When he was not writing he spoke, and when he was not speaking he wrote.

Aside from his political career he delivered more than 1,100 lectures on every subject that could instruct and elevate the people. He had written books of value, including a history of Ireland; edited thirteen volumes of newspapers, and his poetry like his eloquence had thrilled the hearts of thousands. Within a few months of taking up his residence in Canada in 1857, he was elected to represent Montreal in the old Canadian Parliament, and that position he retained until his death. At 37 years of age, he was President of the Council in the Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte Government, and was then better known in Ireland, in Boston, New York or Chicago than in Canada. Later he became identified with the Conservative party, defeated his former Liberal colleagues in Montreal, and became Minister of Agriculture in the Government led by Sir Etienne Tache, which position he held till the formation of the first Dominion Cabinet in 1867.

His life had been a romance and a transformation, which had changed the youthful rebel and republican into an ardent and loyal monarchist. It was destined to end in a tragedy. He first sailed from Ireland on April 8, 1842. The date was eventful. He had then exactly twenty-six years more to live. The assassin who was to deal his death-blow was then an infant in the cradle. And already they had begun to build on the banks of the Ottawa a grim prison house, equipped with all the dreadful machinery of death. There for twenty-six years the gallows' drop rusted its hinges in the rain and the sunshine awaiting its first victim.

At the time of the first Dominion election, Fenianism was rampant in Ireland and the United States. There were Fenian circles in Montreal, Ottawa and other Canadian cities. The contest between McGee and his brilliant Irish opponent, Bernard Devlin, in Montreal

West, was an exceedingly bitter one. Stones and missiles sometimes took the place of arguments in hall and street. McGee, who was victorious, was personally assaulted by his defeated opponent. A police raid upon a Fenian circle found a desk in flames and the secret papers of the detestable organisation burned. During the campaign, McGee had received threatening letters. His friends treated them lightly, but he, more truly, realised the deadly malice that was behind. He became convinced that he would be murdered. To more than one of his friends in Montreal and Ottawa he said, "I shall be shot in the back."

Patrick James Whalen, McGee's murderer, was born in Ireland, near Dublin, in 1842. As a young man he served as a soldier in India, deserted, came to Quebec, where, in 1866, he enrolled in the volunteer cavalry formed for defence against the Fenians. It was then suspected that he was a Fenian in disguise and he was discharged. He went thence to Buffalo, then the headquarters of Fenian operations against Canada. The belief is that he was there deputed to kill McGee. Whalen returned to Montreal during the summer of 1867. He followed McGee to a picnic with a revolver in his pocket. During the election Whalen was heard to say, "McGee was a traitor and ought to be shot." "He might be elected, but he would never take his seat." Many more like threats were proven at the trial. McGee went to Ottawa to attend the opening of the first session, and Whalen followed him thither. When McGee returned to Montreal just before Christmas, 1867, Whalen also returned. He visited McGee's house on New Year's night, and insisted upon seeing him alone, but he, suspicious of his visitor, refused to see him unless another were present. So the plot was for the time frustrated. When Parliament reassembled in March, Whalen again followed McGee to the capital, and engaged in his trade as a journeyman tailor there. He was a dressy young fellow, who made friends and acquaintances readily, and figured conspicuously as chief marshal in the fine St. Patrick's Day procession of March 17 at Ottawa.

Parliament had reassembled with two of its mightiest spirits absent from the scene. Howe had gone to England, charged by the two Houses of the Nova Scotia Legislature to demand a repeal of the union. Tupper had been sent by the Dominion Government to checkmate this dangerous move. On April 7 the House was engaged debating a motion made by Dr. Parker, of Wellington, Ont., asking for the recall of Dr. Tupper. It was against this motion that McGee made his last speech, between two and three o'clock in the morning. He made a noble defence of the union and of Dr. Tupper, and severely arraigned the mover of the motion, Dr. Parker, in the course of which he used these words: "He is seeking for subjects of irritation, and not finding it advisable to openly oppose the principles of union here, loses no opportunity to strike below the belt, to deal a stab in the dark, and it is time that the mask should be torn from his face!"

Two things occurred at this moment. Whalen was in the gallery. He had passed up and down many times during the night from the bar beneath the chamber to the gallery, and his murderous intent was no doubt stimulated by his potations. At the words "striking below the belt," he leaned over the gallery rail and shook his fist menacingly at McGee. At the opposite side of the gallery, Edward Storr, caretaker of the newspaper reading room, entered to see how soon the sitting was likely to close. Storr was well known at the Capital as a man of intelligence and character, a local preacher, too, but with little education save what was self-acquired. Strangely enough, this man kept a diary. When he entered the gallery he heard and saw what we have just described, and then and there entered with pencil in his book, the time by the clock, McGee's words, "striking below the belt," the threatening attitude of the unknown man in the opposite gallery, with an accurate description of the latter's appearance. This book was afterward produced at the trial of Whalen, and the entry was pronounced by Sir William B. Richards, who presided, as a "Providential record, the most remarkable that had ever come before him in Court."

All unconscious of what had transpired

in the galleries above, McGee proceeded with his speech, concluding with these words: "The single object of Confederation from the beginning has been to consolidate the extent of British America with the utmost regard to the independent powers and privileges of each Province, and I, sir, who have been and am its earnest advocate, speak here, not as the representative of any race or of any Province, but as thoroughly and emphatically a Canadian, ready and bound to recognise the claims of any of my Canadian fellow-subjects from the farthest east to the farthest west, equally with those of my nearest neighbour, or the friend who proposed me on the hustings."

These noble words were his last public utterance. He left the House shortly after two o'clock in the morning and proceeded down the central walk across Parliament Square to Metcalfe Street. The full moon in the western sky shining upon the light new-fallen snow made it almost as bright as day. McGee was accompanied by Robert McFarlane, M.P, At the corner of Metcalfe and Sparks Streets they parted, and went opposite ways to their respective lodgings. When they said "Good night" McGee was but one block distant from Mrs. Trotter's boarding house, corner of O'Connor and Sparks Streets, where he lived during the session. A moment after taking leave of McFarlane a messenger of the House passed and said "Good night, Mr. McGee." He answered cheerfully, "Rather say good morning, for it is morning now." These were his last words. He was smoking a cigar and carried a walking stick under his arm. He reached the door of his lodgings and had inserted his latchkey preparatory to entering, when the lurking assassin shot him from behind, and in an instant he fell to the ground dead.

Only too sure had been the murderer's aim. The shot roused the inmates, including some members who had returned a few minutes earlier. They were horror-stricken with the sight that met their gaze. There lay the well-known form, prostrate and dead. The tall, grey hat was still on his head, while far down the street the snow was crimsoned with his blood. His latchkey was in the lock, and close beside it in the door was the bullet that had crashed through his brain. Horror and indignation filled the land when the deed was known. The press of Canada groaned with sorrow, while its teeming pages, bright with tears, bore eloquent testimony to the merits of the dead statesman. When Parliament assembled on the following day, leading men on both sides, amid a breathless silence, paid their tributes to his memory in words that were choked with tears and sobs. They made haste to provide for the stricken wife and daughters.

There followed an inquest conducted by Coroner Van Cortlandt. The funeral was a great and mournful state pageant in Ottawa and Montreal, whither his body was conveyed for interment. In brief space rewards were offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer—offered by the Dominion Government, the Ontario Government, the city of Ottawa and of Montreal. There were many who believed that the death of all the members of the Government had been plotted, and extra precautions were taken for their safety. Whalen's suspicious conduct in the Commons gallery as related by Storr led to his prompt arrest. In his bed a revolver was found concealed, all the chambers being loaded but one, and that newly discharged. The weapon was of the same calibre as the fatal bullet.

In due time the trial came on, the presiding Judge being Chief Justice W. B. Richards, with O'Reilly, K.C., of Kingston, leading the prosecution, and John Hilyard Cameron and an array of other counsel for the defence. The trial had some sensational features. One witness for the Crown, a French-Canadian, swore that he saw the deed committed. He was, he said, passing on the opposite side of the street at the moment, saw Whalen fire the shot and McGee fall. He told his story quite circumstantially. According to his story Whalen, when he fired the shot, sprang away and plunged violently against a telegraph post near by, cried out "Jesus!" and fled. But this witness did not get the reward. He broke badly on cross-examination. Why

had he not instantly given the alarm? He was afraid, he said. And he persisted that McGee's hat was black. Other witnesses made a chain of circumstantial evidence which convinced the jury, and their verdict was "Guilty."

When asked if he had anything to say before the death sentence was passed upon him, Whalen arose and began an impassioned speech, protesting that he was innocent and had not had a fair trial. Then he launched forth into a fluent but heated arraignment of the Imperial Government, which had incarcerated so many of his countrymen "in British hells among the living damned." The Judge sternly commanded him to stop, which he did. He was told that he would have been heard with patience so long as he had anything to say in his own defence, or as to the fairness of the trial; that here we had nothing to do with the wrongs of Ireland; that in Canada all men were equal before the law, and that his trial had been fair and his defence most ably conducted. The Judge then pronounced the sentence of death.

A legal contest followed in Toronto, but it failed to invalidate the proceedings of the trial court. Pending these proceedings, Whalen was kept in jail closely guarded against a possible Fenian rescue. Day and night armed sentries kept watch at the four corners of the jail yard, calling the hours—"ten o'clock and all's well." At last the fatal day came, and Whalen was hanged with a great multitude in view of the gallows. He did not protest his innocence, but apparently would have addressed the crowd if his spiritual adviser had permitted. As it was he stepped to the front, raised his voice and shouted, "God save Ireland!" then added in a lower tone, "God save my soul." He then took his place on the hinged platform, the black cap was drawn, and almost instantly the supporting cord was cut and he went down to his death.

When I returned home from the execution I met my landlord, who lived next door. He was in the act of removing two loaded revolvers from his pockets. I inquired the reason for so peaceful a man going armed. "There were two hundred of us there in the crowd equally well fixed," he said. It was feared there might be an attempt to rescue Whalen at the last moment.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Talisman

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

TIME treads but lightly on my heart,
Ah, lightly treads he there!
It holds the chamber where thou art
Enshrined from every change apart—
Young, conquering and fair!

For in the love that foldeth thee
Time hath no lot nor part;
Beloved, thou hast left with me
The Talisman of Memory,
And where I am, thou art!

Mexico and the Civil Virtues

By J. H.

ON the twenty-first day of March, 1906, there occurred in the city of Mexico an event which merits the consideration of all lovers of history, and particularly of those who are interested in following the policies of the different nations on the continent of America. The Centennial Anniversary of the Birth of Benito Juarez was celebrated.

Those foreigners resident in the country who had opportunity of observing the various processions and ceremonies, and of reading the speeches, were struck by the total absence of pageantry which characterised the celebration. It would seem that the people of Mexico recognised only the triumph of the civil virtues. In a country which a few years ago was the scene of one continual strife, and which to-day glories in the possession of the most distinguished soldier alive (at least on this side of the Atlantic), was seen and heard only the representative of the pacific democracy; not a soldier was shown, not a drum nor a bugle was allowed to sound. The peaceful significance of the occasion was further emphasised by the fact that the oration of the day, pronounced before the tribunes of the people, and the representatives of other nations, was made by the minister of the Government most removed from all that suggested militarism of any kind, the Minister of Fine Arts and Education.

The object of this article is only to call attention to the present day significance of the celebration, and not to dwell on the historical efforts put forth by the subject of the celebration, but it is not possible to do justice to the present without calling up some visions of the past.

The class of Mexicans who threw off allegiance to the crown of Spain were of the same class that separated the thirteen states of the American colony from Great Britain—neither the poor Indian nor the slave was consulted as to whether a republican or a monarchical form of government was best suited to their destiny. In the one case, as in the other, a group of bold and ambitious men seized the reins of government to the expulsion of their predecessors; the loaves and fishes of place, revenue and fame were divided among the aristocrats in each new nation. Still the portion of the majority of the inhabitants was to toil and die in the silver mines; to kiss the hand of the hacienda owner or of the priest, and to consider that permission to do so was sufficient reward for a life of slavery. Declarations of Independence, whether they were written in Spanish or in English, were not extended for such as these!

'Twas then that God Almighty raised up his servant, Benito Juarez—an Indian of the purest race—the product of three hundred years of servitude to an alien conqueror, and of indeterminable centuries of human sacrifice and possible cannibalism. The man unacquainted even with a European language arose out of the abyss, and dealt such a blow to Pope and Prince that the world has not yet ceased to wonder. Nine-tenths of the property of the country was vested in the church, the other tenth was held by that aristocratic class who had achieved the independence from Spain. The poor Indian lived on sufferance in his own land, and there were some ten millions of him.

How Juarez by his laws of reform confiscated to the public good the property of the church, and how in order to retrieve the same the church made common cause with the aristocrats, and invited the intervention of the French and Austrians, and how for ten years the bloody drama was played until it closed with the tragedy at Queretaro, these the student may read in any history of modern times. We return to the consideration of our centennial and try to draw useful conclusions from same.

From the above sketch it may be seen how pardonable would have been the mistake of the Mexican people had they allowed prominence to any military spirit

in the celebration, because, although Juarez himself was a simple man of black coat and black necktie, his surroundings were those of continual alarums and violence, to the accompaniments of clanking sabre and rattling musketry. Although a professor of laws he was chief of a band of the most intrepid warriors the world has ever seen, the President-General Porfirio Diaz being one of them. Hence it must have required great discernment on the part of those responsible for the success of the celebration to see clearly that the lesson which the birth of Juarez should read to his countrymen was one of admiration to the civil law only, and not to allow the importance of the lesson to be shadowed by any pomp of military show. The delegates in large numbers from the interior, groups of artisans, in fact all citizens were invited to lay a wreath on the tomb of the patriot. The day was made a public holiday, immense numbers of the indigent were fed, and no effort was left untried to endow the day with peaceful and humane significance.

It is doubtful if any of the Anglo-Saxon communities would have read a similar lesson so correctly.

To the people of Canada the event is interesting as marking the advance of a friendly neighbour. The celebration was a vindication of peaceful and educational methods over lawlessness and ignorance. The schoolmaster is now abroad in the land of Mexico, and with the classic basis which he has to work upon there is every reason to believe the finished product will equal or excel its contemporaries.

The most ignorant and illiterate Mexican peon will qualify the mistaken position of his adversary in debate by saying he is "Sumamento equivocado," the meaning of which is plain in English owing to the Latin origin of the words. Compare this with a remark which would be made by a London or New York dock labourer.

The government of the Dominion should busy itself more with what is transpiring to the south of them. There is now being agitated by the statesmen of the United States, the second Pan-American Congress to be held in Rio Janeiro, the first having been held in the city of Mexico five years ago. Why is the voice of Canada absent from these gatherings? The Dominion is the second largest trading concern in the western hemisphere, yet, notwithstanding this, Paraguay or Peru are more welcome to the conference than a delegate from Canada would be. This is not the fault of the Latin American Republics; on the contrary, they would welcome any counterbalance to the paternal aid with which they are continually menaced, and which in the shape of "Monroe Doctrines" and "Big Sticks," is constantly forced upon them. There is not a statesman in all South America who, when he reads or hears of "Monroe Doctrine," does not put the tongue in the cheek.

The fault lies chiefly with the indifference of the Dominion Government, and in a lesser degree with the careful nursing which the ambassadors and diplomats from South American states receive at Washington from the bureau of American republics.

It should be the duty of Canadian statesmen to carefully weigh the significance of an event like the Centenary of Juarez.

He was the only real great American—not a mixture of European importations, but a genuine product of the continent, descended from prehistoric times. The ruins left by his race show them to have possessed what is now called civilisation many centuries before the Anglo-Saxons had emerged from the stone age.

The lesson he left to his people will be repeated when the victories of others have ceased to interest:

"Real liberty is the respect for others' rights."

On a Picture of the Madonna

BY J. K. LAWSON

O TRUTH, by skill of master Art
In parable depicted here:
The cruel sword—the piercèd heart—
The grieving lip—th' upwelling tear!

Fair symbol of the sweet, the kind,
Who walk with us the world's highways;
Of whom unthinking fools—purblind,
Speak heedless words of blame or praise.

So blithe her speech, so brave her air,
The woman of the stricken heart;
We meet her—greet her everywhere,
Nor dream we she but acts a part.

With pleasant word and ready smile
Conventional, she weaves a veil
To hide her wound, and furth* the pale
Of hidden smart all eyes beguile.

With steady step she goes her way,
Enduring mute her woman's lot;
Or cloud or sun, or grave or gay,
There is no land where she is not.

Her eyes are like the lonely tarn
Amid the hills, in whose dim deeps
Of shadowy floor we half discern
The strange still life we reck not of;
Life that in silence silent grows,
In gloom that each fell secret keeps
Of drownèd things that no more move
Down—down where sun nor moonbeam goes;
So in the depths of her calm eyes
Lie memories—what memories!

Yet are there times when—all alone—
Suave good-byes said—the last guest gone,
Ah! then before her anguished eyes,
From years submerged the ghosts uprise;
They sit with her and murmur low
As in the dear days long ago,
When life was sweet, when hands and feet
Hasted to further Love's behest,
Dreaming—to wake with cruel smart—
Remembrance sword thrust through her heart;
Questioning—was it best?

*Outside of

MANTILLAS ARE EVERYWHERE WORN FOR MORNING MASS

The Women of Spanish-America

By G. M. L. BROWN

With Special Photographs by the Author

OF the twenty-one republics of the New World, eighteen are Spanish-speaking, all but our next-door neighbour are of the Roman Catholic faith, and with the same exception all enjoy a tropical or sub-tropical climate. Hence, although Mexicans see as little and hear as little of the Uruguayans as we see and hear of the inhabitants of New Zealand, they have so much in common that they may be regarded in many respects as one people. This is all the more remarkable when one remembers how many centuries have elapsed since the various Spanish colonies were founded, how widely separated most of them were, and, excepting the few vice-regal seats, how entirely cut off from the mother country. Spain herself, indeed, has infinitely more variety both in speech and customs than the vast territory that she peopled, and the Spanish language is better spoken in almost any of the South American capitals than in the towns of Northern and Western Spain, and in even parts of Castile itself.

In writing of the women of Spanish-America, therefore, and of their home life, one can safely apply many of one's statements to cities, and even to countries, that one has never visited, especially such as relate to household customs and social usages. But the application must be made with sufficient latitude, and the reader should constantly bear in mind that altitude and race amalgamation have exerted a greater influence than geographical position or mere political divisions. Thus Bogota and Quito, the capitals of Colombia and Ecuador, both situated more than a mile and a half above sea level, and almost completely isolated, bear much more similarity to each other than to Barranquilla and Guayaquil, their respective ports. Caracas, also, is not unlike the former in many respects, but its inhabitants, owing to a generous admixture of coloured blood, are more allied to

WOMEN OF SPANISH-AMERICA—AN ART CLASS

the Santo Dominicans, while the people of Buenos Ayres bear a close resemblance to the Montevideans, from their fusion with the Italians.

Buenos Ayres is the largest and richest city in South America, and from a social, as well as from a commercial, standpoint may be compared to New York. Its homes are lavishly furnished, its equipages are of the finest, its theatres, its clubs, and cafés are probably the most luxurious in the Southern Hemisphere. And since the Argentine paterfamilias is quite as ready to draw on his Paris bankers as are our own millionaires, his wife and daughters are the most expensively-gowned women on the continent. Santiago, the Chilian capital, is not unlike one of the southern cities of the United States in the quieter elegance of its homes, and the more refined and, perhaps, more exclusive character of its society. Lima is poor, but extremely picturesque, and Bogota likes to style itself a modern Athens. Two capitals, indeed, Montevideo and Caracas, claim to be the "Paris of South America," but instead of deciding between them, one feels inclined to throw out both claims as absurd. Buenos Ayres might take the title if she wished to, but she is too great to desire borrowed honours.

Paris, of course, is the guiding star of all Spanish-Americans, particularly of the women, and Parisian styles reign supreme in all eighteen republics. One may see pack mules transporting the creations of Parisian milliners and modistes over snow-capped Andean ranges; one may travel to the most remote towns on the pampas, on the llanos, or upon Mexican or Bolivian plateaux, and will find, if he cares to inquire, that Parisian fashion plates, at least, are regularly received. The Señorita, in short, and even the quickly aging Señora, puts dress first in life, and dress, mind you, exclusively—and excessively, if I may so express it—*à la Paris*.

Herein lies the Anglo-Saxon's severest criticism of the Spanish-American woman. The latest styles in hats and gowns must be obtained at any sacrifice, even if the cook goes without her wages, the children without shoes, or the whole household without sufficient food. Everything is secondary to dress—church, family ties, education, cleanliness, pleasure. The

SPANISH-AMERICA—A FASHIONABLE "TURNOUT" IN THE SUBURBS OF CARACAS

greatest martyrdom that a lady could suffer would be to appear on the street in an unfashionable dress—she would rather, I veritably believe, become a second Godiva.

Nor will anything short of the extreme both in cut and colour suit her tastes. No plain walking skirt, no tailor-made gown, for her—evening gowns, please, whether for a country drive, a shopping excursion, or for the most trivial event of the season. "Why the girls have all got their ball dresses on!" remarked a Caracas Señorita recently, upon her arrival after a number of years spent abroad; and her hearty laugh rankles in many a fair bosom, I dare say, to the present day. Nevertheless, the Caracas girls are learning, as many of their sisters in the southern capitals have already learnt, that tastes and discrimination must be exercised; and ball-room assemblages at the railroad station will soon be a thing of the past.

This passion for dress, I regret to have to add, is not a desire for fine clothes *per se*, as is the case with the Parisienne, who begins with her lingerie—so I am informed—and purchases her gown last; it is, I fear, the mere desire to appear well before the world, and since the world will not call nor expect calls until the afternoon, our immaculate Señorita is perilously near being a slattern in the morning, ill-dressed, untidy, and far from prepossessing. Mamma, who is probably worse, regards her complacently, but is wise enough to forbid the most informal calls from her fiancée.

Of course, as in the matter of overdressing, there are exceptions, especially in the larger cities, and among those who have travelled or come much in contact with foreigners; and wherever one finds an intimacy between a Señorita and an English or American girl, he will witness a rapid and most pleasing transformation in the former's mode of life.

Attendance at early mass should have eradicated this slovenliness centuries ago, but unfortunately the hour is so early that a *manta* or wrap, even in the tropics, is agreeable, and what a multitude of stains and wrinkles one *manta* can conceal! There is no denying, however, the Señorita's grace and beauty as she trips along

SPANISH-AMERICA—CARNIVAL SCENE IN A SMALL TOWN

in this simple garb, or perhaps with a lovely *mantilla* thrown over her head. She has an excellent figure, and her carriage, if she wears her low-heeled shoes, is as easy as it is charming. If she has a little coloured blood in her veins, as the West coast belles are said to have (don't whisper it—it's just a trace), and her *mantilla* is adjusted as only the Lima girls and their far distant cousins in Andalusia know how to adjust it, this early morning pilgrimage should be a veritable conquest, were the young men not still lagging in bed. In the afternoon, I wouldn't give a fig to see her. She is so painted and powdered, and frizzled and bedecked that I invariably waver between a sigh and a smile. The sigh would be acceptable to my lady at the balcony, who would naturally put a flattering interpretation upon it; but woe be to the luckless wight who is detected laughing at her!

After all, one must remember how meagre her education has been, how narrow her life is, and will always be, unless she should be lucky enough to get to the dear Paris she dreams of, and how little she has to read. Were one of our good household magazines translated into Castilian, and circulated thoroughly through Spanish-America for a few years, there would be such a transformation as the most optimistic reformer dare not hope for. The writer is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but he has come to the conviction after years of observation, that a few wholesome and instructive periodicals will yet do more for the regeneration of South America than all the legislation and political upheavals of a century.

At present, the women read only French and Spanish fiction of the lightest kind, and the local column of the newspaper. The average girl in South America knows nothing of history or philosophy, studies that her brothers excel in; she has no knowledge of the sciences, nor of the great poets or dramatists or novelists. She has probably never heard of Shakespeare, Dante, Gœthe, or even of Cervantes. She may or may not have run across an odd volume of Manzoni or Balzac or Castelar, but the chances are that these writers are as far above her understanding as the poetry of Tennyson or Calderon is above

the endless volume of versification that pours through the local press. This, unfortunately, she does read, wading through enough tinsel sentiment and balderdash before she is twenty to warp her undeveloped intellect for life.

She reads French, as a rule, and speaks it tolerably well; she plays and sings, often very beautifully, for she belongs to a musical race; she writes her own language with great precision, and in this respect sets an admirable example to her northern cousins; she creates wonderful designs in silk—copies, I should say; the Spanish-American has not reached the creative period yet in any of the arts;—and wastes about as much time as our grandmothers used to in overbeautifying the parlour with inartistic gewgaws.

But she can neither cook nor bake; in many cases she cannot even superintend the kitchen; she cannot wash nor iron, nor "put things to rights"—her practical knowledge is almost nil. Her housekeeping, when she attempts it, is about on a par with her ideas on art, and clean corners and spotless walls are of very secondary consideration to the geometrical arrangement of the silk-upholstered, made-in-Vienna furniture which adorn the "sala," or best room. Here, however, one must concede that foreign influences are creeping in, for one may now find a New York or London drawing-room—indeed, dozens of them—in every large city from Mexico to Santiago.

SPANISH-AMERICA—READY FOR THE CARNIVAL

But if the "gringo" finds much that is cheerless and inartistic in the Spanish-American home, he discovers one feature, at least, so inexpressibly delightful that he votes it almost superior in charm to cosey corners, fire places, Morris chairs, and Mission-furnished dens all combined—the patio. The open-air court which every home can boast of, whether it be a simple brick-paved enclosure, or a vast, hidden garden in which one catches a glimpse of glistening fountains, half-screened alcoves, marble fauns and nymphs; and overshadowing, and often obliterating these mere details, a luxuriant mass of rare shrubs and fern-trees and creepers, with here and there a delicate air-plant swinging from an overhanging bough or a cluster of delicious tropical fruit. Such an ideal spot is not to be run across in a moment, of course, and one is compelled to admit that the embellishments of the ordinary patio are frequently as grotesque and ill-chosen as the gaudy wall-paper of the "sala"; but the sunshine is there and the fresh breeze, the shade of graceful palms and the sweet odour of flowers, and in this delightful blending of nature, our Southern cousins

PATIO OR COURTYARD OF A CARACAS HOME

find their best, if not their only antidote for the artificiality and shams of their social environments.

Their social usages can be but briefly touched upon in this space; and the writer's temptation is to describe them *en masse*, as the most senseless, if not the most degrading, customs of mediæval ages obstinately adhered to, as if to furnish a proper contrast to the progress of the more enlightened nations. The Moorish seclusion of the women is, of course, the most flagrant example, and one wonders how the twentieth century Señorita feels as she gazes through the iron "rejas," or bars, much like a deer through his grating at the Zoo. Ages ago, in some far-distant city in North Africa, a semi-barbarous society decided that the daughter of the house should hold no communication with her betrothed until the day appointed by her parents for the marriage; ergo Miss Consuelo or Juana of the gay South American capital in this, the epoch of woman's rights and privileges, meekly acquiesces to the unwritten law, and beholds her beloved only from a distance, or, even more embarrassing, in the brilliantly lighted "sala" when the whole family are mustered in as chaperons.

This, perhaps, is an exaggeration. Carlos may, to be sure, sidle up to the "rejas" in the gloaming, and secure a furtive kiss, or whisper a passionate love message; but a thorough acquaintance is impossible, and matrimony, as a consequence, is as much a lottery as is the continuous drawing for money prizes so universal in Spanish-America.

The restrictions imposed upon a family in mourning are even more irksome, and affect the whole household for an almost indefinite period. Music, social, or even formal calls, walks, drives, and all house entertainments are forbidden for at least two years; and one constantly hears of cases where a daughter becomes a recluse for five or six years from successive deaths of relatives; so that if she has just entered society at the beginning of this period, or has begun to achieve success in music, she sees the best years of her life, and all

SPANISH-AMERICA—CARACAS WASHER-WOMEN

hope of continuing her chosen avocation swept away as ruthlessly as if she were a criminal suddenly condemned to a term of imprisonment. Of course she slips out occasionally, and intimate friends come and go, and always she has the patio—thank heaven for that!—but the house is regarded as a place of mourning, the front rooms are kept so dark and close that the furnishings are often ruined, and the "rejas" will be literally coated with rust before the current of interrupted gossip will resume its delightful ebb and flow through the forbidding bars.

These two instances of mediævalism must suffice. Many other cases could be cited, but it would be unfair to give them without presenting the other side of the picture as well. For the stout Señora, with all her conservative tendencies, is a dear old soul after all, and if she is wrong in bringing up her daughter

IN A MONTEVIDEO HOME

HOME, SWEET HOME IN THE TROPICS

in the rut that she herself has walked in, one must remember that she really desires her happiness and peace of mind. And peace of mind the Señora contends, with a good deal of truth it must be confessed, comes from keeping on the good side of Mother Grundy, holding up one's head before one's neighbours, and—enjoying the leisure left over!

And the Señorita, if she is not a bluestocking, is by no means to be taken for a fool, as many a foreigner has found out to his discomfort. She doesn't argue philosophy or politics, nor does she know nor care what is the latest book on the news-stalls. She has no new views, no reform projects up her sleeve, no paper to prepare on the "influence of Froebel," or upon the "dramatic art of Ibsen." She has kept all her wits for the petty doings of her immediate social circle, but in this restricted field her eye is as an eagle's. Let the Canadian or American girl not venture therein with impunity, lest the thickness of her sole, the freckles on her forehead, the measurement of her waist, the number of stones in her ring, and the probable value of her entire makeup be tabulated with startling correctness even as the demure Señorita is going perfunctorily through the universal Spanish-American greeting—a kiss on the right cheek, a kiss on the left cheek, and a gentle little pat on the shoulders.

THE FOREIGN LADIES ARE MORE ACTIVE THAN THE NATIVES

OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, MONTREAL. OPENED FOR TRAFFIC BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE YEAR 1860. RECONSTRUCTED 1898.

Bridging the St. Lawrence

By JAMES JOHNSTON

IN the "forties," when Montreal had a population of sixty thousand people, one of her great problems was the bridging of the St. Lawrence, so as to give her connection with the farming districts to the south. Another was the question of a winter port when the St. Lawrence was tight in the grasp of King Frost. Strangely enough, these two problems went hand in hand. Yet not strangely, because the bridge must point south and the winter port must be in the south.

On October 11th, 1850, a preliminary step was accomplished by the opening of a railway from Longueuil, just across the river, to Richmond. In July, 1853, this was extended to Portland, Maine, which thus became the winter port of Montreal and of Canada. This railway was known as the St. Lawrence and Atlantic, but already an act had been passed authorising it to amalgamate with the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Hence, the older name disappeared.

The bridge problem was more difficult. In the summer, ferries were used to convey passengers and freight from Montreal to Longueuil, and in the winter months sleighs were the conveyance. When the river was freezing up or thawing, traffic was at a standstill. This state of affairs was unsatisfactory. A bridge must be built across that two miles of water.

When some years before the Hon. John Young proposed a bridge, his idea had been ridiculed, nevertheless several surveys were made. Mr. A. M. Ross, an engineer who came out from England in 1852, was one of those who looked into the question. His observations agreed with those of Mr. T. C. Keefer, a Canadian engineer, who had made a report in

PORTAL OF OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE

the previous year. He went back to England and consulted with Mr. Robert Stephenson, still more famous as an engineer. Together they decided upon an iron tubular bridge, and the Grand Trunk accepted their plans. To these three men, one Canadian and two English engineers, must be given the credit for the successful solution of the difficulty. Mr. Stephenson died before the work was completed; Mr. Ross and Mr. Keefer saw the accomplishment of their plans.

THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW EDWARD VII) OPENING THE VICTORIA BRIDGE

The first stone for the first pier of the old bridge was laid July 20th,* 1854, by Sir Cusack Roney, along with Vice-President Holmes, Mr. James Hodges, Alex. M. Ross, C.E., and other gentlemen, who were also joined by Lady Roney, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Maitland and others, each taking the trowel and assisting in preparing the mortar-bed for

*Some authorities give July 22nd. Hopkins' Encyclopædia gives July 22nd, 1853, as the date in Vol. II, p. 107, but later on, p. 132, says it was July 20th, 1854. But then Mr. Hopkins is not strong on accuracy.

the first stone in the first pier of the great undertaking.

On November 24th, 1859,* Vice-President Blackwell, Hon. G. E. Cartier, Attorney-General, James Hodges, Alex. M. Ross, C.E., Walter Shanly, Major Campbell, Messrs. Gzowski, Macpherson, Forsyth, Captain Rhodes, and others, were the first to cross the Victoria Bridge. Mr. Blackwell was on his way to England to attend the Grand Trunk meeting, where he was able to report himself as coming "via Victoria Bridge."

On August 25th, 1860, the bridge was officially inaugurated, and the last rivet driven by H.R.H. the young Prince of Wales, now His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII, on which occasion a grand banquet was held near the bridge, and addresses were given by the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Alex. M. Ross, Mr. Hodges and others.

To commemorate this event, Mr. Blackwell had a medal prepared by J. S. Wyon, chief engraver of Her Majesty's seals, a gold one of which was presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and a bronze one to each of the officers of the Grand Trunk Railway. It bears a fine impression in relief of the Prince as he then appeared, with the Prince's feathers on the reverse side, and the words "Welcome! Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, visited Canada and inaugurated the Victoria Bridge, 1860."

The total cost of the bridge was $6,500,000, which included a bonus of $300,000 to the contractors for completing it a year ahead of contract time. The total length was 9,184 feet, with 25 spans of 242 feet, and one of 330 feet. The force of men employed in 1858 was made up of 500 sailors on 72 barges and 6 steamboats; 450 men in the stone quarries, and 2,090 men on the works.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK (NOW PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES) WITH GRAND TRUNK OFFICIALS ON VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE, OCTOBER 16TH, 1901. THE PARTY ARE STANDING ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW KING EDWARD VII) DROVE THE LAST RIVET IN THE OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE IN 1860.

THE NEW VICTORIA

At the time of the completion of the Victoria Tubular Bridge in 1860, it was considered the eighth wonder of the world,

†George Johnson, in "First Things in Canada," says first passenger train crossed December 19th.

VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, MONTREAL. BUILT ON THE SAME PIERS AS THE OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE. OPENED FOR TRAFFIC 1898.

and was the admiration of not only the promoters and the Railway Company, but of all Canadians and others who looked upon it. Through increase in traffic, and with the onward march of time and improvement, the old bridge had become inefficient to meet the demands of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and the management concluded that it must be replaced with a structure which would meet all needs. Accordingly, a new open-work steel bridge, with double tracks, carriage ways, and footwalks for pedestrians, now rests on the piers which held the old Victoria Tubular Bridge for so many years.

On December 13th, 1898, the second track across the Grand Trunk Railway's new Victoria Jubilee Bridge over the St. Lawrence River at Montreal was completed, and the bridge opened for traffic with a double track, the first train to pass over being the St. John's local, with passenger engine No. 265, Conductor Lavigne, and Engineer Day. While apparently of small moment in itself, this fact marked an interesting event in the history of the Grand Trunk Railway System, as well as in the history of the development of the commerce of both Canada and the city of Montreal.

The Chief Engineer of the new bridge was Mr. Joseph Hobson, Chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway System. The contractors were The Detroit Bridge and Iron Works, for the erection of the whole of the superstructure, and for the construction of nineteen spans of it, including the centre one. The remaining six spans were constructed by the Dominion Bridge Company of Montreal. Mr. Wm. Gibson, of Beamsville, Ont., built all the masonry required for the enlargement of the abutments and piers.

The work was commenced in October, 1897, by the erection of the first span on the west end—the structure being built completely around the tube of the old bridge, the latter being cleverly utilised as a roadway on which a temporary steel span was moved out to the first pier, and the new structure then erected outside the temporary span.

The progress of the work was delayed for the period of two months during the winter of 1897-8, owing to very severe weather, and the actual time of construction only extended over a period of about

CITY OF MONTREAL BY MOONLIGHT, AS SEEN FROM A GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TRAIN CROSSING THE VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

eight months. During that time the enormous traffic of the Grand Trunk was delayed but very little—practically nothing to speak of—the longest time on any one occasion that the line was closed to traffic being about two hours, and the total length of time closed during construction being about twenty hours.

While the old bridge entire weighed 9,044 tons, the new bridge weighs 22,000 tons. The width of the old bridge was sixteen feet, the width of the new bridge is sixty-six feet eight inches. The height of the old bridge superstructure was eighteen feet; the height of that of the new bridge over all is from forty to sixty feet. The total cost of the new bridge, which provides double track for railroad trains and driveways for vehicles on each side, was about $2,000,000, bringing the total cost of the two bridges up to $8,500,000.

THE C.P.R. BRIDGE

Already another bridge of the modern type had been thrown across the St. Lawrence. As early as 1887 the Canadian Pacific Railway, seeking an outlet in a Canadian open port, had made its plans for a companion to the old Victoria Bridge, but of the modern open truss and cantilever construction. The spot chosen was farther up the river, near Lachine, at a point which seemed to offer easy approach on both banks and reasonable safety from the swift currents. Its total length between abutments would be but 3,500 feet, or about one-half that of the Victoria Bridge. The stone piers would thus be less numerous, although they would perhaps require to be even stronger to bear the weight and to be able to withstand the ice.

Owing to the necessity of allowing any sort of ship to pass beneath, the bridge was built high above the water. The approach from the north, or Montreal side, is thus above the Lower Lachine waggon road. Here three eighty-foot girder spans carry the traffic to the bridge proper. This consists of eight 240-foot spans, two main through cantilever channel spans of 408 feet each, and two flanking spans which are slightly longer than the ordinary spans. At the south end there is an extra 120 foot deck truss to carry the traffic off the bridge.

In this way, owing to the advance in

THE GOLD MEDAL STRUCK IN COMMEMORATION OF THE OPENING OF THE OLD VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE, 1860

engineering skill and the great improvements in and knowledge of steel construction, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was able to span the St. Lawrence at about one-fourth the cost which the pioneer road had to bear for the old Victoria Tubular Bridge. Light and airy, as viewed from the river, this C.P.R. bridge holds itself daintily above the turbulent waters below, and has successfully withstood rushing trains, swirling waters and crunching ice. The through cantilever spans over the channel are, of course, the most interesting portion of the bridge. These 408-foot spans were erected by cantilevering out from each end and also from the centre pier, each meeting in the centre. At the time that this was accomplished, it was considered to be a splendid achievement.

Another feature of this bridge is its Canadian character. It was designed by the late C. Shayler Smith, consulting engineer to Mr. Peterson, at that time chief engineer of the railway. Messrs. Reid and Fleming, of Montreal, were contractors for the masonry, while the Dominion Bridge Company of that city built and erected the steel work.

THE CORNWALL BRIDGES

The next bridge to be built was at Cornwall, where a railway known as the New York and Ottawa desired to have international communication—the St. Lawrence here forming the boundary line. The channel is divided here by Cornwall Island, and thus two short bridges take the place of one. The north bridge is a cantilever with a "draw" span to allow for shipping in the canal. The middle span which crosses the river is 65 feet above the water and consequently does not interfere with shipping. The former span is 242 feet and the latter 420 feet long, and the extreme height 135 feet above the water. The total length of bridge and viaducts is 1,538 feet.

The south bridge, as may be seen from the photographs, is of an entirely different character. It is a Pratt truss, of three arched spans, and is 42 feet above the water. The channel here is not used for navigation, hence the lowness of the structure. The three spans are about the same length, 370 feet, the mid-span being two feet longer than the others. The total length is 1,234 feet.

The piers of the two bridges are of cut limestone. The work was commenced in August, 1897, and completed in September, 1900, an accident to the south bridge causing considerable delay. The total cost was approximately a million dollars.

THE QUEBEC BRIDGE

Great as are these bridges, and tremendous as they appeared to the men who planned and constructed them, still greater is the Quebec Bridge now in course of erection. It is being built by a private company with funds supplied by the Dominion and Province of Quebec governments. Just why this great highway

C.P.R. BRIDGE OVER ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AT MONTREAL

Commenced 1887. Weight 8,200,000 lbs. Single track. Opening below cantilever spans, 60 feet.

between northern and southern Quebec, between the city of Quebec and the town of Levis, should have been given away to a private corporation, it is extremely difficult to understand. Aside from that point, the undertaking reflects credit on those who planned it and are carrying it through.

The total cost of the bridge will be about $4,000,000. It will ride so high above the waters that a clear passageway, 1,200 feet wide and 150 feet high, will be left below the central span. The reader will require to do some calculating to understand what an immense space that is. It is attained by only one other bridge in the world, that of the Forth railway bridge at Edinburgh. In the length of its central span, however, the Quebec bridge will beat the Forth bridge by 90 feet, the distances being 1,800 and 1,710 respectively.

The problems of planning, building and erecting this great bridge are numerous, but that of erecting an 1,800-foot span which will carry two railway tracks, two highways, two electric car tracks and two sidewalk floors, is undoubtedly the most unusual. The longest span on the Victoria Bridge is 330 feet; the longest on the Lachine Bridge is 408 feet; the double-track span of the Monongahela River Bridge at Pittsburgh is 812 feet, and that across the Mississippi at Memphis is about the same; the single-track span of the Lansdowne Bridge, India, is 820 feet. The Blackwells Island bridge at New York has a span of 1,182 feet, being the longest on the continent. These are the greatest bridges in existence, with the exception of the Forth Bridge.

It is interesting also to compare the weights. The weight of the 812-foot span of the Monongahela Bridge is 14,000,000 lbs. That of the Quebec Bridge will be almost three times as great. The anchor and cantilever arms of the suspended span will total about 33,000,000 lbs., and the floor system will add another 8,000,000 lbs. Some of the pieces of steel are very heavy. The lower chord pieces are 68 feet long and

THE NEW BRIDGE NOW BEING BUILT NEAR QUEBEC

Drawn from a Model

THE NORTH BRIDGE AT CORNWALL ISLAND

Built by the Ottawa and New York Railway. The first trusses are the "swing" portion over the canal, which here runs close to and parallel with the river.

weigh 100 tons; the eye-bars are 76 feet long and correspondingly heavy; the main shoes weigh 66 tons and the floor beams 30 tons.

To handle these huge pieces of steel in mid-air and place them in position requires a special "traveller." This "traveller" will work on tracks 110 feet above the top of the anchorage pier masonry, and will itself weigh 450 tons. It consists of a 54 x 103 ft. tower, 212½ feet high, mounted on 24 double-flange wheels. It has a 54 foot cantilever rear extension to counterbalance the 66-feet cantilever trusses projecting on the front side.

There will be about 500,000 rivets in the structure, all of which will be driven with pneumatic hammers, some of which have had to be specially constructed in order to do the unusual work required of them. In addition there will be about 10,000 turned bolts for use where the rivets would be impracticable. The south half of the bridge will be erected first; then the extensive machinery, including shore cranes and bridge travellers, will be transferred to the north shore for the erection of the north half. The work is to be completed by the end of 1908. The steel work is supplied by the Phœnix Iron Co., of Phœnixville, Pa.

THE FUTURE

No doubt other bridges will be built over the St. Lawrence. Already another is projected to connect Montreal and Longueuil.

THE SOUTH BRIDGE AT CORNWALL ISLAND

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV

SISTERS

ORA was sitting up in bed, propped by pillows, a wan and rather weird-looking Oora—her coal-black hair brushed neatly and tied into an unbecoming bunch by Patsy's kindly but inartistic fingers; her greenish eyes, with an odd lambent flame in them, staring out from her thin, drawn face. She heard Susan come into the next room and quivered all over as she leaned against the pillows, listening intently. She could not hear what was being said and her inability to do so irritated her, so that she frowned and then sighed in rather a piteous way. Nevertheless, she was certainly much better and not nearly so weak, but there was a new kind of restlessness about her. She had been protesting to Patsy that she wanted to get up and be dressed, that she could never get well in bed, and Patsy had not succeeded very well in soothing her.

"She's got something on her mind, that's what it is. I'm terrible sure of it; and now I suppose it's coming home to her, and that's why she seems as though she couldn't rest," said Mrs. Galbraith uneasily to Susan.

"But she had a nice sleep this afternoon, Patsy dear. You can't expect her to lie quiet for ever. It's quite natural she should want to get up as soon as she can."

"But this jerky kind of strength isn't natural," persisted Patsy. "Oora's just worrying herself out of bed with this love affair that she ought to be ashamed of, or else I'm much mistaken. Nothing can be worse than that for a girl. Now you haven't got such a thing on your mind, Su. No one would think that of you. Though I didn't expect it of Oora, and what her father'll say I'm sure I don't know. Why, if she'd been at home, she might have fallen in love with that chap Wolfe, who was all very well, but not the sort of a husband for either of you."

"Don't let us talk about him, please, Patsy dear," said Susan, eagerly. "What's the good? Mr. Wolfe may never come back to us. As for Oora, her tangle must unravel itself. She'll never stand interference, that I'm certain of."

"*I* shan't interfere with her," said Mrs. Galbraith stoutly. "I'm going to take no notice. Why, *I* should be ashamed to speak about it if *she* wasn't. How'm I to ask her if all those goings on were true? All the same, Susan, it's a comfort to think that you didn't fall in love with Wolfe, though you might have done, I'm sure, if you hadn't held your head high and had too much sense, for he was good-looking enough and seemed to admire you, which of course he would. But as you say, he's best forgotten if he doesn't choose to come back, the ungrateful fellow! And your father offering him an appointment like that!"

"Yes, yes, but I want to tell you about someone else, Patsy," said Susan, and she hurriedly detailed her encounter with Cordeaux. But the blood was surging under her eyes so that Patsy looked keenly at her.

"This is the young man who was coming to Narrawan, isn't it?" she asked. "Some beau of yours, I suppose, Su? And your father must have favoured him or he wouldn't have said he could come here instead of putting up at Meiklejohn's. Well, by that I take it that he's a gentleman, at all events. To be sure, I've heard my father say that anyone that wore the Queen's uniform could be relied on to behave as he should. And of course, as Duncan wished it, we'll do our best to make him comfortable, though with these

red and yellow half-breeds about, one can't be sure of anything."

"Don't worry yourself, Patsy dear. Someone will get a room ready for him, and it doesn't matter if he has to rough it a bit, sailors are used to that. Besides, he invited himself."

"Which shows that he must have wanted to come pretty badly, and one can easily guess the reason," retorted Patsy. "Well, it was a nice, straightforward thing to do, no love-making on the sly."

"I'll just go to Oora," said Susan, breaking in on Patsy's jerky comments. "I suppose I can tell her that we've a visitor coming?"

"Tell her anything in reason, but don't throw her back into a fever," returned Mrs. Galbraith. "You know Dr. Farrell said she wasn't to be allowed to let her mind run on the wreck, so we'd best not talk of it. Seems to me it's just as well someone else should come so as to give something fresh to talk about."

Patsy bustled off to make preparations for Cordeaux, and Susan went to her sister's room. Oora's eyes were wandering restlessly around, but they leaped instantly to Susan's face and remained fixed there with an expression of such intense longing that Susan felt a sudden stir of pity for the poor girl. She knelt down beside the bed and gently stroked one thin hand. That hand was bound up, for it was the one which the Malay on the raft had slashed with his knife. The other, Susan noticed, Oora kept clutched on her bosom, dragging the folds of her night-dress together. Susan's thoughts at once flew to the charm, but she did not like to say anything that might bring back the horrible time of stress, so she merely asked: "How are your feeling now?"

"Feeling! I feel quite well," said Oora a little pettishly. "At least I shall be when I can get up. Why won't Patsy let me get up?"

"She doesn't think you could if you tried," replied Susan. "You must be a little stronger first. You know, Oora, you're not fit for much at present."

"I know—I know, but I should be if only I could go out and get some air again. I want the wind blowing round me—I want to see the sea—I want—I want—"

"Yes, yes, dear," said Susan soothingly, "so you shall as soon as possible."

"It's so dull lying here," moaned Oora. "No one to speak to—nothing to do—only to think—think—think."

"Why, Oora, I didn't know you wanted company. You never seem to notice anything half the time."

"I couldn't get my head clear," faltered Oora. "But it's coming all right now."

"Yes, of course it is, and you shan't be dull. Patsy or I will always sit with you. Besides, we're going to have a visitor, and he—"

"A visitor? Oh! Who?" ejaculated Oora.

"Someone who came ashore here to-day to inquire for you. But Oora, what is it?" For the burning fingers of Oora's free hand had closed round Susan's with the tenacity of red-hot wire.

"Who? Who?" breathed Oora.

"Someone you don't know, an officer of the *Clytie*, I met him in Sydney." For the life of her Susan could not help a tinge of self-consciousness creeping into her voice and manner. Oora watched her sister closely, while two brilliant carmine spots rose in her cheeks.

"How did he happen to turn up here?" she asked.

"His ship is, or was, off Thursday Island, and he heard how ill you had been and that we were all here, so he came to inquire. He was quite keen to know how you were getting on."

"Oh!" Oora did not seem flattered. On the contrary it was evident that she was disappointed. Susan wondered why.

"He's on leave just now," she continued, "and he's going to stay here a bit. Father told him he could, so I daresay you'll enjoy talking to him when you are better. He's looking forward to seeing you."

"He might have come without making up any excuse about me," said Oora, with a wild touch of the old careless merriment which she had been used to show concerning her own as well as her sister's admirers. But suddenly her face changed. The odd green flame leaped up in her eyes.

"What made him want to ask about me in particular? You say his ship was at Thursday Island, so I suppose her boats

would have been out picking up people after the wreck. He'd nothing to do with picking me up, had he?"

"No, no, nothing. Mr. Aisbet picked you up. Don't speak of that time, Oora."

"Why shouldn't I? It—it interests me. Some people must have been saved. They couldn't all have been drowned like poor Uncle and Aunt Leitch. Besides, after a person has been floating about for hours the chances are they must be saved—they're meant to be." Oora's strained tone shrilled into a high, sharp note of agony. "God couldn't be so cruel as to let *every one* drown," she cried. "Susan, tell me—*who* was saved?"

"My dear, I don't know."

"But you must have heard."

For a long minute the sisters looked into each other's faces. The question that Oora's lips dared not utter was written clearly in her gleaming eyes for anyone to perceive who had the clue to her desire. And in a dim troubled way Susan understood the restless pain and passion.

"I have tried not to listen," she said. "I could not bear to hear anything about that awful time, and, Oora, it would be far better for you—"

But Oora had flung her sister's hand away.

"You tried not to listen! That is so like you, Susan. Just because it hurt. You might have known that I should want to hear."

Then Susan bent over the bed.

"I heard nothing more than you yourself told me, Oora. There has been no other chance for me to hear."

Oora gave a quick, upward look—the look of a frightened but impenitent child.

"What do you mean? *I* know nothing—but this officer of the *Clytie*—"

"He may know more than you or I. He may have picked up someone—I cannot tell. I have not asked him, and I shall not do so. What I mean is, that in your delirium you raved wildly of things which I want to forget."

Once more the girls gazed at each other, northern calm and southern fire; and though neither knew it, the same man's face between them.

"You are cruel," moaned poor Oora, in a smothered tone, for she was still rather weak and a rush of tears extinguished the light in her eyes.

Susan's heart softened with pity and self-reproach.

"I don't mean to be. But you must forget them too, Oora—you must indeed—or there will be trouble, and heaven knows that with poor Harry gone and father fretting over him we all have enough to bear."

Oora made no answer. She cared little for Harry and she scarcely heeded the reference to him. She lay quite still now—a long, straight form, stark and silent, beneath the coverlet. Only her features were working, and from under her closed lashes two large tears forced a path. Susan would have wiped them away, but somehow she felt that Oora's sorrow was better left alone.

Outside she could hear Patsy's voice welcoming the new-comer and Brian's rolling tones intermingled with the harsher ones of the overseer. Judging by the snatches of conversation which were all she could catch, it seemed apparent that Meiklejohn the overseer had met Mr. Cordeaux on his way back to the house, and had volunteered to escort him. Patsy was explaining volubly that Mr. Meiklejohn must help to entertain their guest on account of Duncan Galbraith's absence and the general disorganisation of the household, due to Oora's illness. Much domestic detail followed—detail that was already familiar to Meiklejohn, but to which he listened anew with interest, for the coming of the Galbraith family to Acobarra was an unmixed satisfaction to him. Accustomed to the sun-burned, sea-coarsened skins of Mrs. Aisbet and her gawky, half-formed daughter, Susan's fairness and delicately rounded proportions, her beauty and exquisite womanliness, her little Sydney-taught tricks of fashion and graces of gesture, her "Lady Susan" dignity and air of refinement were a revelation to poor Meiklejohn. Then the way she talked on the occasions when he met her at Aisbet's table, her poetry writing of which he had learned, made her seem a superior being to the uncultured bushman. He was enchanted, too, by her music, for the Aisbets, of course, had a piano, and Meiklejohn passing the

drawing-room end of the house, had once or twice heard Susan crooning, very low, some of the old Scotch songs Duncan Galbraith loved, when between her watches by Oora's bedside, and hungering for such refreshment, she had ventured to make muffled harmonies. Everything about her roused in the overseer an untranslatable emotion that was bewildering and delightful. He was the roughest of the rough specimens of humanity that abounded in the Gulf country. Hardly ever before had he seen a lady, and Susan seemed to him something more than a woman.

Now, the sight of Cordeaux filled him with jealousy. They met at the jetty and instinct told Meiklejohn the real object of Brian's visit. Meiklejohn's rough red hair bristled and his blue eyes glared at the naval officer in a manner that did not bode well for the agreeable fulfilment of his duties as host in Mr. Aisbet's absence. He went up to the house with Cordeaux in order that he might observe Susan's demeanour. Poor Meiklejohn!

Mrs. Galbraith welcomed the newcomer with more than her accustomed cordiality. When two out of three people are determined to be friendly, the third cannot help to a certain extent following suit, and Meiklejohn made an ungracious attempt to show some feeble interest in the designs upon wild pigs which Brian a little awkwardly put forth. Brian was too joyous after his conversation with his lady love to notice anybody's ill-humour, but Patsy was shrewd enough to divine that interest in pig-sticking was but a blind for deeper feelings, and was half-amused, half angry, at the transparent intentions of the one man, and the manifest jealousy of the other.

Presently she bustled forth in search of her elder step-daughter, whom she found in Oora's room.

"Well, Su! I've seen your beau; and he's a regular nice young chap without a bit of English stuck-up nonsense about him. My word, if my Picanniny was up here, she'd be saying 'that feller cobbon budgery benjamin belongin' to Susan.'"

"I wonder how the Picanniny and Jacky are getting on?" resumed Patsy, as Susan straightened her hair at Oora's looking-glass. Patsy heaved a sigh at the thought of her absent little ones, and wandered off to Narrawan matters. "I didn't tell you, Su, that the Blacks have come back from their walk about. Pintpot told me that some of the tribes from the Yellaroi district have been coming down, and they had a Yabber and a Corroboree. Wouldn't Oora have liked to be there? The Blacks have been asking a lot about her. Are you listening, Oora?"

But Oora did not answer and lay staring moodily through the window, out between the verandah posts which framed a narrow gleam of the sea.

"Are you ready, Su? There was a clean white muslin come in from the wash I saw the Chinaman taking into your room. You might have rigged yourself out a bit and put on a mauve ribbon instead of those black ones—your poor Uncle and Aunt Leitch wouldn't mind that if they knew it was for your beau. And for goodness sake be quick, for I declare that Meiklejohn's bursting with jealousy and ready to tear Mr. Cordeaux' eyes out of his head. Poor yahoo of a creature! He's brought you up two more pelican skins, and some of them dinky slabs of pearl from the inside of the nautilus shells. Well, are you coming, Su?"

Susan cast an anxious glance at the motionless form on the bed; the brooding eyes were hidden now under the reddened lids. "All right, Patsy. I'll go out directly. Don't make a noise. I think Oora's going to sleep again."

But Oora did not sleep. The moment her sister had gone, hot tears again forced themselves slowly between her closed eyelids. Presently she was seized with a long, gradual tremour that gained intensity —one of those nervous fits of shivering to which, in her illness, she had become liable. It seemed to rise right up from the soles of her feet, and when it reached her chest, it brought convulsive twitchings that were for a time beyond her power to control. She did not try to control them, for the quivering was a relief to her strained nerves. The convulsion seemed to be deeper seated than mere physical trembling. It was as though her very soul was shaken within her.

Now, as she brooded, the thought came

to her of how all her life since childhood, she had had the inward feeling that there was in store for her some exceptional revelation of what life, love, spirit really are—of what the old twin soul theory might mean. She had always vaguely believed that in some supreme crisis Nature would grant her this revelation.

Now, she was sure that her presentiment of Nature's revelation to her of love had been a true one. In the waves of the ocean, under the very clutch of Death, she had found and recognised her fore-ordained mate. As they had clung to each other through that long night of mingled terror and sweetness, with only the stars looking down upon them, and the sea bearing them upon her bosom, she had realised in a sense almost supernatural, the mysterious blending of her own destiny with that of the unknown man whose life she had saved. Come what might, she could never doubt that he was hers and she his, united by a divinely made law of affinity such as that by which two certain chemicals will rush together and become one. Fantastic, unnatural as the conviction might seem when regarded by the light of worldly wisdom, still it remained unshakable in Oora's mind and heart.

After a while the spasms that tore her feeble body became less violent, till by-and-bye they ceased and she lay exhausted and very still with her face turned to the pillow. She wept on out of sheer weakness, but so silently that when Susan looked in later she went away again satisfied that her sister slept. The feeling of Susan's nearness made Oora weep more freely when she was alone again, and the tears brought her relief. She was troubled at the knowledge that Susan had discovered her secret, and this increased her loneliness, for she could not expect sympathy with what her sister would consider a phase of madness. Oora understood Susan perhaps better than Susan understood herself. Oora had always regarded with tolerant scorn Susan's pretty notions concerning destiny, love and the romance of the bush. It was curious how heredity translated itself in the two sisters—in the elder the fatefulness of the north was reproduced in a sort of "Book of Beauty" style; in the younger southern passion and Gaelic mysticism made a fiery blend. Added to these for a household mixture, Patsy's Irish Puritanism, and one had heterogeneous elements indeed!

And then came the horrible thought—what if the sea had claimed her beloved? What if he had been drowned after all her efforts to save him? Forgetting that it had been for his sake she had swam away, Oora now regretted bitterly having left him to the mercy of those two churlish men, who, to make room for themselves, might so easily have pushed him from the piece of grating into the sea. The mere terror of this threatened to throw Oora into high fever again, and the dread of falling back and perhaps losing consciousness anew helped her to keep the grimmer dread at bay. She felt that she must use every means in her power to hasten recovery. She could not endure more days and nights of drowsy stupor, of half-delirious nightmare, or at best of futile speculation. She must learn the truth, and for that she must get well enough to go outside these four walls that kept her prisoner.

She was a practical young woman, and she felt instinctively that the first thing she needed was physical nourishment. Food would make her strong. There would be plenty of time to dream after that, so she sat up in bed and by the shaded light of a kerosene lamp which had been left in her room she surveyed the contents of a tray beside her on which kind, careful Patsy had placed another cup of beef extract, which by this time was in a lukewarm and partially jellified condition. Oora did not mind that. She took a spoon, and pretty soon the half-cold mess had disappeared. Oora gave a sigh of satisfaction, for no consomme surely ever tasted half so good! Then she put back the cup and reconnoitred to see what else she could discover to devour. A paper bag that looked like biscuits! Oora peeped in and began on the biscuits without delay. She had been so busy with her own thoughts that she had not noticed the murmur of voices in the verandah. But now her attention, momentarily wandering from her immediate needs, was caught by the tones of Brian's voice. Oora had her own ways

of judging people, and she liked Brian's voice. It was round and full and contrasted pleasantly with the hard northern burr blended with the Australian drawl of Meiklejohn, who also hailed from the "land o' cakes," but whose accent had never lost its roughness and provincialism. Brian was humming the air of some song, a fo'castle favourite, very softly, so as not to disturb the supposed sleeper, but the lilt of its refrain pleased Oora and she tried to catch the words. It was about a young lady who in direct opposition to the rules of the Admiralty had taken a cruise in a British man-o'-war, and after the fashion of Bab Ballad heroines, had captured the susceptible hearts of the entire ship's company, making them dance to her piping, until she ultimately tested their loyalty by taking a header into the sea. At this exciting juncture, Oora touched a tiny bell beside her, and when Susan, flushed and smiling and full of excuses, came to the door, the invalid merely said, turning comfortably on her pillow: "Ask him to sing out, please. It does me good."

Nothing loth Brian trolled in a rousing baritone:

"Over went the captain,
Over went the crew,
The first mate, the second mate,
The little middies too.
But she couldn't marry them all, she said,
So—what was the girl to do?"

Oora smiled to herself as she listened. There was something very cheery about the sound of this light-hearted singing. She felt sure that she should like the singer and began to look forward to making his acquaintance on the morrow. That it should not be delayed she was determined, for she fancied that she had found in him a link with the outside world—one by which she might discover what had become of Wolfe. The singer evidently belonged to the genial, large-hearted type of British tars, one who might safely be expected to sympathise with distressed maidens, and even to lend timely aid in bridging the gulfs that separated them from their lovers. Not the sort to have a secret sorrow of his own, but perhaps that was all the better, as he would not be brooding on it. Oora never stopped to consider whether he was really in love with Susan. It did not matter for her present purpose, which was to make use of him in the finding of Wolfe as speedily as possible. Young people are apt to be selfish, and it made no difference to Oora that she might interfere with Brian's own plan of campaign. He was keeping himself well in hand to-night, yet there was a world of ringing tenderness in the song that afterwards lulled Oora to sleep:

"See—there she stands, and waves her hands
upon the quay!
Yeo-ho, lads! ho! Yeo-ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow.

. . . . . .

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be—
shall be . . . ."

. . . . . .

And Oora slumbered sweetly, a deep, refreshing sleep, dreaming that a party of British bluejackets brought her back her lover, and that she and Wolfe went wandering away together into a new land singing, out of sheer gladness, a song which they seemed to have learned long ago. No one else could understand it, but then the words did not matter one bit.

CHAPTER XVI

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

AFTER this, Oora's progress towards health was remarkable, and far exceeded Patsy's and Susan's anticipations. Next day she sat up in bed; in a day or two she was taken in a long chair to the verandah. The excitement of making Brian Cordeaux' acquaintance certainly did her good instead of harm. His breeziness and his connection with the sea attracted her. His devotion to Susan, which he, honest soul, was under the impression that he kept rigorously concealed, Oora perceived in three minutes, and it was watched by her with a melancholy but kindly contempt. A poor similitude this, she thought, of the genuine thing, but the best that these elementary souls were capable of, and therefore to be regarded by an initiate in love's mysteries with charitable indulgence.

Brian was interested in Oora at the outset for Susan's sake, and shortly for her own. He was struck at first by what he

considered her plainness in comparison with her sister's beauty, then by her queer colouring and changeful charm. Her present weakness too appealed to him with the touch of dependence that he liked in women, and his sturdy arm was put joyfully at her command. The doctor had said that Oora must be amused, taken out of herself, and for that purpose Cordeaux drew enthusiastically upon his sailor's store of accomplishments; for he had always been popular as a deck or saloon entertainer.

His first attempt, however, not being particularly successful, he reviewed rather gloomily the list of his acquirements, rejecting some after a despondent glance at Oora's face, modestly essaying others in the mention of which she seemed to show some passing interest. Brian could cut flowers and figures out of fruit, and could produce astonishing results from the manipulation of young cocoanuts, bananas, and granadillas. With a stick pointed at one end and blunted at the other, he could draw elaborately humorous pictures on sand, and solve complicated problems such as making a sad pig or a merry one out of a square, a triangle, five straight strokes and a dot. But his ardour over these exercises was quenched when Oora asked him whether he, like Susan, took her for a lunatic? Then he tried conjuring tricks, of which he had a great variety; songs, comic and sentimental, and finally—what really attracted Oora—an exhibition of his powers as an amateur mesmerist, by which he would persuade some Kanaka or Chinaman—and once to Meiklejohn's after fury, Meiklejohn himself—that he was a distressed donkey, or an hilarious monkey; that he was in a state of ecstacy or correspondingly wretched. Oora was deeply interested in this exhibition and asked Brian a great many questions about animal magnetism and the influence of one mind over the other, questions that he was quite incompetent to answer.

Brian was, however, splendid, as he said, at dodges for the invalid's comfort. He put up a big windsail arrangement in the verandah near Oora's window so that she had the full benefit of it inside her room and out. He employed himself with laths, canvas and cordage upon the manufacture of an adjustable chair. He seemed to know what was the most digestible fish in the Straits and went fishing for the purpose of procuring it. Moreover he could make the most delicious turtle soup, just as nourishing as any ever sent out from the Ship and Turtle. He had learnt the trick, he said, when he was stationed at Ascension, where the inhabitants were for the most part obliged to live on turtle.

In short, before a week was out he had made himself as much at home at Acobarra as if he had lived there all his life, and there was no one on the station, except perhaps the overseer, who would not have been sorry to see the last of him. He was never in the way, and yet never out of it if wanted. He had all the British sailor's faculty for adapting himself to his surroundings, and for picking up information. Soon he had learned more about pearling and the management of Hal Aisbet's property than anybody else would have found out in double the time. And nothing could have been more admirable than his behaviour as a lover on probation. It was so admirable that Susan rather resented his reserve. But having made up his mind to abide for the present by Susan's prohibition, he carried out his resolve with all a sailor's respect for discipline, and abstained from pressing the question of his hopes and possible prospects till at least he should know what he might have to offer her. Susan, woman-like, fancied he was veering in his allegiance, and was a little piqued at his attentions to Oora. She showed her vague jealousy by absenting herself occasionally and in the interest she appeared to take in Mr. Meiklejohn's occupations.

Meantime, Oora's chief object in life seemed to be the assimilation of nourishment. She swallowed everything that was brought to her with the feverish energy of one who works to an end, and she had her own special motive in gaining strength. As a consequence the colour began to come back to her face, not a deep colour, for Oora was naturally sallow, but a faint flush like that in the heart of a tea rose. As she lay staring past the shore, there would come a curious look of expectancy

in her eyes. From the verandah not much could be seen between the railings and the eaves except the tops of a few cocoa-palms and in the distance a long streak of blue water broken here and there by the green prominence of an islet or by an occasional sail showing on the horizon. Yet Oora never seemed to weary of looking at the sea, and was restless and moody if anything interfered with even this limited view of the Straits. It was as if the sea had some compelling attraction for her, somewhat incomprehensible, considering late events. Patsy said that the way Oora looked at the sea made her feel creepy, and that there was something uncanny in it after what the girl had gone through in the water. But just now Oora seemed altogether abnormal and uncanny in her relations with sane existence.

When Patsy told the doctor of how the sick girl would gaze at the sea for hours, with the strangest expression on her face, and hinted delicately at the subjects of Oora's delirium which Susan had hidden from him, he nodded his head re-assuringly, said it was brain crank, due to the nervous shock caused by the shipwreck, a combination of hysterics and physical weakness; in short, a phase which would pass if Oora were not encouraged to dwell upon her fancies, and to that end. he enjoined avoidance of any subject even remotely relating to the *Quetta* disaster—indeed of all topics emotional or disturbing. Susan obeyed the injunction literally; so did Patsy when curiosity did not get the better of her discretion. Patsy was rather like the child who buried the Golliwog and would not let it lie in peace. She could not resist occasional veiled references to Oora's unaccountable ravings about her experiences in the water. But Oora never said a word that could be taken as an excuse or explanation of those delirious utterances at which Patsy darkly hinted, resenting alike Susan's elaborately simple talk, and Patsy's tactless attempts at sympathy. One day she made Susan cry and puzzled Patsy by remarking with peevish sarcasm that she preferred Susan's way of treating her as a harmless lunatic since it saved her from being worried by questions she did not intend to answer. After that she preserved a gloomy silence, alternating with fretful restlessness, or else would appear completely abstracted from her surroundings.

Patsy and Susan took comfort from the doctor's assurance that she would gradually forget the past horrors and hoped they were beginning to fade from her mind. In Patsy's opinion it was impossible that anyone could have such a healthy appetite and be an hysterical monomaniac at the same time, and the doctor smiled on her view of the matter. He only came over once from Thursday Island after Oora had taken her turn for the better, and his advice then was that she should be fed up and amused, and that as soon as she seemed fit for the journey they should take her back to Narrawan.

Mrs. Galbraith was delighted at the idea of returning home.

"I never expected you'd be up to starting for a good bit yet, Oora," she said affectionately, patting the girl's hand, "but as the doctor seems to think you'll be best away from here, what do you say to our taking the steamer after next? That will bring it pretty near ten days from now."

Oora frowned and gave a little shudder.

"One might as well be dead as go right up into the bush," she said perversely.

"Why, Oora! And wasn't it always you that were mad over the bush and didn't care so much about going to England because you'd be a year away from it?"

"It was Bundah that I was so fond of. I wish Narrawan was a coast station."

"A coast station's all very well, but they're no good for sheep and there isn't so much money in them," observed Mrs. Galbraith, sagely.

Oora stopped her with an irritable gesture.

"Oh I know! But at Bundah I had the sea."

"There you go again about the sea!" exclaimed Patsy. "Sure, I declare it beats me! Faith it would be natural to think you'd had enough of the sea for a while. You're just full of sick fancies."

Oora did not answer, but the strange look came into her eyes. Mrs. Galbraith continued in a pacificatory tone:

"Perhaps you'll be able to go down to Bundah for a visit, if you want to, by-and-

bye. It's often enough the Macdonalds have asked us, but I never care about stopping in a place I've lived in, and said good-bye to. Did you hear that the Macdonalds are wanting to sell the station and go in for sheep? Now there, Oora, if you got a beau who was a squatter looking for a cattle investment you might make him buy the run and take you there."

Oora disdained to notice this clumsy raillery, and Patsy went on:

"There's a tribe of Bunda district blacks hanging about on the Upper Narra. Seems queer their coming all that way. Pintpot told me. My word! Pintpot, Tommy George and King Birraboi did make a row when they knew about your having been close-up drowned. They all declared it was the shark's tooth charm you had that saved you. What's become of that, Oora? Did you have it on you, and did you lose it in the water? Or was it with the rest of your things that went down in the *Quetta*?"

Oora mechanically put her hand to her chest and then let it fall on her lap in a despairing way, while the green light came into her eyes again as she stared out towards the Straits. A vivid picture rose up before her of the stranger lying on the raft with the jade and aperculum chain, to which the shark's tooth was attached, wound round his throat. She saw again the dark, tragic face, so high bred, so beautiful she thought, notwithstanding the ravage of illness, and the disfigurement by sea water, as different from any other man's face she had ever known as though the stranger belonged to another world. She saw the wonderfully sweet smile on the chiselled lips, a welcoming smile, and the deep passionate eyes opening to gaze at her in what she felt now had been a look of recognition. She heard again the thrilling voice in which he had called her his "Sea-Witch," and had told her she was laying her spell upon him. It might be that at this very moment the chain recalled her to him, and that he was wondering and longing for her as she was for him.

She started up from her pillows and moved impetuously almost out of the long cane chair upon which she was lying, in the wild impulse to answer his call whencesoever it might come. Then a feeling of dreary futility came over her, and she sank back again with a low moan. Patsy, frightened, interpreted the movement and the cry as a sign that she herself had been to blame for reviving a too painful memory and hastened to try and atone for her fault.

"Oh dear, Oora! sure I never meant to upset you. Do, like a good girl, turn your mind away from all that. You'll forget about it when once you're home, and sure, for all you may think, it will be a good thing for you to get away from here. I bet the old gum trees will be pleasanter company than the sharks were out yonder," and Patsy jerked her head towards the pass. "You'll enjoy the rides under them again. And you can go out wallaby hunting with the Blacks like you used, and have some bogeys in the waterhole. The weather'll soon be getting cool now and Ah Hong will be having the garden gay, and the oranges coming on." Patsy ambled on in a desperate attempt to divert Oora, who sat unheeding. Presently Patsy in despair left the girl alone.

The restless fit was upon Oora. She tried again to get out of her chair and stand on her feet, but weakness hindered her, and she had to lie back again for a minute or two. It seemed to her that she must certainly go mad if she could not get news of him or let him know where she was, so that he could find her. But how was she to bring herself into touch with him, if, as she could not help believing, he were alive? There seemed to be a sort of conspiracy to keep news of the outside world from her. If the Aisbets had been at home, she would have asked Hal Aisbet particulars of those who had been saved from the wreck. As it was, Susan and Patsy either professed ignorance or really knew nothing, and moreover she shrank unconquerably from confiding in either of them. But she might find out what she wanted to know without betraying herself, and various womanish plans shaped themselves in her mind. There was Mr. Meiklejohn, the overseer, but he was just as Patsy said, a yahoo playing the Beast to Susan's Beauty, and with no

ideas beyond brutish admiration for her sister.

She thought then of Brian, and just then Brian himself came round with a black boy carrying a few brace of the fine Torres Straits pigeons that he had shot. He looked up and doffed his hat.

"I've brought you a dinner, Miss Oora. Do you think three brace will satisfy you for a meal?" His voice was grave, but his brown face wrinkled all over as he showed his white teeth in a broad smile, for it was the humour of the little party to make a joke of Oora's appetite. He came closer, and taking the plump birds from the black boy dangled them before her.

"Do not laugh," said Oora seriously. "I shall eat them all, though perhaps not all at one meal. I am eating such a lot because I want to get strong quickly. To-morrow I shall try if I can walk, and after that I shall go down to the beach."

"I shouldn't venture on that just yet," said he, "unless you'll let Meiklejohn and me carry you."

"I certainly won't let Mr. Meiklejohn carry me, and I'd rather you didn't either, though not for the same reason. I can't stand Mr. Meiklejohn, and I don't know how Susan endures having him about her."

"Because she is sweet and kind, and doesn't like hurting anybody's feelings," he rejoined. "Your sister is an angel."

"Oh! of course," laughed Oora sneeringly. "I wonder whether you've told her so."

"Well, I believe I have ventured to say something of the sort, or words to that effect," returned Brian, flushing deeply beneath his bronze. "Not to mention other matters—more perhaps than I ought to have bothered her with, but never mind. I say, Miss Oora, hadn't you better lie down again? I'll come and fix your cushions for you," he added, and throwing the pigeons to the boy with instructions to take them round and say they were for "Sick Missee's dinner," he bounded up the steps, stood his gun against the railing and settled Oora comfortably back in her lounge.

"Thank you," she said with restored good humour. "That's nice, Mr. Cordeaux; no one would think you could ever do things so nattily."

He made an offended face.

"Why not? Can't you credit a poor devil with a little deftness? Naval Johnnies are nothing if not tidy and shipshape. They get enough to make 'em so, Lord knows. But I don't believe you're really quite so contemptuous of me as you want to make out, Miss Oora. Come now, I know you said you couldn't stand Meiklejohn, but what about me? Honest Injun."

"I can stand you fairly well," said Oora with a slow smile.

"Good!" Brian bubbled with enthusiasm. "Think I'd make a decent sort of brother-in-law—eh?"

"Not bad," and as Oora laughed the more cheerful look gave fresh charm to her face. "But don't be too sure of your chances," she added. "Susan's an unknown quantity."

"Don't call your sister names," rejoined Brian with mock seriousness. "I don't believe you know anything about her. 'Tisn't likely you would. You're built on different lines. No one would think you'd come out of the same dock. But I like you awfully, Miss Oora—'pon me word I do."

"Much obliged," said Oora, amusement dawning in her eyes. But Brian was quite as absorbed in his own affairs as she could be in hers, and like Oora, was yearning for a confidante.

"Look here," he said diffidently, "I'd tell you all about it, but you see I can't. It doesn't seem decent. You'd say so if you only knew, because there's a lot hanging in the balance which I suppose I shouldn't speak of as yet. Only you can take it from me that I'm all there as far as your sister's concerned. Think myself jolly lucky too. But I can't be a cad and talk about it. *She* made me feel that. So I'm just waiting to see what will turn up—something is bound to, and if I only get a few thousands in my pocket, which is fairly probable if my poor old uncle had happened to make a new will before he was smashed up, poor old chap! Well, then you see I might be justified. . . But hang it all, here's my tongue wagging when

I said it shouldn't. Don't look so sympathetic, Miss Oora, or I shall be breaking all my resolutions."

"I don't know that anyone before ever accused me of being unduly sympathetic," she said languidly.

"Perhaps not. Because you don't look as though you'd care about that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh, well! Love and all that. Still, of course, where your sister's concerned—"

"So you don't think I care about love," breathed Oora hotly.

Brian looked shyly askance at her.

"Most fellows are inclined to laugh at it till—till they've tasted the nectar," he said, with an awkward pause and chuckle. "Women are different I believe. Always heard they were rather keen on love-making, but you seem somehow aloof from it all. I don't believe you'd take it badly, but yet I don't know." And Brian's thoughts went wandering off to a certain mental problem concerning Oora which had frequently puzzled him.

"No—you don't know," she said pointedly. "I wonder what you really think I'm capable of?'' And her words brought the question he had been asking himself some short time ago more directly before Brian's mind. He dismissed it sheepishly, and with an evident effort.

"Something awfully nice and quite out of the common," he said, "but a bit of a poser to put it frankly. You seem to me more a sea-sprite—the kind of a party in a fairy tale who'd take headers and disport herself comfortably where ordinary individuals would sit and shiver—a creature who'd pitch her favours upon any innocent mariner she chanced to meet, wind her charms around him, and draw him down with her to where she properly belonged. And he'd be quite content to go too—like the chap in the song who—

. . . was mar-ri-ed
To a merma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Oora rather sharply laughed, but she did not seem displeased.

"What a delightful description!" she said. "You'd better caution all the mariners you come across, Mr. Cordeaux; though I assure you I've no intention of inveigling any of them."

"They'd like it if you did," said Brian gallantly. "Who could help that? But you'd only weave spells for the one you wanted. You're not a greedy sea-witch, I'm sure, but I'm equally sure that when you'd put your spell on a chap he'd have to follow you wherever you beckoned. For you couldn't be happy out of your own element. Oh yes, you're a sea-witch and no mistake!"

Brian leaned forward, attracted by the curious fateful look in her eyes, with that odd green gleam behind it. She was listening to him intently and her sallow, pinched features had become transformed.

After all, he decided, she was not such a plain girl.

"A sea-witch!" she cried softly. "So you call me a sea-witch, too!"

"Why!" he exclaimed, "is it anyone else's name for you?"

"Y-e-s," she faltered, and there was a note in her voice like a distant bell. It struck soft and clear. A light like sunshine broke over her face. "So I am a sea-witch," she murmured, "verily a sea-witch."

"And by all the witches that ever were," cried Brian suddenly, "the odds would be in your favour. Miss Oora, I shouldn't care to try to withstand you. I shouldn't have a chance. You make me think of those queer fascinating faces that are supposed to gleam over the surface of the waves when the moon is at her full. They hang round a ship that's destined to sink, ready to draw her down. Oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry!" For he suddenly remembered the forbidden subject of the wrecked *Quetta*.

"Never mind. I can quite well bear to speak of it, though *they* don't think so," she answered a trifle sarcastically. "Do you know that you really interest me? I never expected to find so much poetry in any one like you. The quarter-deck isn't exactly a place for poetry and fairy tales, is it?"

"Well, I don't know," said Brian diffidently. "That all depends—I can tell you, Miss Oora, that there are times at sea which bring out every spark of poetry in a

man, when there's nothing to be seen but the water and the sky, with the tops of the waves curling round you and the wind whistling up aloft in half a dozen different keys, just like human voices."

"Ah!" Oora drew her breath in sharply. "I wonder whether you would understand. Can't you guess why I want to go down to the beach, why I want to be close to the waves again?"

"Because you are a sea-witch?"

"Because I want to know if the sea has any message for me."

"Oh, so you talk to the sea, and it talks to you. Understand each other's language, eh? So I should have thought. I know all about that, Miss Oora. The sea has talked to me sometimes."

"Yes?" Oora looked as though she longed to hear more. "What does the sea say to you?"

"Oh! She's told me many things, dear old mother ocean." And Brian's own voice took on a gentler note. "A fellow in the navy is only a little chap when he first goes to sea. Most likely he's left a Mammy whom he dearly loves at home, and thinks about her a lot, especially when he's in the proud position of being put on duty by himself. It doesn't do for him to think too much at that age, because it takes his mind off other things, but he gets into a way of listening to what the old sea says, just as if she were his absent Mammy, and somehow I don't know how it is, but there's no doubt that she does bring him messages from home and those he cares for, and if he's a good boy she keeps it up all his life, and befriends him that way. Of course, you may say it's all fancy, but life would be precious dull without a bit of fancy."

"I'm not sure," said Oora, "that what most people call fancy isn't made up of the realities that lie behind, like the moral in a fairy tale," and she laughed a little unsteadily.

"I've thought that, too," said Brian eagerly. "You may laugh at me, Miss Oora, but I can tell you that whenever I've felt most deeply about a thing, the good old sea has been my best comforter and adviser."

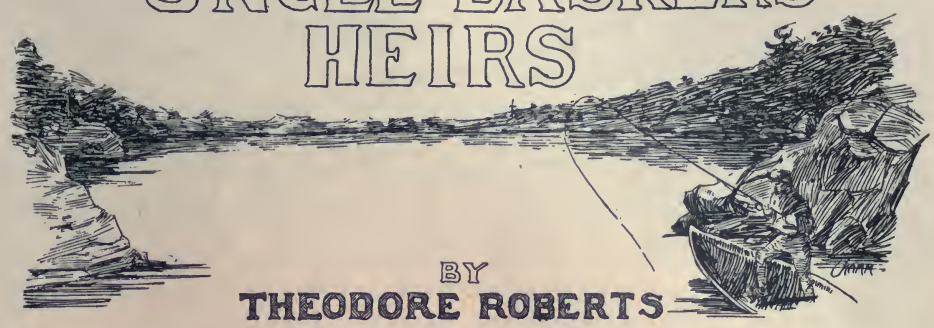
"Yes, I know—I know. And how could I laugh at that? To me the sea is intensely alive—as much alive as you and I, or anybody else. Oh! a million times more so, because it is so much bigger and fuller, teeming with all that we feel, only increased and intensified just in proportion!" Oora had raised herself, and sat forward, her thin hands clasped, the play of expression on her face showing how deeply she was stirred. "Oh! the sea is alive," she repeated, "and the waves, how they talk! I think that the crests of the waves are the lips of the sea, the myriad lips, and the sound they make is when they pass on from one to another what they have to say until at last the message reaches the land."

"And do you think the land is alive as well as the sea?"

"The bush is alive! Oh, very much alive, but not quite in the same way as the sea, I think," and a dull red flush rose slowly over Oora's sallow skin; she hesitated, and then continued in a trembling voice: "The land is like the woman who waits for the coming of her lover, the woman who must always be silent, who can say no word, but who waits to greet him and who knows most surely that presently he is coming and will fling his arms round her and fold her in his embrace. I think that the land sometimes hungers for the sea."

TO BE CONTINUED

UNCLE BASKER'S HEIRS



BY
THEODORE ROBERTS

Author of "Hemming the Adventurer," and "Brothers of Peril"

I

I HAD not seen my uncle for three years. We had last parted at the mouth of a trout brook in Labrador with hot words and some show of temper on both sides. I remembered the incident with sincere regret as his man, John Drawl, let me into the quiet room. My uncle reclined in an extension chair by the window overlooking the garden. The alterations in his face sickened me, like a sudden plunge into cold water. The fine, weather-beaten hue of the skin was still there; but beneath it was a pallor new and unexpected, which cried of death even to my unaccustomed eye. It was as if a white doom had come upon this hale old gentleman from within, and so stealthily that his complexion, still tingling with sun and wind, had been taken unawares.

We shook hands in silence. The grey eyes so versed in all signs of field and flood, fin, feather and fur, scanned me keenly. I braced myself to stand the scrutiny, wondering how he would play the critic now that I had neither rod nor gun in my hand. But a kindlier light came to his eyes and he motioned me to a chair close beside him. I noticed how the veins stood out under the brown skin of his hands. They had looked like that when we were fishing together in Labrador.

"The doctor gives me a couple of weeks," he said. Then he named a malady even the existence of which I had never suspected. I am as unable to spell it now as I was to comprehend it at the time. The old man seemed to pronounce the word with a deal of satisfaction.

"I doubt if ever before a Basker died of the like," he said; "and yet a rare lot of Baskers—and most of them well able to afford any disease—have been snuffed out since the flood." I had nothing to say to that; and just then the doctor entered the room. I got to my feet a bit unsteadily. The old sportsman held out his hand. I found it dry and hot to the touch.

"I have not forgotten you, lad," he said. "Though you wrote 'The Angler's Guide,' I still consider you a good sportsman. Also, you are a trifle too hot-headed. Age will cure all that is the matter with you, however. I have left you my fishing tackle and a few places to use it in. You'll find the salmon rod with the black grip a bit gone in the second joint."

That was the last I saw of my uncle alive. He died next day, much to the doctor's surprise, in the middle of an argument on the relative merits of "Dashwoods" and "Brown Hackles."

There were only three heirs to the estate. One hundred pounds went to John Drawl. I came in for all my uncle's fishing and shooting gear, and for the following properties in the Island of Newfoundland: "Caribou Hut," on Flat Box Brook, Bay St. George; "Basker Camp," on Puddle Pond; "Blackfly Cabin," Red Indian Lake; "Gull Nest," Horse Chops, Trinity Bay, and "Sea

House," in Stocking Harbour, Green Bay. Here lay Edward Basker's fad, uncovered to the wondering and uneasy gaze of his nephew! All this, though unusual, was above board; but not so the rest of the will. Property to the value of two hundred thousand dollars, in bonds and such, went to "Frances, only daughter of Captain John Fiske Smith, R.N., of Bidstow, Devonshire, England."

I called upon Mr. Jaspar Cummings, who had been my uncle's man of business for many years. He treated me very civilly.

"There is something more coming to you, Mr. Basker," he said; "a despatch-box that is part of the Newfoundland outfit."

I tried to look delighted.

"And what of the fortunate lady?" I asked.

"Daughter of an old friend of your uncle's," replied the lawyer, without meeting my questioning regard.

At that moment John Drawl entered the library, unannounced and hat in hand. We had not seen him for several days.

"What are your orders, sir?" he enquired of me.

"Why, John! you are now a gentleman at large," said Mr. Cummings.

"Not if I know it, sir," replied Drawl, respectfully but firmly.

"What do you mean?" I asked, moodily.

"What I mean, sir, is that I want to serve you, sir," replied Drawl.

I smiled mournfully. "But I am a poor man," I said.

Drawl straightened himself and expanded his chest. His eyes shone.

"It is not money I am wantin', sir; it is a gentleman to go fishin' with, and to fry trout for," he said feelingly.

I looked at the man with revived interest in life. His loyalty gave me back my courage.

"I doubt if ever before a Basker died of the like"

"You may consider yourself my servant from to-day on, with the same duties and wages that you had in my uncle's time," I told him.

The lawyer raised his eyebrows and waggled his head.

When I was ready to return to my hotel, I asked Cummings for some information about the despatch box of which he had spoken.

"Your uncle always took it with him on his fishing trips," he said. "He remembered it a few hours before he died, and asked me to hand it over to you; just what it contains, I can hardly say; plans of camps and maps of rivers, I'll wager, and

maybe a few extra books of trout-flies. I'll send it around this evening, along with a bunch of keys and the rest of your gear."

II

About an hour after dinner, while I was smoking a cigarette in my room, Drawl arrived, followed close by a porter. The porter was heavy laden with gun-cases and rods. My servant carried a landing net and an iron despatch box. After dismissing the porter with fifty cents, Drawl handed me the box and a bunch of keys. "The little brass one, sir, for the box," he said.

With an air worthy of the president of a trust, I opened the iron box with the little brass key. On top lay an ancient copy of a London sporting paper. Next came a note-book and a razor-strop. These were followed close by a rubber tobacco pouch, filled with felt cartridge wads. The stub of a check book and some writing paper were my next discoveries. At the bottom of the box reposed a package done up neatly in oiled silk. I undid the wrapper. I leaned back and glanced at Drawl, who was brushing my flannel coat by the open window. He seemed intent on his job. With trembling fingers I fell to counting the contents of the package — crisp, green bank notes. I made it exactly seven hundred dollars.

By this time Drawl had finished with the coat. He stood with his back to me, and the brush still in his hand. His shoulders, somehow, expressed deferential attention.

"John, I have just found seven hundred dollars in this box," I said. He turned and came briskly over to the table.

"Yes, sir, seven hundred to a cent," he said. He might have been speaking of fish hooks, for all the emotion he showed.

"Did you know it was there?" I asked, trying to meet his eye.

"Yes, sir, of course I knew. It has been put there every April for years back. Sort of fad of his, sir, that he must always have a good fist full of cash with him."

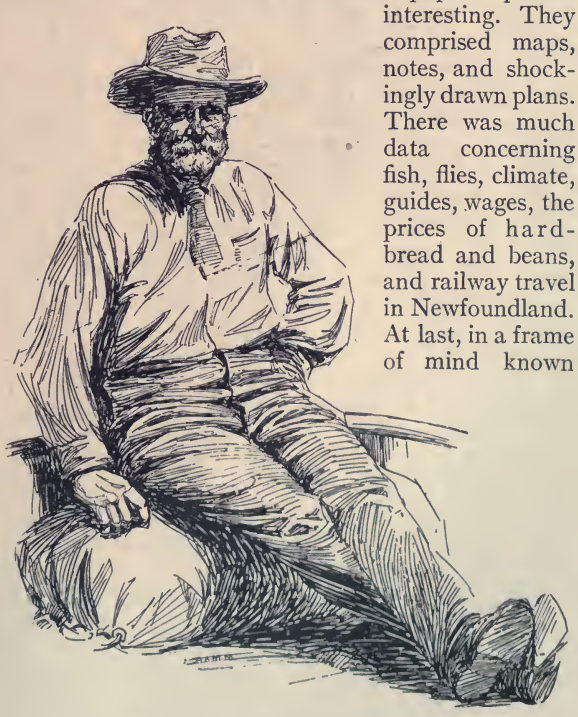
"When does the next boat sail for St. John's?" I enquired.

"In three days, sir; the *Damara*, Blue Ox Line."

"Engage our berths to-morrow morning," I told him.

Then I settled down to work. At ten o'clock I rang for cigarettes. At eleven o'clock I rang for coffee and a biscuit. By twelve I had seven letters written and addressed—one to my mother and the others to New York people who might rent "snug, up-to-date camps or cottages, on some of the finest trout and salmon waters in America," and so on.

Feeling that Fortune had at last claimed me for her own, I retired to bed; but even then I did not try to sleep. The light hung conveniently just above my head. Uncle Basker's papers proved interesting. They comprised maps, notes, and shockingly drawn plans. There was much data concerning fish, flies, climate, guides, wages, the prices of hard-bread and beans, and railway travel in Newfoundland. At last, in a frame of mind known



"In the stern, on a dunnage bag, sat Drawl"

"Listened to John Drawl and the guides exchanging yarns"

only to people who have just fallen in love or into a fortune, I closed my eyes in slumber.

Drawl and I landed in St. John's about an hour before noon. At the hotel I found a letter from Cummings awaiting me. It was short and to the point.

"My dear Basker,—Col. Inglis wants to rent your camp on Red Indian Lake for the fishing season. The party will be made up of four persons—the Colonel, Mrs. Inglis, their niece and a man. Can you get a cooking stove into the camp at once? Also find some sort of boat or canoe for them, a guide, and means of getting their traps up the lake. Better charge about fifty dollars a month for the camp—the old boy can stand it. How did the despatch box pan out? I will wire time of arrival as soon as I know it. Very sincerely yours, JASPAR CUMMINGS."

I answered the letter immediately, writing that the stove, the guide, and the boat would be ready for the Colonel and his party. We spent the afternoon buying outfits and tickets, and in wiring for guides to meet us at Badger Brook.

When we started up stream, toward the lake of our desire and Blackfly Cabin, a mist, thick as fog, lay upon the water shoulder deep. The sun tarried at the rim of the East, as if in difficulties with his bedclothes of dusk and cloud. Behind us loomed the red span of the railway bridge, and in its desolate clearing of grey stumps stood the hut of the telegraph operator. Behind the hut, under the blanket of mist, lay the yellow grasses and dead waters of Badger Brook. Ahead of us lay the fog-brimmed valley of the river, edged with the black var-tops breaking through like crags on a dangerous coast.

Our party was made up of Drawl and myself, and two men from the "bottom" of Exploits Bay. Pat McPhinn and I, and half of the kit, including the cooking-stove, were in Pat's bateau. Drawl and George Pike (known in the bay as "Red Garge") manned a dory. In the bateau Pat pulled on the oars (he called them paddles), and I stood in the stern and surged on a stout spruce pole, with all the style but little of the skill of a Malicete Indian. The current was easy and we made good time. Soon the sun struggled through and wiped our path clean of mist, disclosing to my eager gaze the amber-tinted water, the uneven shores, and the occasional breakings of the feeding trout. Close in to the other shore, crawling slow, was the dory. Red Garge pulled at the oars. In the stern, on a dunnage-bag, sat Drawl. He looked more like a respectable broker on a holiday than a poor man's valet. He wore a grey outing shirt and a red necktie, and upon his head a weather-beaten, soft felt hat.

He asked me if he might joint a rod. I answered in the affirmative. I ceased my own labours on the pole and produced my pipe and tobacco. In a surprisingly short time Drawl whipt out and cast into midstream.

"What flies?" I enquired.

"Blue doctor for leader, sir; then Dash-woods; and a miller for tail," he replied.

The cast came softly back toward him, across the hurrying amber depths; but not all the way. Something happened

in the water. The rod jumped and bent. The line cut a white, thin scar up stream. Then the reel gave tongue like a man clearing his throat. I saw George ship an oar, and clear a landing-net from the bow of the dory.

"Pass me that brown case under the forward thwart, and paddle easy," I ordered Pat.

Fortunately for our progress up the stream the fish stopped feeding a good two hours before noon. When we made a landing for dinner Drawl was again the grave, attentive servant, though still (in battered hat and red tie) the sportive gentleman to all outward appearances. The guides built a fire on the shingle; and near it a "smudge" to drive away the flies. We dined on trout dusted with cornmeal and fried in bacon, hard-bread, strawberry jam and tea. After that I lay on a blanket, to leeward of the smudge, and with lazy ears listened to John Drawl and the guides exchanging yarns. The sun shone warm. The water, whispering along the pebbles and murmuring in mid-current, made me many promises of trout-haunted pools and reaches for good casting. The tips of the evergreens caught at the vagrant wind. The wilderness seemed asleep, and I wondered if the piping beach-birds, at the lip of the tide, would disturb its slumber. Great butterflies with black-traced, yellow wings, beat the sunlight lazily, and gathered along the mold above the beach in golden companies. I took Nature's hint and, sprawling loose upon my blanket, fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes the dory and the bateau were again ready for voyaging, the guides were holding them up in the current, and Drawl was waiting patiently to roll my blanket. A change had come over the wilderness, for it too had awakened. Though the sun shone as warm as before and the sky was of the same thin blue, like a bubble blown to its limit of endurance, the river seemed to stir with a brisker movement, the butterflies were gone, and the wind piped strongly across the tree tops. Both crafts held to the north shore, and as Drawl and I both used our poles we made even better headway than in the morning, though the stream grew swifter as we ascended.

It was nine o'clock at night when we struggled into the lake. We beached our boats, and while the guides made camp, Drawl and I bathed our blistered hands and bound them about with rags. That night I slumbered at full forty fathoms below consciousness—for it seems to me that sleep is like an ocean of varied soundings, in which a man may lie with his eyes and wits barely awash, or dive to undisturbed depths. We had trout and pork for breakfast. After which, continuing our journey in good spirits, we made Blackfly Cabin long before the city man's rising hour.

The cabin stood on the north shore of the lake, close to the shingle but with just the point of a brown gable showing through the spruces. It was a place of some pretensions in a rustic, honest way, for it contained two rooms besides the lean-to kitchen, a well-built chimney of stone, and a verandah across the end facing the lake. I was tremendously proud of it. Drawl also seemed pleased. We worked like nailers for the remainder of the morning, cleaning up, erecting the stove, and chopping firewood. Drawl proved himself as clever a man with a refractory stovepipe as with a razor.

Early next morning I started the guides back to the railway with the bateau, to wait for Colonel Inglis and his party and bring them to the cabin. Then Drawl and I set to work at the building of a lean-to camp about two hundred yards farther along the shore. By sundown of the next day we had completed, with the exception of a roof of hemlock bark (which the guides would procure later), as snug a little camp as two men could wish. The whole front, measuring fifteen feet in length, and seven feet in height, was open, with arrangements for shutting in with canvas dodgers when privacy was desired. Slides and roof were of trimmed poles interlaced with fir branches. A "smudge" of bark and moss, in an old frying-pan, smouldered in the entrance, and set the hardiest flies at defiance. So we turned in and slept like tops.

When I awoke the first level shafts of sunlight were breaking into our little clearing, starting the fragrance of balsam

and fern, and gathering the mist from the surface of the lake. The smoke of our newly lit fire went straight up, unbroken, to the height of the tree-tops, and of an azure purity in colour that called to one's heart like a fine performance in operatic singing. Seated on a camp chair I enjoyed all this, while Drawl with sloppy brush and skilful razor renewed the smoothness of my cheeks.

After my shave I plunged into the lake; but the water was cold, and of a depressing blackness, and I soon scrambled to shore. Already a fragrance of coffee was in the air, and a sound of sizzling, suggestive of frying bacon, charmed my ears. "We might strike into a pot of marmalade, too," I suggested. But Drawl did not answer.

"Here they come, sir!" he said.

The bateau and a birch canoe slid to the shingle. There was the grating of a pole, and the clear striking of a paddle across the gunwales of spruce. I hastened down to the beach.

The dark, middle-aged gentleman in the stern of the canoe was evidently my new tenant, Colonel Inglis. The girl in the bow was his niece—at least, I hoped she would not prove to be Mrs. Inglis. With some effort I turned my gaze to the bateau. Its inmates, exclusive of the guides, were a good-sized lady in a yellow mackintosh and felt hat, and a man whom even my untrained eye recognised as an orderly converted into a butler. The deep-laden craft careened perilously at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the shore. The guides swore at each other, and splashed aimlessly with their oars and poles. The butler crouched on a thwart, aghast. The lady poised on top of the baggage. I saw what the matter was. The stupid fellows had shoved the bateau across a sunken rock. Though my interest was with the canoe my duty was too evidently with the larger boat. I waded into the water and extended my arms to her of the yellow garment. "Mrs. Inglis," I said, "I am glad to welcome you to Blackfly Cabin. Allow me to carry you to a steadier footing."

"How-dye-do, Mr. Basker?" she replied, smiling nervously. "It is very kind of you to make such an offer, but—are you as strong as you look?"

"I am in excellent condition," I answered.

Without more ado she slid down and forward, and settled across my chest and shoulders. The job I had thus brought upon myself was no sinecure, I can tell you; but presently I landed her heavily on the beach.

The Colonel and Mrs. Inglis shook me cordially by the hand. The niece joined us. She wore a white sweater of boys' pattern, a walking skirt, and a white felt hat at an angle atop her coiled hair.

"Jack, this is our landlord, Mr. Herbert Scovil Basker. Mr. Basker, this is our niece, Miss Smith," introduced Mrs. Inglis.

Smith! What a pity she had not drawn something more uncommon in the way of a name! I thought. She gave me her hand frankly, as a man might, and her eyes looked squarely into mine with unmistakable interest and, I thought, something of alert interrogation. "You did that splendidly," she said. "I am quite sure Uncle could not have toted Aunt Jane that distance."

Mrs. Inglis laughed honestly.

"Jack," she cried, "you may weigh as much yourself some day."

"And more, too, I'll wager," said the Colonel.

"Breakfast is ready," I remarked, fairly confused by this personal outbreak. I led the way to the fire.

When Drawl looked up from his work, I was surprised at the expression on his face. First, a flash of pleased recognition; then wonder; then no expression at all. I turned, and could swear that I caught Miss Smith in the act of making a face at my worthy body-servant.

"What's the matter?" I enquired, forgetting my manners.

"I'm afraid a cinder has flown into my eye," returned Miss Smith.

The doors and windows of the cabin were thrown open, hampers were unpacked and more coffee made, and I breakfasted with my tenants. Afterwards Miss Smith and I jointed our rods and spent several hours casting aimlessly from the canoe. The fish were not feed-

ing—for some reason best known to themselves and the wind. But the time was not spent without profit, for we learned something of each other's tastes. She gave me the impression of telling me a great deal about herself; everything she said had more that air of frankness which her nickname of "Jack" implied; yet if I had been asked about her afterwards, all I could have told would have been that she preferred spruce trees to oaks, fishing to making calls, and the ways of the woods to the ways of cities. With any other girl I would have suspected a pose in all this; but not so with "Jack" Smith. She had been in many cities, and she had slept under canvas in many wildernesses. She did not tell me where or when; and I forgot to ask. She taught me a neater and easier way to hang a fly on a cast than Uncle Basker had ever known.

"It is something new; I learned it last summer," she explained.

In return I gave her a recipe for a new and deadly fly-dope. Also, I held forth on men and things as they seemed to me, disclosing a good deal of my past career and a little of my ambitions. By the time Drawl shouted from the beach that lunch was ready I felt that the world was better by the worth of one more friend.

On several occasions during the next few days it seemed to me that Miss Smith took an unwarranted interest in John Drawl. I caught them whispering together more than once.

"Miss Smith seems to have a good deal to say to you, Drawl," I remarked, one evening.

"Yes, sir," said Drawl.

"What was she whispering about this morning?" I asked.

"Well, sir," replied Drawl, "she was askin' me how long it took you to write 'The Angler's Guide'."

I stared at him, but his face did not twitch.

"If she asks you again," I said, "tell her that it was an inspiration, and that it was written in one sitting of sixteen hours, during which time I lived on Scotch whiskey and cucumber sandwiches."

"Very good, sir," said Drawl, gravely.

I stro'led off, feeling that my valet had behaved like a gentleman, and I like an ass.

"JACK" SMITH

A week passed pleasantly at Blackfly Cabin. Trout of surprising weights were killed and eaten. Songs were sung around roaring camp-fires in the open. Best of all to me, were the leisurely hours spent in the company of the Colonel's niece. I already looked on her as my best friend and most interesting comrade. Up to this time girls had never been much to my taste. I had feared them as frivolous beings, caring nothing for the things that seemed to me worth while. But here was a girl, and a pretty one at that, who relieved her feelings by laughter instead of giggles, and who never put into words things too evident to require speech. She never babbled about the sunsets; but looked into them with eyes that saw and tried to understand. One evening she pointed to the crowding firs and spruces along the shore.

"What colour are they?" she asked.

"Green," I replied promptly.

"They look blue to me," she said.

And sure enough they were blue.

Once, when I took her hand to steady her over a tumble of rocks at the mouth of a small stream, I saw in her eyes a fleeting gleam of something that set me wondering if loving a girl like this would not be better than trailing about with John Drawl. But my hand did not tremble; and a trout rising close by drove the little wondering from my honest mind. Our hands touched so often in those jolly days; and our hearts, too, came closer than I guessed. For she was the good comrade, frank and unaffected; and without effort I treated her as I might have treated the Colonel had he been so exactly to my taste.

At the end of the week Drawl and I paddled back for the railroad. All that day, half unconsciously, I spent my time trying to invent a decent excuse for returning to Blackfly Cabin. But I felt it my duty, as a landed proprietor, to visit some others of my scattered possessions. So we checked canoe and baggage for Bay St. George, bent on the rediscovery of Puddle Pond.

We spent a good deal of time finding Puddle Pond. For my own part, the quest was but half-heartedly followed. An unfamiliar longing disturbed me continually. At times it was an empty tremor in the top of my stomach, and I would fear indigestion. Again, it was a pang akin to homesickness. It was discomforting, and defied any treatment for liver or stomach. It robbed the good fishing of half its joy; and yet I found a fascinating sweetness in the new unrest.

At last I told Drawl that we must return to Red Indian Lake.

We took the Inglis party by surprise. The surprise was mutual; for if "Jack" Smith was startled by my sudden appearance around the corner of the verandah, I was no less put about at finding her in the company of two young men in immaculate tweeds and panama hats. Drawl was close at my heels, making my suit-case his excuse. Miss Smith turned from the strangers with a little cry; and in her eyes I caught a glimpse of genuine welcome. Then she looked beyond me, and I felt that her gaze signalled a question to Drawl.

"I could not find fish in any other part of the island," I cried, advancing and taking her extended hand.

Miss Smith introduced me to the two men. One was Dundas, R.N., invalided from the China Station, and the other was Archer, fresh from Oxford and on a colonial tour. They both seemed the right sort; but the thin, dark face and meditative eyes of Dundas especially appealed to me. This was the kind of man to win a woman's heart, I thought. Immediately a tremor of pain ran through me, and I knew that I loved "Jack" Smith with the good old (and hitherto doubted) historical affection.

Presently Colonel and Mrs. Inglis appeared on the scene and welcomed me cordially.

They had brought a dozen Chinese lanterns from town, and with these we illuminated the verandahs of the cabin, my lean-to, and the guides' tent. As soon as the stars began to show, a great fire was built in the open. Mrs. Inglis produced a banjo, and the rest of us disclosed voices of more or less tunefulness. Songs old and new, grave and gay, were submitted to the silent criticism of the trees. Now and then some spell of the night and the wilderness would still the glees for a little while. The fire unrolled red banners and flung its painted challenge to the spruce tops. On the various faces the glow flooded and ebbed. I looked at the girl beside me, and envied the fingers of firelight caressing lips and hair.

Dundas and I passed the greater part of the next day cruising along the farther shore of the lake in the Colonel's canoe. We swapped a number of entertaining yarns, and altogether got along splendidly. But I was impatient to get back to the cabin; which we did in good time for Mrs. Inglis' six o'clock dinner. Again the paper lanterns and the magic fire were lighted.

"I wonder how the encampment looks from the lake?" I whispered to Miss Smith.

"Let us go and see," she replied—

"unless you have had enough of the canoe for one day."

"One might have enough of the canoe," I began; but fear of these unexplored ways of talk assailed me, and I held my peace. I felt her look at me with lifted brows.

We were floating on the black water before I spoke again. "Jack," I said with a foolish gasp in my voice.

She did not answer. She did not move. Her face shone white and indistinct in the dusk.

"Jack—I love you," I said; and, resting my paddle, I leaned toward her. For a few seconds she made no sign of having heard me. Then, very quietly, she said: "Drawl has told you! That would account for the sudden affection. You think—you all think—it would be very convenient."

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"There be a wrack in the tickle," he shouted

"Did not Drawl tell you who I am?" she demanded.

A nasty, cold temper welled up from my heart, chilling all reason. I did not answer her question. I took up the paddle and headed the slim craft for the shore. This, from a friend! This, from the woman I loved! Pride and love both lay throbbing.

Upon reaching the shore I got out and steadied the canoe. We walked the short distance between the beach and the circle of firelight in silence; but twice it seemed to me she was about to speak.

Dundas lay on a blanket by the fire. He took his pipe from his mouth and smiled queerly.

"Hullo!" he said, "didn't the lake prove inviting?" I sidled into the shadow.

"Too inviting for me. I stepped into it up to my middle. Now I'm off to change my togs," I answered.

Dundas laughed—a laugh charged with gentle incredulity. "That's right, Basker; don't let it settle on your chest," he said.

I hurried over to the lean-to. I found John Drawl just inside the entrance smoking a pipe and reading an ancient newspaper by the light of a stable-lantern. I let fall the canvas screens. My valet looked up, and folded the paper.

"John," I said, "who the devil is she?"

"Who the devil is who, sir?" he enquired, gravely.

"See here, Drawl!" I exclaimed, "I've put up with quite enough. I warn you not to test my good nature any farther. I have just told Miss Smith of my love for her and she has received it as an insult. Does she happen to be a duchess?"

"No, sir, "replied Drawl, "and even if she was, sir, she'd have no right to take

it like that. You are a Basker, sir, and a gentleman, even if you are poor."

"If you feel at all anxious about your wages," I said huskily, "now is your time to get another master. Maybe Mr. Dundas can afford a luxury like you."

John Drawl looked at me sadly. "Miss Smith is the lady who has your uncle's money," he said. "I have known her for years, sir. She asked me not to tell; Smith, you see, is such a—a frequent name, that it was easy to hide."

I did not speak.

"And you see, sir," he continued, "at first she thought she would dislike you—that was before she saw you—because her uncle had joked to her about a way to mend Mr. Edward's will; then she found that you were not that kind, and—and maybe she began to like you. No doubt you were sudden to-night, sir, and well, sir, you'd never shown a sign of it before."

"Shut up. I've heard quite enough," I snapped.

The good fellow looked as if he were on the verge of tears. "I've been a fool, John," I said more gently, "and have forgotten good fishing because of a girl. But that's not enough reason for us to fight. Get our things together and we'll leave early in the morning. Important business, you know, demanding my immediate attention in St. John's. I'll tell the Colonel about it before we turn in."

"Very good, sir," said Drawl.

"If she had really cared, John, she would have understood," I said. I returned to the fire, and joined in the singing. But I noticed that Miss Smith neither sang nor laughed, nor made the slightest attempt at either.

Later, when I told the Colonel that business called me back to town, he snorted:

"Why the deuce didn't you see to it before you left the place? You must be as well off for money as you are for time!" he exclaimed.

"I forgot all about it," I murmured. "Drawl happened to remind me of it to-night."

The mist had not lifted when Drawl and I left Blackfly Cabin on the following morning. Only Dundas and the Colonel were up to bid us *bon voyage.*

III

From St. John's, Drawl and I took a passage on a coastal steamer for the north, bound for my house of Gull's Nest in Trinity Bay. The voyage was uneventful. I spent most of my time pacing the deck, deep in sombre meditations. Drawl worried himself about me. He deeply repented having withheld Miss Smith's identity from me.

My house of Gull's Nest was marked down as existing at a place called Horse Chops; and the nearest point at which the mail boats touched was five miles to the south. Drawl and I made a landing shortly after breakfast of a gusty, sun-washed morning. The place was a desolate fishing village of about a dozen huts, with store rooms and drying stages in proportion. There was one horse in the harbour—a shaggy specimen of the breed known in the island as "Torbay Nags." We had dealings with its owner to the effect that our outfit was presently piled into a rickety cart, and started along a vanishing trail towards Horse Chops. Drawl and I followed afoot.

The settlement of Horse Chops proved to be even less populous than the place at which we had landed. A pack of hard-haired, heavy-muzzled, black dogs made up its only land locomotive power. The house of "Gull's Nest" stood north of the hamlet—a low, weather-stained structure of respectable proportions. It was a story and a half in height, and its two wide chimneys promised a degree of comfort.

During the months which followed, my liking and respect for John Drawl grew deeper. Not once, by word or sign, did he signify that life at "Gull's Nest" was not the most delightful of existences. When the grey mood was on me, he was tender as a mother. If I laughed, he was instantly aglow with mirth. We sailed and explored and hunted together. He was so good a servant that the term fails to even partially describe his care and solicitude.

Living was cheap at Gull's Nest. Flour, pork and tea could be purchased

"They stood in the surf paying out the lines"

from the trader at Horse Chops. The ponds and streams supplied us with trout, and the barrens with fresh meat. There was promise of splendid snipe and grouse shooting for September. But the sports that had delighted me for so long now lacked flavour. I wondered at memories of my old enthusiasms. With my heart no longer in the killing of flesh and fish, I tired easily. I had lost the meaning of one of man's lower primitive instincts in the longing begot by the highest instinct. Drawl was now the leader in all our expeditions.

One morning in September, I was awakened before dawn. I sat bolt upright and threw the bed-clothes clear of my legs, knowing not what peril threatened me. Again came the fearful, menacing buffet that had wrenched me from my dreams. The old house seemed to leap and stagger on her foundations. Then, as the wind swerved a little, striking a thinner, higher note as it passed, came the roaring and trampling of the surf to my ears. This was more than an ordinary gale of wind, for no ordinary gale could have waked me with such a jump.

I lit my candle, and looked at my watch. It was close upon four o'clock. I dressed quietly so as not to awaken John, and sneaked down stairs in my stocking feet.

In the kitchen all was domestic quiet; my yellow cat lay asleep in the chair by the hearth. My black "crackie" got to his feet at my entrance, and wagged his tail. The clock on the chimney shelf ticked sleepily.

I drew on my heavy boots, oil-skins, and sou'wester, and left the house. The dog followed me, leaping and yelping. When I rounded the corner of the kitchen the wind fell upon me like an invisible enemy. I braced myself against the straining wall, and looked seaward. A grey lift of dawn lay along the eastern horizon. Closer in, and hidden by the dark, leapt and trampled the surf. Bitter spray lashed my face. The dog crouched at my heels.

In the grim turmoil of the elements I was shaken bodily; and their shouting and tumbling stunned my hearing; and yet my beart was conscious of a fine exhilaration. I bawled a challenge seaward, and then with bent head fought away from shelter.

I had not gone far, skirting the edge of the broken coast, when I collided with an advancing figure. It was old Joe Sproul, a fisherman.

"Mr. Basker, sur, I be lookin' for you

and Mr. Drawl," he shouted, with his bearded lips to my ear; "there be a wrack in the tickle, and she be fallin' abroad fast."

"Go on for John Drawl. Where are the other men?" I cried.

"Down along the pat', sur. They's gut tackle an' a good boat—but she be breakin' fast."

I plunged along the uneven way. The streak of light along the horizon had, by this time, widened by a hand-breadth. The wind smote the coast with a lessening fury; but the seas tumbled and broke with their old, sickening violence. As I struggled on, I kept a southern outlook for any sign of the wreck. "God help them!" I thought; and still my heart sang with that strange, new valour.

Soon I found a group of men clustered on the landwash below old Sproul's cabin.

"Where is the wreck?" I asked.

They pointed toward the rocks that guarded the "tickle," or narrow entrance of the harbour. Straining my eyes, I made out the spray-sheeted shape of a small vessel.

"A schooner?" I enquired.

"Yes, sir," replied a young fisherman; "she's the pleasurin' yacht that put into at Horse Chops yesterday."

Presently Drawl and old Joe Sproul joined us.

"She's lost her boats," said Sproul. "She's stuck hard, and all awash."

At this point the surf was less violent than on the coast at "Gull's Nest," for the great rocks that had proved so disastrous to the schooner sheltered the little harbour. But for all that it was no summer sea.

With a light rope about the waist of each, I and the only fisherman who could swim launched into the smother in old Sproul's rodney. The rest stood in the surf paying out the lines and bellowing encouragement. Slowly, slowly, we drew away from the shore. We fought at the oars with an ever increasing fury; but it was only by a thousand miracles that the swooping, flying craft was held keel down. Was it for twenty minutes or a life-time that I dragged on the bending spruce? My companion's oar had struck me in the mouth; the blood tasted warm and sweet. A sort of madness came over me, and with breath that I could ill afford to spare, I challenged the waves. The fisherman toiled in silence.

"Jump," he shouted.

I leaped from the drunken rodney—caught a ratline in the forerigging—and held like grim death. Then a thousand watery arms flung me to the deck. I found my hand gripped in the young fisherman's coat. Someone dragged us both to the shelter of the hatch. It was Dundas.

"Basker!" he cried. "Good God, you're bleeding like a pig!"

I saw three people lashed to the stump of the foremast.

"There are more aft, but we've lost two or three of the crew," yelled Dundas. "Old Inglis is O.K."

I mopped my mouth with my sleeve, and crawled to the mast. Taking a turn with my line around the broken stick, I began to drag in, hand over hand. Over the side, made fast to the end of the lighter line, came a two-inch rope. This I made fast to the mast. Dundas and the young fisherman worked beside me. I felt a cold hand on my wrist. Lifting my head, I looked into the eyes of "Jack" Smith.

"Take care," I cried, and caught her to me. The wave went over us in a smother of foam, like creaming champagne.

"You'll be out of this in a little while," I gasped.

I felt her arms tighten about my neck. Still they clung, though the impotent wave sucked harmlessly in the scuppers. And there, on the dripping deck, "Jack" Smith lifted her face to mine and breathed a word through the wet and blowing strands of her hair.

A month later, in Halifax, John Drawl gave me moral support at the chancel steps, while Dundas, gloriously attired, ushered the guests to their pews.

State and Church in France

By WILLIAM H. INGRAM

FRANCE for the first time in seven years is now concerned with matters of domestic policy. This happy event has been achieved by the recent general election, which gave a decisive majority for the Radical Government, and thereby showed the people's approval of the law passed a short time ago separating the Church and the State. This election has thus, besides virtually narrowing the number of political parties in France down to the Radicals and the Progressives, at the same time buried a religious question which has done much to foster faction and strife.

Before proceeding, however, upon any résumé of the future relations of Church and State, it must be said that public opinion is too prone to forget that the new law affects Protestant and Catholic alike.

The Separation Law, it must be remembered, is not directed entirely against the Catholics, although it may be said to be, or not to be, for the special benefit of the Pope. There is again this difference—the process of readjusting the Church administration conformably to the new law rests, in the case of the Protestants, with their clergy; whereas with the Catholics, papal infallibility demands that it should lie with the Pope. The Protestants have already graciously accepted separation in their Synod held at Montpellier; but the Papacy, whatever may be their declared decision, will always, in the very nature of things, maintain a tacit disclaimer.

Notwithstanding this foreign Court of Appeal, the Catholic masses in France are in favour of a frank acceptance of the law as being best calculated to re-establish the influence of the Holy Church. In this the French bishops may find at any time in the future a bulwark of opposition, and France an anti-clerical and anti-religious democracy.

For the present, however, the country is engaged in the formation of public worship associations, the bishops of which have so far, they even confess, found nothing to hamper or restrict their episcopal authority. The French bishops have accordingly been reasonable in their counsels, but have at no time shown themselves disposed for either a discussion or conflict with the State. This attitude is readily proved in the warm reception which the Abbé Lemire, Deputy for Hazebrouck, accorded President Fallières upon the latter's first official visit to the provinces. On that auspicious day at Tourcoing, near the Belgian frontier, almost within sound of the recent victory of the Catholics, in the Belgian general election, the abbé greeted the President in words which admit of no misunderstanding: "I should like to personify the entire French clergy in order to present to you our respectful homage and to bid you welcome to the Department of the Nord." This speech from such a clerical deputy may be safely taken as the outward and visible sign of the burial of the religious hatchet. It is letting bygones be bygones. It is an admission that the religious question is now an issue of the past. That such is the case may be realised at once when it is remembered that although President of the Republic, Armand Fallières was nevertheless the candidate of the bloc, who in turn were the sponsors of the Separation Bill.

Thus the abbé, and therefore the clergy, bow to the inevitable, and like true Frenchmen and honest republicans relegate the religious difficulty to the past by affirming their loyalty to republican customs and institutions.

As has been said above, France will now concern itself with its domestic policy.

The future relations between Church and State cannot be otherwise than cordial.

A Fo'castle Dream

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

BOYS, I'm tired o' sailing the gray sea and the blue!
What's the use o' pulling on ropes they won't let stay?
The sweating fo'castle stinks! There's a chill in the evening dew!
Boys, I'm sick o' sailing around the world and away.

For it's paint and scrape in fair weather—
All hands aloft in foul.
It's "Pull, me hearties, all together,"
Whenever the tempests howl.
It's charwoman's work, and boy's work,
When the *trades* caress your face;
But it's sheer, trust-God gymnastics
When the foot-ropes sag in space.

Boys, I'm sick o' sailing! Guess I'll sail no more!
I'm tired o' the rolling deep—and what's the use, I say,
O' squaring the yards at one bell, and dragging them back at four?
Boys, I'm tired o' sailing around the world and away.

For it's skipper's wash in fair weather—
Acrobat's chance in foul—
And into the riggin', altogether,
Whenever the tempests howl.
It's Chinaman's work, and cook's work,
When the *trades* caress your face;
But it's tooth and toe and a gabbled prayer
When the foot-ropes sag in space.

Boys, I'm tired o' ploughing the blue sea and the gray,
And I count it a fruitless furrow, I've trailed the world around.
Give me a steady team, and the lift of an April day,
And the smell o' thawing grass-roots steaming along the ground.

I'll work and sing in fair weather.
I'll stable the nags in foul.
And Polly and me, by the fire together,
Will laugh when the tempests howl—
But I'll think o' ye, and pray for ye—
(Snug in my chimney-place)—
And I'll name ye a double prayer, boys,
When the foot-ropes sag in space!

Current Events Abroad.

THE language of both Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, and of Lord Lansdowne, his predecessor, is more than a hint to King Leopold that he cannot much longer dodge and shirk and procrastinate with respect to the Congo issue. He has managed to do so for fourteen years, for it is fully that long ago since the first rumours began to reach the outside world of administration cruelties in the Congo.

The Congo Free State was established under international auspices in 1885. It had been a notorious hunting ground for the Arab slavers, and the predominating idea in establishing the State was to put some one in authority who could be depended upon to stop slave-hunting. We had comforting accounts that this object was being rapidly attained. On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, the execrable old rascal Tippoo Tib, himself a notorious slave-trader, was paid a salary to aid in putting down the traffic. Not very long thereafter reports began to filter out that something quite as hideous had taken its place. Under the arrangement for creating an independent state Leopold, King of the Belgians, had been made the monarch of the Congo. It is indeed to all intents and purposes his private estate, subject to a loose sort of international supervision vested in the Powers. The government of 900,000 square miles and 30,000,000 of blacks, involves considerable expenditure. For the purpose of raising a revenue import duties were imposed. The imports of a horde of savages with few civilised wants would not have amounted to a great deal. The chief product of the forests is rubber, but the blacks having no pressing need for money were not disposed to work at the task of getting it out. In order to make ends meet and get incidental profits, it was necessary to apply a stimulus. With absolute powers of life and death over the unfortunate inhabitants a system was evolved that for absolute barbarity throws the morals of the slave-traders into the shade. The slaver's interests, at least, would prevent him from destroying the value of his chattel by maiming and mutilating it. Not so the minions of Leopold and his company. The natives were forced to bring in their tale of rubber on penalty of death or mutilation. The tribesman that failed to produce a specified amount of rubber had a hand chopped off as a personal punishment, and as a means of terrorising others who were inclined to indolence.

These statements were made chiefly by British missionaries, but were promptly denied by Leopold's officials. It was difficult to decide in a case where the evidence was so remote, but the accusers were able in no long time to produce photographs of a number of the maimed wretches, and this sort of testimony could scarcely be cried down by mere denials. Cunning efforts were made to prejudice European peoples by launching the counter accusation that the whole agitation was prompted by British desire to oust King Leopold and secure the territory for Great Britain. This did duty for a time, but American missionaries corroborated their British associates, and the British bogey could not account for that.

The charges were finally made definitely in an appeal to the British Government by an English philanthropic society. The appeal asked the British Government to call the attention of the Powers responsible for the general act of the Berlin conference of 1885 and the Brussels conference of 1892, to the violation of the provisions as regards

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE
—New York *Evening Mail.*

protection of the native populations and improvement of their conditions of life, as well as those prohibiting monopolies and other restraints on freedom of trade. At a public meeting attention was called to grievous wrongs to which the native populations were subjected. The king of the Belgians telegraphed that the government of the Congo Free State would open an enquiry into any specific charges brought before it. A representative of the Congo Government denied that any official or soldier had committed atrocities, such as cutting off the hands of natives who failed to collect a certain quantity of rubber in a given time, but persons calling themselves the agents of the State were reputed to have done such things.

The last sentence was an admission that atrocities had been committed, and as no one else but King Leopold and the Congo administration were interested in promoting rubber production, responsibility for the shocking acts could not be evaded. In spite of these revelations the infernal system went on. At length a commission of enquiry was granted, but the result of the investigation has never been made public. It was sufficiently strong, however, to necessitate the appointment of a second body to suggest reforms. Even this report has never been made public. The sole result has been the issuance by the Congo administration of proposals for certain reforms, which those who are acquainted with the situation declare to be wholly illusory. They are proposed by the very men who have been aware during all these years of what was going on in the Congo. It has been shown that these men knew by the reports sent to them that the yearly tale of rubber was being extracted from the unwilling natives by a system of terrorism, and that this is the only way by which such an amount of rubber can be secured in the Congo.

Great Britain has waited all these years in the hope that the revelations would induce King Leopold to act. The Foreign Secretary is still unwilling to intervene, because of the jealousies and unjust suspicions which such intervention would arouse. Sir Edward Grey said he distrusted the proposed reforms because the system was wrong. He disliked trading companies, and believed that the root of the whole mischief lay in the system under which the State itself was a trading company. If the Congo State talked of its rights, he said, Great Britain also had rights. In hopes that Belgium itself would take over the Congo, he thought Britain should wait, but he added significantly that she could not wait forever. Lord Lansdowne took precisely the same line. After these definite declarations we may be assured that the Belgian people through their parliament will relieve the king of his control over the independent state. It

is reassuring to know that some of the strongest attacks on the administration of the country were written by Belgian publicists, and that the Socialist Opposition in the Legislature has been bold and uncompromising in its criticism. This more than anything else has compelled Leopold to pay heed to public opinion.

In the statement to the House in which the reference to the Congo occurred, Sir Edward Grey also directed attention to something that came in the nature of a surprise to all classes. A month or so ago a party of officers of the British army of occupation in Egypt engaged in a pigeon-shooting excursion not far from Cairo. In the midst of their sport they were set upon by the natives of a neighbouring village. One of them was killed and the others badly beaten. The perpetrators were arrested, and after trial some of them were sentenced to be shot and others to be flogged.

"LE ROI DIPLOMAT"

Championship of the Peace Loving World

—Montreal *Star*

The incident might have no more weight attached to it than is attached to a crime of its gravity, were it not that it is regarded as indicative of a widespread feeling in the Moslem world. The recent conflict of interests between Great Britain and Turkey over the frontier between Arabia and Egypt, gave a fresh fillip to this feeling, and occasioned Sir Edward Grey's serious words in Parliament. "As things are now," he said, "I say deliberately, and with a full sense of responsibility, that if Parliament does anything at this moment to weaken or destroy the authority of the Egyptian Government, you will come face to face with a very serious situation, for, should fanaticism get the better of constituted authority, there might arise the necessity for extreme measures."

Disaffection among Mahometans may well have a sound of dread for English ears. The possessors of India and Egypt are bound to be concerned as to what thoughts are forming behind those lowering brows. Military necessity has led the conqueror to arm the conquered and to teach him drill and tactics. The danger always exists that the arms, the drill, and the tactics may be turned against those who gave them. With respect to the Egyptians, the universal remark will be, What base ingratitude! Before British administrators took the country in hand, Egypt was the victim of every species of misgovernment. Literally, spoliation was the central political principle. The fellaheen cultivated the ground grudgingly, for he had little faith that he would ever reap the reward of his labours. What is undoubtedly the most favoured piece of soil on the earth was neglected and harassed and distressed. What the open robber failed to get, the tax-farmer took under the guise of a government official. The change brought about by Lord Cromer and his assistants is one that astonishes

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

—New York *Evening Mail.*

This is a cartoonist's view of Mr. Hearst, defeated candidate for the mayoralty of New York, and a possible candidate for the Democratic nomination for the next Presidential contest in the United States.

Mr. Bryan's star steadily rises. He has intimated that he would not refuse the Democratic nomination if it were offered to him in 1908. Mr. Hearst announces positively that he will not be a candidate. In the meantime, the magnetic American has been seeing much of the Transatlantic world and its prominent men, a schooling that will not be without its value should he in the future occupy the Presidential chair.

The struggle over the Education Bill still continues in England. An interesting comment recently appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle.* A staff writer says: "It is really very amusing to note the attitude of the opponents of the Education Bill. First they declare that it means confiscation, and then tumble over one another in their desire that the local authorities should be compelled to take over their schools. Now they are all declaring that Clause 6, leaving attendance during religious instruction optional, means that children will not go to school at all during the time set apart for religious instruction. This may or may not be true; but we have all along been led to understand that it was the parents for whom the clergy were concerned. To be told by the same people that the parents are so careless about religious instruction that, if attendance is optional, the children will not be present, knocks the bottom out of the argument that the parents are seriously troubled about the provisions of Mr. Birrell's Bill."

John A. Ewan.

every visitor to Egypt. Not only is the peasant assured of gathering his crops in peace, but he is also assured that he will not be robbed by the tax-gatherer. The not burdensome impositions that he is called upon to pay have enabled the government to carry on extensive engineering works, by which the life-giving waters of the Nile are held back and gently distributed throughout the year, instead of being allowed to rush away to the ocean, leaving the fields waterless for a great part of the year. Yet these very peasants who have been so enormously benefited, would upset their foreign rulers to-morrow and return to the old days when their bread was eaten in tears. Was Thomas Carlyle wrong when he said that human beings were mostly fools?

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the west.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods who long ago came,

And vanishing left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where haze-wrapt the August night slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

—*Wilfred Campbell.*

THE MUSKOKA GIRL

THERE was a time before Muskoka and the Temagami district were familiar to the Canadian, when the girl who knew the music of "The Song my Paddle Sings" was a rare and remarkable creature. But with the exploring of the northern waters there has come a great change, and the summer girl who has not a practical acquaintance with the dinghy or the canoe, has only such limited joy as the amateur knows. Our brief summer, that burns itself out so quickly, is enjoyed with an eagerness such as the Southerner hardly experiences, for we know that the glories of the dim woods and summer waves, like Herrick's "Daffodils" have "so short a time to stay."

To appreciate our wealth of inland waters one must be away in a far country for a while where lakes are scarce and sand is plentiful. Then when you have become thoroughly homesick for a glimpse of the jewelled waters of British Columbia, the glint of Lac Souci of Quebec, or the dark dancing of Muskoka's myriad lakelets, you know in what a kindly mood Nature must have been when she sprinkled Canada with so bountiful a *largesse*. The American citizen, with his characteristic recognition of a good thing, saw some years ago the advantages of Canadian lakes and bays, and has almost made certain Georgian waters his own.

But of all our gladsome summer aspects, the Muskoka girl is the fairest. Like Beatrix of blessed memory, she is a "brown beauty" and takes little thought for her complexion, which assumes a tinge that only the sickliest critic could find objectionable. She understands thoroughly the life of "camping out" and yet does not scorn the joys of the "hotel hop." She is found at Muskoka Wharf when the heavily-laden express pauses panting in the afternoon sunshine. She smiles serenely from canoe and rowboat and gasoline launch. She looks up with wrinkled forehead and freckled nose as you reach the locks at Port Carling; she is on the golf links of the "Royal Muskoka," and may be found in twilight hours on the farthest reaches of Shadow River. She has found the best of Canada's playgrounds, and she does not fail to make the most of its golden opportunities. Blessed sunburnt Muskoka girl! She knows not the meaning of nerves and has fully grasped the significance of being young and healthy in the unspoiled paradise of the north.

WHEN THE PAGES DEPRESS

THERE is one magazine on the continent of America that has yielded only to the slightest extent to the sordid commercialism of this uninspiring age, and that publication, it may be necessary to add, is the *Atlantic Monthly*, which frequently cheers and seldom inebriates. Should that honourable Boston magazine

ever appear in anything but the plain cinnamon cover, familiar to its readers these many years, we could hardly suppress the tears of bitter resentment. Not for the *Atlantic Monthly* the primrose paths of those frivolous affairs that idly flaunt foolish young women and fatuous young men on the covers of their "summer numbers." When it fails in taste or discernment, literary annihilation is upon this continent.

But the true cosy corner of the *Atlantic* is the "Contributors' Club," where you may drop in at any moment, sure of seclusion and whatever stimulant you like best. Among other good things in a recent number there were some pertinent remarks concerning "The Melancholy of Woman's Pages." What the writer of the article finds wearisome in the feminine department is its playful and prattling optimism which reduces the average adult reader to a state of gloom. Nearly every woman of enquiring mind can testify to the truth of the following paragraph:

"There are recipes for everything, from domestic bliss to cleansing compounds, from success in life to salad dressings. My good is sought in a thousand ways; in gentle exhortations to be up and doing in every possible direction; in succinct columns of Don'ts; in pithy paragraphs of Useful Information; in exploitations of the fashions; in Health Talks, and Beauty Hints. My good, I say; for there is in it all something so pointedly personal. It is so obviously addressed to my wants and my interests as a woman, that it is not to be evaded or put by. A pseudo-conscience calls me to its perusal from masterly leader or thrilling news-story; from high politics or current history. And I yield—not without sulkiness—quite against my will; I am spurred to the performance of imperative duties galore unmentioned in the decalogue, duties of physical culture and hygiene, of charm craft and economy."

There are notable exceptions to these persistently personal woman's pages, as readers of certain Canadian papers can honestly declare. But most of them are too drearily addicted to giving rules for retaining a husband's affection and recipes for cheese soufflé, not to mention mayonnaise dressing. It would be a welcome variety if these articles became confused and we were to be informed that the husband should be beaten briskly while the olive oil is added drop by drop until it is properly absorbed. The trouble is that most woman's pages are written by men, very young scribes, who do not know better than to suppose women are exclusively interested in "slush and chiffon." When a journal is sufficiently wise to employ a woman to write the page devoted to her sex, a fresh breeze frequently blows into the stifling corners and sweeps away the sentimental rubbish accumulated industriously by the man writer of the woman's page.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE

A SWEEPING statement is usually a snare for the writer, but it may be asserted with boldness that all the world admires the true athlete. In the month of May, Canada welcomed home with unmistakable enthusiasm the young victor from the Olympic Games, who had won the Marathon race, the greatest event in the series. William Sherring has found his country and his city not unmindful of her own, and the Daughters of the Empire showed the appreciation that all right-minded women feel of the qualities that go to make such a victor.

The Queen of Greece, it has been asserted, showed a deep interest in the games and made an impression on the hearts of the English athletes who went to Athens to take part in the Olympic Games. A writer in the *Grand Magazine* says: "To everyone in Greece she is known as 'Queen of the Poor.' Shortly after her marriage she founded the 'Evangelismos,' one of the finest hospitals in the world, thus gaining a reputation for benevolence which has followed her, rightly, ever since. When King George caught smallpox at Patras, through insisting at a time of epidemic in mingling with the crowd, he was nursed back to health by his fearless Consort. It is for such traits as these that the people are so fond of the Queen. For many years,

too, after her coronation, she wore the Greek national dress, and ate black bread, like so many of her own peasants.

"Queen Olga is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia; King George is a brother of Queen Alexandra, and also, of course, of the Dowager Empress of Russia. These may be very important links in the friendly chain which many are convinced will shortly bind together the Lion and the Bear, so long rivals to their mutual detriment."

THE SUFFRAGETTES

MISS BILLINGTON, Miss Kenney, and three other leaders of the militant woman suffragists were arrested in Cavendish Square, in London, during the month of June for creating a disturbance in front of the house of Hon. H. H. Asquith, who, it is said, is "the particular bugbear in the present Ministry of the women suffragists."

The Countess of Carlisle, who is a firm believer in votes for women, was shocked at the demonstration of these shrieking sisters, and declared that their performances were "an impertinent mockery of womanhood." Miss Billington chose two months' imprisonment instead of the payment of a fine, and will probably pose as a martyr to the cause. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of fighting the police she must expect little consideration from the law, which is no respecter of sex. What a delightful comic opera could be composed on the subject! Alas for the days of Gilbert and Sullivan, whose combined talents would have proved equal to the exciting occasion! It is a rare opportunity for *Punch* to depict the heroic struggles of the suffragettes. Lucky Mr. Balfour, who may survey the strife from afar and return to his beloved links! He had troubles of his own with Education Bills, Chinese Labour, and tiffs about the Tariff. But anything so fearsome as a suffragette never crossed his path, and he was all unassailed by voteless ladies.

It may be most unprogressive not to desire a vote, but really it seems to be an unmanageable affair at best which is unsuited to the feminine population.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS

Mrs. Seymour Hicks, a talented musical comedy artist, now appearing in the "Beauty of Bath" at Mr. Hicks' new London theatre, the Aldwych.

The future opens up an unrestful vista of bargain days in ballots and cheap sales in legislative basements. Let us shun this evil until we have settled the matter of mission furniture and the short sleeve.

A WORD FROM GUELPH

THE last sentence concerning that February paragraph upon the American woman has not yet been written. A Guelph correspondent has sent me an interesting letter upon the subject, in the course of which he says: "It is not necessary for you to take back one word that you have written *re* the 'American Woman.' You were entirely too complimentary to them. While it is quite true that they are among the best dressed of modern women, yet, if Old Country or Canadian women wasted as much time as the Yankee woman does at the milliner's

MISS EVA CARRINGTON

The English actress who recently made a romantic match with the Earl de Clifford, an Irish peer.

or before the glass, they would be as well dressed and at less expense. . . This rot about the 'American' woman is getting childish and Canadians should ridicule it. My experience in 35 States of the Union gives me the impression that, outside of one or two States, the Yankee women are the homeliest in face and figure on the Anglo-Celtic part of this continent. I never saw so many homely women as in St. Louis during the Fair of 1904. The Canadian woman is away ahead of the Yankee one."

Now, isn't that a nice comforting opinion, from the Royal City of Ontario, too, where they have many pretty girls of their own and where the Macdonald Institute has enrolled the rosiest-cheeked lassies in the province. Now, it was not the intention of the writer of these columns to create any disturbance, however small, by the original reference to the most attractive style of American girls. Nor has one word of that sentence been "taken back." That is not the way of the Irish. But as so many New Yorkers seemed to misunderstand, including the writers for the highly-instructive Hearst journals, a word of two of "amplifeecation" was considered desirable.

As to the matter of "homeliness" the Guelph reader is on dangerous ground, and he may be attacked by gentle Miss Fairfax of *The Journal*, who will shed sarcastic personalities in his path. My own residence in Uncle Sam's domains was in the favoured south, and I admit an enthusiastic admiration for the soft voices and charming manners of the women of Dixieland.

There is a good deal of justice, however, in my correspondent's vigorous statement: "This rot about the 'American' woman is getting childish." The United Stateser of the female sex has been overpraised to such an absurd extent that the inevitable reaction has set in, and readers of the impossible tales regarding her doings either yawn or protest. Curiously enough, I have received also a letter from a Canadian girl who is married and living in an Ohio city where, according to her declaration, she finds the men exceedingly stupid except as dollar-chasers, and quite inferior to the Canadians she left behind her. She praises the energy and enterprise of the Ohio woman, but asserts that the man of the United States is devoid of ideas unless they have a dollars-and-cents value.

"When a man arises in a Cleveland street-car to offer a tired woman a seat, you know that he is a Canadian, a Southerner, or a native of the British Isles." So says the exiled daughter of the Land of the Maple. But she concludes with the sad reflection that the Canadian woman does not know how "to do her hair."

These are interesting and refreshing expressions of opinion, and show that we are emerging from that self-depreciation that once afflicted Canadians. And it is high time, for the Dominion is nearly forty years old. And, by the way, the compound "Anglo-Celtic" used in the letter from Guelph is a cheering indication that we are beginning to call ourselves by the right name.

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MR. LEMIEUX'S FIRST

IT is a strange turn of fate that leaves the decision of a great imperial question in the hands of a French-Canadian statesman. For years an agitation has been carried on, led by a few Canadians, in favour of cheaper postage on periodicals and newspapers mailed from Great Britain to Canada. Sir William Mulock assisted the movement, yet left the office of Postmaster-General a short time before a definite plan had been evolved by the British Government. To the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, his successor, has come the honour of assisting at the inauguration of this long-sought reform.

At a meeting of the Victoria League held in London on June 20th, the Rt. Hon. Sydney Buxton, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, announced that he was considering the question of cheaper postage on periodicals and papers to Canada. He maintained that it was a matter of supreme importance to the trade of Great Britain that British advertisements should find their way into Canada as freely as United States advertisements. To accomplish this it was necessary that the present postal rate of eight cents a pound should be reduced. He stated that the matter had been taken up with the Canadian Government, and that he was hopeful of favourable results.

On this side, Mr. Lemieux has expressed himself as willing to assist in any way that may be possible. The Canadian rate to England for publishers is only a half cent a pound, so that Mr. Lemieux's work will consist, not in changing the Canadian rate, but in helping the British Government to reduce its rate with the least possible loss of revenue. Thus a splendid piece of imperial reform is being carried out by a Liberal postmaster-general in Great Britain, and a Liberal postmaster-general in Canada.

Mr. Lemieux has, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, always been an outspoken admirer of British institutions. He believes that the British government has treated the French-Canadian minority in Canada better than it would have been treated by any other government in the world. He believes that Great Britain stands for liberty, not despotism, and for justice and equal rights. He has pointed out on more than one occasion, even in the city of Paris, that there is no office or honour in Canada to which a French-

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX
Canada's new Postmaster-General

Canadian may not aspire. Because of these and other reasons, he serves Canada and the Empire with zeal and ability, with all that fervent loyalty which is the hall-mark of his race.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Lemieux's first great duty in his new office is to deal with an imperial question of some importance, and to note that no Anglo-Saxon subject of his Majesty could treat it in a more liberal spirit.

SOUTH AMERICA

CANADA'S interest in Central and South America is touched upon by a writer in this issue, in dealing with a Mexican spectacle. The Pan-American Congress to be held at Rio Janeiro promises to be important. The United States government are taking considerable interest in it, and Secretary Elihu Root will attend to "more than ever make the Monroe Doctrine a living principle," to quote from the *Literary Digest*. The total export and import trade of South America amounts to $1,000,000,000, and the United States sells to the republics of that part of the continent a paltry sixty-three million. HENCE the United States is interested in the Pan-American Congress.

Canada should be represented. Canadian investments in Cuba, Mexico, Brazil and Peru are growing. Canada has a stake there. Moreover, the Dominion is interested in seeing that the Monroe Doctrine does not develop too much avoirdupois.

BUSINESS HONOUR

THE revelations made during the recent sittings of the Insurance Commission show that the sense of business honour in this country is not in active condition. The revelations during the session at Ottawa and through the civic enquiry in Toronto give the same impression. The Toronto architects, the business men who sell to the Government and the directors of insurance companies seem to have about the same standard of business honour. The architects are perhaps the worst, as the sums they took were so small as to scarcely justify the title of "grafters." Those who sold pemmican, tobacco, and machinery to the Government demanded much more. They were willing to be dishonourable, but only for a considerable amount. So with some of the insurance directors; they did their mulcting of the policyholders on a splendid scale.

In the United States the prosecutions of the insurance officials continue and new evidence of irregularities is being produced. The Chicago packers have had their innings with the public and it has been shown that their methods, if not criminal, were at least disappointing. An investigation into the relations between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the coal companies of that state has shown that trusted employees of the railway were accepting bribes. In three years one of these drew a total salary of $8,100, and a total commission from the customers of the road of $58,244.75, of which $46,000 was in cash. Another clerk testified that a congressman interested in coal had given him stock of the par value of $47,000.

The old-fashioned code of honour among business men seems to be disappearing before the lust for money. Men are in such a hurry to become rich that they cannot wait for ordinary profits. They realise that the world pays tribute and honour to the man with an automobile, a fine residence and a bank account of large proportions. They know that universities, hospitals and other public institutions will place the laurel wreath on the head of the man who gives them money. They fail to see that these are but petty triumphs, that these wreaths soon fade and crumble away—that this fame is but temporary. Andrew Carnegie's notoriety will be no more lasting and of slightly better quality than that gained by the assassins of President Garfield and President McKinley.

It is only the man, poor or rich, who has made the world the better for his existence, that achieves lasting fame. The mere gathering of wealth is useless. It destroys happiness if not fairly and generously won; it undermines spirituality; it soils the soul, and it degrades the real man. He who sells his business honour for a

hundred or for a million, parts with something which is his own greatest asset in this life, and at the same time he aims a blow at the nobler ideals of his fellowman.

SPEARMINT

I MUST beg to be excused if I wander wide for a moment. I desire to pay my tribute to Spearmint—the horse with a romantic history, the most popular thoroughbred in Europe. Twenty years ago an English horse won the Grand Prix at Paris, and for twenty years Englishmen have struggled to win it again. Spearmint has done it, and the English horsemen are proud once more.

As a yearling, Spearmint was bought for £300 by Major Loder, and entered in the Derby for 1906. His owner regarded him as his third best and thought nothing of his chances. The other two went wrong, and Spearmint's chance came. On the eve of the Derby the betting was six to one against him. Yet he won the "Blue Ribbon of the English turf." His owner took him on to Paris, and there he won the "Blue Ribbon of the French turf."

All hail, Spearmint! Though we are only "blooming colonials" we may rejoice over this great British victory.

LONDON AND THE COLONIES

IN Great Britain, when a constituency hints to the gentleman who represents it in the House that he does not represent it—excuse the Irishism—the gentleman occasionally resigns. Sir Edward Clarke is the latest example. In the recent general election he received 16,000 votes, as compared with 5,000 against him. Yet, when the Conservatives who elected him complained that he was too much of a free-trader to suit them, he did not hesitate. In this country, he would have told them he was running the constituency, not they. Out here the word gentleman does not mean much in politics.

JOHN READE
The veteran Canadian author and journalist

But that is not the point. The candidate chosen to succeed him expressed himself as in favour of imposing a moderate tariff upon manufactured articles and designed the present policy as a "one-sided and illogical system of free imports." He also declared himself in favour of a Colonial Conference to devise "a business bond of partnership, that we may secure these great and growing markets (the Colonies) for our own workers, and at the same time give a preference in our markets to the products of our colonies. Though this policy might involve a small tax on foreign corn, it would in no way increase the cost of living of any portion of our population." The gentleman's name is Sir Frederick Banbury. He and the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour now represent the City of London (as distinguished from the County) in the House of Commons.

London has seemingly wavered slightly in its allegiance to the moderate protectionist movement which the Conservatives have inaugurated, but having ousted the

THE LATE ALEXANDER MUIR
Author of "The Maple Leaf for Ever"

old government and had its satisfaction, it is once more expressing itself in unmistakable language. London and Birmingham are thus again the central castles of advanced imperialism. Whether they are right or wrong, it is interesting to know the situation.

A COMPARISON

WE are our own fond admirers. The average Canadian believes that his own government is better than that of the United States. It would be a long and tedious affair to argue the point—too long for the hot days of August. One comparison may be given just to show that the question has two sides. Our Census Bureau at Ottawa has recently issued a volume to show the progress of manufacturing between 1891 and 1901; the Census Bureau at Washington has just issued a volume to show the same sort of progress in the republic between 1900 and 1905. On this point we are just about three years behind the United States.

Canada's Census Bureau is practically useless. At its head is a man who must either be incompetent or afraid, since his volumes on the census of 1901 are not yet complete. Dismissing this man would not help much because an equally pliable person would be appointed in his stead. There is a lack of snap in the civil service which is lamentable and which must be credited to the meanness of our politics.

The lack of proper civil service acts has much to do with it, but there are other reasons which are equally patent.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

THE Canadian delegates to the Chambers of Commerce Congress, which has just been held in London, led the way in carrying a motion in favour of preferential trade. Many Canadians think that this movement is mainly due to the influence of Mr. Chamberlain, and there is no doubt that much of it must be credited to him. Be that as it may, Mr. Chamberlain, as a warm friend of the colonies, has a strong hold on the affections of the people of the Dominion.

Speaking of his age, the following editorial from the London *Daily Chronicle*, a leading Liberal organ, has this to say in its issue of July 7th:

"Our congratulations to Mr. Chamberlain, who celebrates to-morrow the 70th anniversary of his birthday. May he have many happy returns of the day, with the same comparative leisure—shall we add?—and freedom from responsibility that he now enjoys! But that is as it may be. Whatever our politics are, we can all respect Mr. Chamberlain for his ardent devotion to causes in which he believes, and for his remarkable qualities as a first-class fighting man. Admirals and generals are, perhaps, too old at 70, but in the political arena, the seventies are often the most powerful years of a statesman's life. Palmerston was 71 before he entered upon the long and almost undisputed reign which he enjoyed as Prime Minister from 1855 onwards. Disraeli was of Mr. Chamberlain's present age when he entered upon his second and principal Premiership. Gladstone was over 70 when he won the great victory of 1880. Mr. Chamberlain, it seems, intends to win his great victory 'in the spring of next year.' That, again, is as it may be. But at least let us pay the same compliment to Mr. Chamberlain's easy bearing of the weight of years that used sometimes to be paid to Mr. Gladstone's. Some men are seventy years old. Mr. Chamberlain to-morrow will be 'seventy years young.'"

John A. Cooper.

EARLY CANADIAN NOVELS

IT is now fairly well settled that the first Canadian novel was written in 1824, and printed at Kingston by Hugh C. Thompson. There are two copies known to exist, one at Niagara, and the other in the Toronto Public Library. The latter is the only perfect copy. The title is "St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada."

The author of that novel was Julia Catherine Beckwith, whose maiden name was Duplessis. She was born at Fredericton, N.B., in 1796, began writing the book referred to in Nova Scotia when only 17 years old, and finished it in New Brunswick. In 1820 her family removed to Kingston, Upper Canada, where two years later she married George Henry Hart, a bookbinder. Two years after publishing her first book she left Kingston and followed her husband to the United States (1826). In 1831 she published a second book, "Tomewante, or the Adopted Son of America." She died at Fredericton, N.B., in 1867. Through her mother she was related to the French-Canadian historian, Abbé Ferland.

The photograph reproduced herewith was supplied by Mr. A. B. Pickett, of Montreal, whose mother, Mrs. Lewis Pickett, of Andover, N.B., was formerly Miss Harriet Beckwith, a niece of the authoress. So far as is known, this is the only photograph of her in existence, and is now published for the first time.

Mrs. Hart was a sister of the late Hon. John A. Beckwith, Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick. A son died recently, but other relatives are numerous. It is claimed that, on her mother's side, she was of the same family as Cardinal Richelieu.

"Wacousta*" will ever be famous in the literary annals of this country as the first novel of importance, and second or third in point of "time." The author was a Canadian, and "Wacousta" was his second attempt in fiction. It, however, ranks higher than "Ecarté," which alone of the author's romances preceded it. Up to 1890, only four important novels had been produced in this country: "Wacousta" 1832, "Les Anciens Canadiens" 1861, François de Bienville" 1870, and "The Golden Dog" 1877. This is the opinion of the late Sir John Bourinot, as expressed in his "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," and no one will seriously quarrel with his dictum.

Major John Richardson was educated in the town of Amherstburg, and in 1812 entered the service of His Majesty, seeing his first service at Detroit under General Brock. His grandmother had been present in Detroit when that fort was besieged by Pontiac, and hence he was able to write with insight and authority of Pontiac's conspiracy. He was also acquainted with Tecumseh and other chiefs and had many opportunities of studying Indian character. Hence "Wacousta," as an Indian tale, is one which cannot successfully be attacked for lack of first-hand knowledge on the part of its author. Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas, formed a federation of the various tribes, and threatened all the British posts on the western frontier of Canada, then newly acquired by Great Britain. While treating for peace he planned to get possession of Forts Detroit and Michilimackinac by a ruse. A game of lacrosse was to

*Wacousta: a tale of the Pontiac Conspiracy, by Major Richardson. Toronto: Historical Publishing Co. Cloth, 454 pp., $1.50.

MRS. GEORGE HENRY HART

Author of "St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada," a novel published at Kingston in 1824, believed to be the first Canadian novel.

be played in the clearing in front of each fort, the ball was to be thrown inside the enclosure, permission was to be asked to enter to secure it, weapons secreted by the women were to be handed to the players as they entered, and a massacre was to be begun. The plot worked at Michilimackinac and failed at Detroit. Why it failed at Detroit is the basis of the story.

Wacousta himself is an outcast from the British army, who had become a leader among the Indians. His romance and his daring deeds form a considerable portion of the tale.

The story is much like those of J. Fenimore Cooper. It is perhaps truer in its historical basis, but is the work of an author less brilliant in style, and less forcible in imagination. Nevertheless, it is a story which every Canadian should read, and this new edition should have a warm welcome. The illustrations and cover design by C. W. Jeffreys are graphic and dramatic, and add much to the value of this edition.

THE FADING NOVEL

DISCUSSING "Changes in the Book World," as applied to England, Edward Marston, in a recent contribution to the *Daily Chronicle*, gave it as his opinion that nine-tenths of the seventeen or eighteen hundred novels—say five a day—now published every year, are never bought by the public at all, excepting in the case of some few bright, particular stars among authors. Whatever consumption there is of them is by the circulating libraries, and there new readers borrow 6s. novels, as of old their predecessors borrowed the three volumes at 31s. 6d., but they rarely buy. The public, "that many-headed monster thing," is abundantly supplied with food for its mind at a halfpenny or a penny a head, and really good reading, for the most part, it gets in that way. One need not be very much surprised should the one-volume 6s. novel, not long hence, be travelling in the footsteps of its predecessor in three volumes, and attain that undiscovered country from whose bourne it will never return. Fiction will then find its home in the newspapers, and afterward come out in superb binding at 1s. a copy:

"The novel is a passing form; it has had its day and must cease," asserts Louise Collier Wilcox, a writer in *The North American Review*. To such an extent has this form been "overdone and cheapened" that she finds it difficult to take even the finest of modern novels with seriousness. "The external novel, the novel that lacks brooding and profundity of truth and force of emotion," she characterises as "simply negligible"; while "the novel of mental process, in this age of tottering faiths and insecure philosophies, is apt to be too painful to convey the pleasure which should be given by a work of art." Yet the writer is sufficiently interested in this moribund art form to generalise about its modern content and tendency. She names, as the five elements upon which the value of a novel depends, "construction, force, truth, characterisation and style." The English novel has had three stages in its development. It "began with recitals of

MAJOR RICHARDSON
Author of "Wacousta," etc.

unusual action or adventure, passed on to that of manners and external conditions, and beyond that to the novel of motive or the psychological novel." Certain tendencies of the modern novel, she thinks, derive directly from George Eliot, "whom it is now modish to decry or overlook. Thus:

"The whole pity of human life, its desultory progress, its hapless and unforeseen failures, its unmeaning sufferings and collapses, these aspects of life—and with them also a certain reverence for humanity as mere humanity, a tender observance of its attainments however uncertain and fragmentary, its efforts however weak and spasmodic—certainly came into prominence with that great novelist. Characterisation and truth were the great powers of George Eliot; characterisation and style, of Thackeray; characterisation with pathos and humour, of Dickens; force of emotion, of the Brontës. In Meredith, manner and criticism of life, or style and truth, have outweighed the other elements; and, in Hardy, sensitive verbal felicity and the intensity of the personal vision go far toward making up the painful beauty of his capricious world. . .

"George Eliot was one of the first novelists to do away with the definite finality of ending, the 'then-they-were-married-and-lived-happily-ever-after' type, like the good old-fashioned musical ending of the tonic chord following up that of the dominant seventh. She, like Chopin, would end on a questioning

minor third, as in 'Romola,' or suddenly change the key and finish with a cadenza of the related major, as in 'Daniel Deronda,' leaving us with no sense of finality or finish.

"All these little innovations of structure are incorporated into the immediately present novel. Its structure is much slighter and its rhythm more perceptible. Its smaller bulk—few novels the size of 'Daniel Deronda' or 'Vanity Fair' would find a publisher in these swift moving days—demands a great cutting of detail, and therefore we have much less vivid characterisation. We get less of a sense of life in the present-day novel. Are there any characters that we know for love or for hatred as we do Becky and Dobbin, Beatrix, Pendennis, David and Dora, Peggotty, Little Em'ly, Dorothea, Gwendolen, Felix, and a host of others? Last year, indeed, Boris and Dominie, Rickman, Flossie, and Lucia were all presented with a wealth of detail which added them to the list of our intimate and living friends; but it must be admitted that their authors were severely reprimanded for their pains. For the tradition of the day leads towards a wide circle of slight acquaintances, and short, very short, interviews. Brevity is the surest of modern appeals; and, though it is easy to see its commercial value, we run great risks of becoming mere creatures of scraps and patches. The art of omission, a great craftsman said, is the artist's supreme test; but omission, carried as far as the modern novelist has carried it, results in a pitiful meagreness.

"The main changes, then, in the novel are a great falling off in bulk and a consequent faintness of impression, a shifting of the action from the outside of life to the inside aspect, a certain gain in indefiniteness of plot, fewer side issues and episodical interludes, and perhaps, on the whole, a lift in the general matter of style, if one take into account that in speaking of the past we are apt to speak only of a few supreme geniuses, whereas in the present we speak of the general average."

BRITISH NOTES

Seven titles by the late G. W. Steevens are to be found in Blackwood's colonial list. The most unfamiliar are Land of the Dollar, In India, and Glimpses of Three Nations.

Mr. Everleigh Nash advertises Morley Roberts' "The Blue Peter" as the most humorous book of the year.

"The White Plumes of Navarre" is the title of S. R. Crockett's next story. It will be ready in September.

"The Canadian Girl, or the Pirate of the Lakes," by Mrs. Bennett, is one of the titles in Nicholson's "Home Library," a series of shilling books.

John Murray has an "Imperial Library" which is worth attention. The latest titles are: The Life of Sir Andrew Clarke, German Official Account of South African War, China and Religion. The Empire and the Century. The latter is a collection of essays on Imperial problems and possibilities by fifty writers.

Unwin's Colonial Library is shortly to be enlarged by new novels from Jerome K. Jerome, Rita and Silas K. Hocking. Mr. Landon's account of Lhassa and the Tibet Expedition, and Mr. Henry James' "America Revisited," are to be issued in this edition.

Rolf Boldrewood, who was born in London on August 6th, 1826, and will therefore be an octogenarian a few weeks hence, intends taking his farewell of the reading public in a final collection of Australian stories and sketches shortly to be issued from the house of Macmillan. Son of an adventurous naval captain, Rolf, or to give him his real name, Mr. T.-A. Browne, arrived in Australia as a boy of four, and has had his share of the ups and downs of colonial life. But he has turned prosperity and adversity alike into "copy" for a score of books and countless contributions to newspapers and magazines.

In his youth Rolf was an eye-witness of the beginnings of Melbourne, in whose Viceregal suburb he is now passing the evening of life. Before he was out of his teens he was a pioneer squatter in Western Victoria, and while still in the twenties his cheque was good for a quarter of a million. Then, if unfortunately for himself luckily for novel-readers, a long drought killed off his flocks and herds and compelled him to enter the Government service as stipendiary magistrate, coroner, and goldfields warden. It was while exercising these official functions and keeping his eyes open that he met most of the characters and gained the greater part of the experience embodied in his numerous stories.

Idle Moments.

HER ONE SIN

SHE was young and had evidently been strictly brought up, but notwithstanding her demureness and shyness, she displayed keen interest in the fortunes of the gamblers. At last she determined, in spite of the scruples of the elderly relative who chaperoned her, to play once, to risk a five franc piece, to be able to say that she had gambled at Monte Carlo. As the old lady could not prevent her she did the next best thing, and insisted on accompanying her to the place. She was not at all deceived by the girl's avowed intention of stopping after one throw. She had heard such promises before.

The girl was a good deal excited when it came to be her turn to play, and hardly noticed what she did. With the usual luck of the novice she won, and such a sum! It excelled her wildest dreams. It was pitiful to see the expression on the older woman's face, as the younger one gathered up her winnings; she knew well what the next impulse would be, and why the managers of such places make it their custom to let newcomers succeed. The rest of the story can be best told in the girl's own words; she wrote in her diary that night: "Not for nothing was I born north of the Tweed! Having had the experience I wanted, I seized the gold as fast as I could with my two hands, not even taking time to put it in my pocket, and hastened from the guilty spot." Veni, Vidi, Vici.

Nora Milnes.

A WESTERN STORY

A GROUP of weary travellers were sitting in the rotunda of a Western hotel the other evening, engaged in trading yarns, when one of the party related the following experience:

"I was up along the Edmonton line last month travelling cross country when we kinder got lost in a lonesome spot on the prairie just about dark, and when we saw a light ahead I tell you it looked first-rate. We drove up to the light, finding it was a house, and when I hollered the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard, then said: 'Well, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.' So we unhitched, went in and found it was only a two-room shanty, and just swarming with children. He had six from four to eleven years old, and as there didn't seem to be but one bed, me and Stony was wondering what in thunder would become of us. They gave us supper and then the old woman put the two youngest kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took them out, laid them over in the corner, put the next two to bed, and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor the old folks went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted

CONCLUSIVE

GRANDPA: "So you think dreams come true, do you?"

NORAH: "Oh, yes. Why, the other night I dreamt I'd been to the Zoo—and I had!"

—London *Punch.*

A FIRST ESSAY IN HOUSEKEEPING

MR. JONES: "What is it, my pet?"

MRS. J.: "This rabbit—*sob*—I've been plucking it—*sob*—all the afternoon, and it isn't half done yet!"

—London *Punch*.

to, and being powerful tired out we did. Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we were lying over in the corner with the kids and the old man and old woman had the bed."—*Saskatoon Capital*.

A BOUDOIR CONFIDENCE

"BUT why have you broken your engagement?"

"Well, I simply couldn't marry a man with a broken nose."

"Ah, I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow!"

"Oh, I struck him accidentally with my brassie when he was teaching me golf."—*The Bystander*.

AN EXCELLENT JUROR

THE judge had his patience sorely tried by lawyers who wished to talk and by men who wished to evade jury service.

"Shudge!" cried the German.

"What is it?" demanded the judge.

"I t'ink I like to go home to my wife," said the German.

"You can't," retorted the judge. "Sit down."

"But, shudge," persisted the German, "I don't t'ink I make a good shuror."

"You're the best in the box," said the judge. "Sit down."

"What box?" said the German.

"Jury box," said the judge.

"But, shudge," persisted the little German, "I don't speak good English."

"You don't have to speak any at all," said the judge. "Sit down."

The little German pointed at the lawyers to make his last desperate plea.

"Shudge," he said, "I don't make noddings of what these fellers say."

It was the judge's chance to get even for many annoyances.

"Neither can any one else," he said. "Sit down."—*Green Bag*.

MUSIC MASTER: "P" is the musical sign indicating that a passage of music has to be sung softly. Now, what are the letters that stand for "very soft?"

BOY (*promptly*): M.P., Sir.—*Punch*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

CIVIC UGLINESS

CANADA may boast an undue share of civic ugliness. Her cities and towns have mostly straight streets and square corners. There is little attempt to provide winding roadways, crescents or avenues. The towns grow up like the factories—built for convenience and business—not for pleasure or beauty. The Dominion Government is spending a considerable sum of money in the attempt to make Ottawa presentable. Toronto has a small agitation for diagonal streets, a lake-shore driveway and a park system, but it will be years before anything comprehensive is attempted.

The various buildings on a certain street are of as many styles of architecture as there are buildings. There is no attempt to produce harmony. The greater the contrast, the better the people seem to like it. In London, England, there is some supervision, and a new building on a business street must have some harmonious relation to its neighbours. Just now they are considering a proposal for making the fronts of all the buildings on one side of Regent Street Quadrant, near Piccadilly, uniform in style, independent of the interior scheme or different objects of the buildings. The old Quadrant by John Nash, "the King of Stucco," was finished in 1820, but it proved un-

THE NEW SCHOOL OF SCIENCE BUILDING, TORONTO

A view of this fine building is magnificently spoiled by the most barbarous telephone and electric light poles to be found in any city in the world.

suitable, and after twenty years was destroyed. The newer idea is better adapted to commercial needs.

Canada, on the other hand, has allowed the architects and builders to run wild, and as New York has become the ugliest business city in the world, so Canadian cities have become noted for their incongruities. After all, this continent is mighty crude in spite of its wealth, its industry, and its commerce. The people live more expensively, but they have much less culture and refinement than in Europe.

One of the worst features is the array of wooden poles—telephone, electric light and other varieties, with which we decorate our streets. There is no city, town or village in Great Britain which would allow such monstrous and hideous poles to be erected. The greed of the capitalist and the ignorance and docility of the people has caused all our cities to be horribly disfigured. There are so few "citizens" among us, but so many politicians, grafters and capitalists. The citizen of Glasgow takes a pride in his city and discusses its affairs every day; in return for this interest he saves a penny every time he rides in a street car, saves 50 cents a thousand on all the gas he uses, gets a telephone at a low rate, and has an economically governed city of which he is proud. The average fare on the street car is less than a penny, gas costs less than 50 cents a thousand, water is cheap, and taxes are low. All these utilities are owned and operated by the municipality.

A LAUREL WREATH OF GOLD

THE material expression of the Canadian pride in her Marathon runner, William Sherring, is compared, by the Rochester *Post-Express*, with the manner in which the ancient Greeks did honour to their victors in the Olympic contests centuries ago. Sherring, says this paper, "has discovered that prowess in athletics is a good investment."

"Before he went to Greece he was a brakeman at $30 a month. He returns to Hamilton a hero, and this is what happens: The city council votes $500 for him; the Government of the Province of Ontario adds $500 to this amount; the Toronto Baseball Club sends him a purse of $400; the citizens of Toronto raise $350 for him; the citizens of Hamilton subscribe $3,600 to show their appreciation of their townsman's victory; his personal friends present a house and lot to him, and the Canadian Government has created a sinecure for him, a position that will pay $750 a year and leave his time free for whatever he chooses to do. Such liberality is remarkable. The first runner from Marathon to Athens, the hero who brought tidings of the victory of the Greeks over the Barbarians, fell dead in the moment of triumph, crying, "Rejoice!" as he swayed into the arms of friends. But dying he gained immortal fame, for the Greeks worshipped bodily vigour and physical prowess, and their poets immortalised the Marathon courier in heroic verse, and their matchless sculptors preserved his features in marble. William Sherring, the winner of the Marathon race of 1906, received more material rewards; but the spirit that actuated the Canadians in their gifts is the spirit of the ancient Greeks who wreathed the brows of their athletic champions with bay leaves."

LOCOMOTIVE PROGRESS

THE increase in the power of locomotive engines was the subject of an interesting discussion at the master mechanics' convention at Atlantic City. The progress has been quiet but notable. Even in ten years the hauling capacity has been generally doubled. President Ball gave the figures of the average tractive power of each class of engine in 1896 and 1906 as follows:

	1896	1906
Freight Engines....	13,000	31,500
Passenger Engines..	12,200	22,900
Switching Engines..	14,700	26,800
All Engines.....	13,700	28,700

While the exact meaning of these figures is only known to the expert, the difference between them can be appreciated by the general observer. There has been more than a doubling in the capacity.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

NO IDLE FANCY

THE people of this country seem to think that the need for civil service reform is an idle fancy. There is plenty of evidence that our present weak system costs millions annually. A civil service at Ottawa, appointed by merit instead of pull, would prevent much extravagance. An efficient civil service would have prevented the famous Cornwall Canal lighting contract, and saved a half million dollars. It would have saved money on the supplies bought for the Canadian Government fleet. It would have prevented much of the leakage which has been shown to exist under the present and previous governments. The cabinet cannot watch everything; a vigilant civil service would be a great help. Superannuated party hacks do not make vigilant and alert public servants.

And the Intercolonial! A vigilant civil service would have saved Canada nearly a million a year in that department alone. On this point, the Hamilton *Herald* of January 30th says:

> It is the patronage system in the civil service which causes many thoughtful Canadians to withhold support from the policy of government ownership of railways and other public utilities. They believe that with an inefficient civil service, the members of which are chosen without any regard to ability and very little to character, the management of any public service is sure to be inefficient, wasteful and altogether unsatisfactory. And they are right. It is questionable whether public ownership should be postponed until the machinery is all ready for it. Perhaps the machinery would soon be provided when the need of it became so glaring that nobody could deny it. Be that as it may, we believe that civil service reform is the reform which is most needed in this country. Not only is it needed for its own sake, but even more because it would smooth the way for the introduction of other reforms.

To secure efficiency, the whole question of appointments to the civil service at Ottawa and in the post office and customs departments should be placed in the hands of a permanent Civil Service Commission, who would select men on the competitive basis, the best men getting the preference. Members of Parliament would then be freed from wire-pulling and office-seeking hangers-on. They would have some time to devote to a mastery of the great national problems. They would rise from base appeals to party cupidity to reasonable appeals to reasonable people; they would change from petty politicians to gentlemanly and well-informed parliamentarians.

What is said of the Dominion situation is equally true of the various provincial governments. By the time the cabinet ministers get through with the office-seekers and contract-hunters, they have little time for much else. Civil service reform is needed in each of the provinces, just as it is at Ottawa.

FRENCH-CANADIAN TRIUMPHS

A RATHER unique incident occurred in Parliament some three years ago. It was thus described by the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, in a recent address before the Society of Arts, in London:

> "This reminds me of a parliamentary scene that I witnessed during the session of 1903. The session was rather long and memorable as a result of the passing of a Bill providing for the construction of a new trans-continental railway. The debate had been somewhat protracted, and several other Bills had to be sanctioned before the prorogation. His Excellency the Governor-General was absent from Ottawa, but the law provides that in his absence, his duties can be performed by the Chief Justice of Canada. On that occasion the Acting Governor-General was Sir Elzear Taschereau, Chief Justice

Col. G. T. Denison: "And just think, Sir Charles, had we been here a year ago we could have saved the Empire."

The cartoonist of the Toronto *News* thus pictures two Canadians after the adoption of the resolution in favour of preferential trade, adopted at the recent congress of the Chambers of Commerce held in London.

—Toronto *News*.

of the Supreme Court. By his side stood Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada. At the bar of the Upper Chamber, preceded by the Macebearer, stood the Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, Speaker of the House of Commons. The Clerk of the Senate was Major Samuel Chapleau, who, as is the custom, holding in his right hand the Bills assented to, recited the old Norman formula which has been preserved here at Westminster, with so many other old Norman usages: 'Le roi remercie ses sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et assente à ce Bill.'

"I freely confess, as a French-Canadian, that my heart swelled with emotion, that my eyes were dimmed with moisture at such a spectacle. There, in a British colony, the men who belonged to the minority stood at the helm of the State. In no other country in the world, and probably under the British Crown alone, can such a spectacle be witnessed."

U.S. MANUFACTURING

THE Census Bureau has completed its investigation into the progress of manufactures in the United States for the five years from 1900 to 1905, with significant results. The number of manufacturing establishments in the country has increased in the time covered by 5.4 per cent. This slow rate of growth, not more than half the probable gain in population, is due of course to the process of consolidation which is making one great plant do the work of many small ones. When we turn to the statistics of capital, labour, and results, the progress is staggering.

The capital invested in manufacturing has increased in five years by 42.8 per cent., the value of products by 31.9 per cent., the cost of materials used by 31, and the miscellaneous expenses by 63 per cent. The number of salaried officials, clerks, etc., has increased by 42.8 per cent.—*Collier's Weekly*.

DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," Canadian Magazine, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.

INTERIOR ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL AT VENICE

From a Photograph

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The Home of the Gondolier

By ERIE WATERS

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the waves her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
When Venice sate in state throned on her
hundred isles."

"O Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea."

TO look on, to look always at the outside—the outside of that which has been growing slowly through the centuries, is the misfortune of the tourist. And so we, from a newer land, come to look and to learn, even as we take up a book to scan it lightly or read it deeply. Yet each carries with him his own atmosphere, his own preconceived idea of the place he sees for the first time; his own sympathy and imagination, perhaps, of its beauty, its poetry, its pathos.

We left Florence early one morning in May, enjoying from our car windows the beauty of an Italian spring. Here were grey old towns, their red-tiled roofs glistening in the sunlight. Out in the country, pretty white houses were sheltered by evergreen trees—the fruit blossoms near adding a charming touch of colour. As the sunlight touched the mountain-tops, the sky above became an intense blue, and fleecy cloudlets floated slowly by. As we moved onward we had glimpses of deep valleys, with a background of jagged, snowy peaks. More and more magnificent became the scenery. At the foot of the slopes, brooks babbled over pebbly beds.

We drew near to Venice at about three o'clock, crossing a long viaduct. The tide was low; a few fishing boats came slowly in. At the railway station on the Grand Canal is a long wharf where hotel porters, gondolas and barges awaited passengers and baggage. We were soon embarked; the fresh air in our faces, the water ruffled beneath us. The motion of the gondolas as they glide swiftly onward, is delightful. The gondoliers are graceful and manage their boats with wonderful ease. Before turning

A TYPICAL GONDOLIER

VENICE—THE GRAND CANAL

a corner in the narrower canals, they utter a peculiar cry of warning; and never in the closest quarters do they graze each other's boats. In the smaller canals the water looked dirty, the houses dingy. We confessed afterwards to a feeling of great disappointment.

We were soon at our hotel on the Grand Canal. In the evening we sat outside, and the moon emerging from fleecy clouds lent a glory to the scene.

> "The sifted silver of the night
> Rained down a strange delight."

Far off, and on either side, gas lights, electric lights, and coloured lanterns on the gondolas, with their many reflections on the water, made an unforgetable picture. A large gondola with many lanterns glided softly to the steps. A woman playing the mandolin sat where the light fell on her face, the head gracefully draped with a black lace scarf—the face impassive, clear-cut, beautiful. A man's voice—rich and sweet—rang out on the night air. Other gondolas laden with people drew near to hear. We looked—and listened to sweet music and the "plash-plash" of the water—the disappointment passed and into our souls crept a great content, for this was Venice, the city of our dreams.

Then began for us days of perfect delight, of sympathetic study. If one's impressions of this city-on-the-sea have been gained from perfect paintings, it is well to remember that her greatest glory has passed; that many of her most precious possessions are falling into decay. Yet is she still full of fascination, of splendid architecture, of marvellous paintings, of noble and fantastic sculpture. She is unique among the cities of the world, "on her hundred isles," with her silence and her water-ways, and above all, that which the years cannot impair—her wondrous sunlight flooding her little world with glory. Her sunsets, too, where sky and water blend in perfect harmony, have given inspiration to her greatest painters.

We divided our days between walks in the great squares or the narrow ways, and journeys in the gondola. We enjoyed to the fullest extent the beauty of St. Mark's. Not here do we find the "dim, religious light," the solemn, mystic shadows of Gothic cathedrals; but in the Byzantine architecture, in the wondrous blending of colour, in the glow of gold and gems, St. Mark's stands alone—perfectly harmonious, poetical, lovely. We learned that in the thirteenth century there was a law that every merchant should bring home from his voyages something for the adornment of St. Mark's; and thus it is more famous for its ornaments than for its structure. The

beauty of the East is here; barbaric splendour blends with Italian art. The fine mosaic floor is undulating, and is supposed to represent the waves.

In the Ducal (or Doge's) Palace we spent many hours looking at the lofty rooms, with their beautiful paintings and wide spaces, the noble stairways and other works of art. The history of Venice may be read in her pictures and sculpture. A benevolent looking, white-haired guide conducted us to the dungeons beneath the Doge's Palace, bidding us pause at a certain window where we could see the Bridge of Sighs. He told us that here it was that many a doomed man looked his last farewell. We saw a "condemned cell" with an opening where food could be passed in. Opposite to this little slit —in the dark passage—was a niche with a crucifix, lighted by a candle, where, doubtless, many a tortured soul looked for pity and forgiveness. So many thrilling tales did the man with the benevolent face and gentle voice pour into our ears, that we shuddered with fear, and gasped with relief when we again emerged into the fresh, free air and sunshine.

VENICE—THE RIALTO

Since those May mornings disaster has befallen the Campanile, but when we remember that its foundation was laid in 911, we can only marvel that it has so long resisted the ravages of time. We can only hope that wealth and science may come to the rescue and preserve to the world some of her most priceless treasures.

VENICE—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

In visiting the Rialto — one of the most ancient spots in Venice—we were reminded vividly of Shylock and of Jessica. Coming thither on a star-lit night, we wondered if we could find the spot where "on such a night" Lorenzo whispered:

VENICE—THE DOGE'S PALACE

"Sit Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of pure gold."

The Square, or Piazza of St. Mark's, is a favourite resort of the people. Here in the afternoon, when the band plays, there is a continuous procession, rich and poor, strangers and natives. At three o'clock the pigeons—the pets of Venice—are fed in the Square, and a pretty sight it is to see them fluttering down.

We had learned to like the gentle, kindly Italians, and in Venice, as elsewhere, the people of to-day appealed to our interest. There is among them a freedom from self-consciousness—a natural ease and grace. The Venetian women wear shawls of brilliant colours, and have a habit of constantly arranging and re-arranging them—always in picturesque lines. The small girls dress exactly like their mothers, and are, indeed, odd little figures. Living is cheap in Venice; life moves in leisurely fashion, and even the very poor seem not unhappy. We loved to move among them and to watch the family groups in the courtyards.

There are various types of beauty in Venice, as occurs in other sea-port towns. The Jewish type is very handsome. A type almost Japanese in appearance largely prevails. We found that the poorer classes may buy a breakfast for one cent; their dinner is, as a rule, "Polenta," a large cake of Indian meal, meat or fish. In the winter season the street-sellers on the Rialto sell "Yucca" (roasted pumpkin), and other curious foods. It is only among the wealthy and in the hotels that stoves are used. The poorer people use braziers, or "Scaldino"—a pot of clay with a handle. Kitchen hearths are very primitive; much like the altars on which, in Biblical days, the Jews sacrificed to Jehovah.

Much of the romance of Venice is connected with the gondola. Its name has been in use since 1094. The present form of the gondola was introduced in the sixteenth century. The gondoliers were deemed people of importance, as

VENICE—A FAMILY AT HOME

compared with the boatmen; and a distinction was made between the "Gondoliere di Casada" (in service in a rich household), and "di traghetto" (of the ferry). In those days the gondoliers were greatly respected, being native Venetians and the sons of gondoliers. There still remain types of the true Venetian. Now, alas! the municipality gives permits to very inferior people, and the old favourite song, "Tasso's Jerusalem," sung sweetly by two gondoliers, breaking with its melancholy sweetness the silence of the Grand Canal, is seldom heard. The mandolin, the harp, the guitar or the flute made a fitting accompaniment, and the older inhabitants say, gave a dreamy and delicate poetry to the night. The modern serenade, they complain, is in no sense "pure Venetian."

Centuries have passed since a little band took refuge from their enemies on an island here. Far off are the days of the aristocracy—farther still those of the Republic. Venice no longer rules the great commerce of the Orient. Her commerce has dwindled; her industries are few. Lace-making and the manufacture of glass still flourish. We—with other tourists—saw the making of many lovely things, and carried safely away vases of fragile and delicate beauty. In looking upon them in our northern home, we can, in imagination, see again the blue of Italian skies and the evanescent colours of her sunset hours.

LANDING A SEVEN-POUND MASKINONGE

A Camera Study of the Maskinonge

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

With Photographs by the Author

FOR many months the snow-laden, ice-bound waters of Rice Lake and the Otonabee River concealed these game fishes from the sight of the casual observer; beneath, in the dark waters, the maskinonge, the Great Ke-nojah as the Mississaugas call them, still fed and swam. While waiting for the "break-up" we often studied this big, wary, hard fighter. Taught by the red man we learned how to cut with sharp ice chisel the round hole through three feet of sparkling blue ice, erect the red willow arches over the hole, lay the furs on the ice, cover the head with thick robes, and stare into the dimness beneath until we could distinguish clearly the huge fish darting after their prey below us.

Spring came on apace. At last one bright April day the "ice-shove" passed, with all its lessons of Nature's power, a rushing, crashing, destroying mass of high-piled cakes, roaring on its way. Within an hour the sinking sun showed only a calm, unrippled river, reflecting the dainty pinks of sunset, with here and there a sudden splash, showing that the maskinonge were already enjoying their new-found freedom.

Luckily for the sportsmen in these parts the depth of the water saves these noble fish through all the winter months. Farther north this was not the case. In some of the shallow lakes, when the winter has been very cold, the ice forms to such a depth as to leave too little space and food and breathing room; into the deeper shallows left the big fishes crowd, and when the ice melts the sorry picture of hundreds of these great fish floating dead on the surface is seen. Two years ago

RARE PICTURE OF A FEMALE MASKINONGE IN THE SPAWNING GROUNDS. SHE IS LYING "OUT" ON THE WATER, HEAD TO THE RIGHT AND TAIL TO THE LEFT

Lake Scugog suffered; last year the shallow creeks around Rice Lake claimed a number of maskinonge. Another cause of the scarcity of this fish is to be found in the numbers of small young maskinonge that are left by the receding water each summer in our drowned lands, in the pond-holes. Here, where the water is shallow just before the ice makes, every fish perishes before the succeeding spring. Others to be placed in the obituary column are those that form food for the herons, the bass, the maskinonge themselves, as all these finny tribes are cannibals of the most pronounced type.

Come with us for a trip into these far-reaching drowned lands and deep creeks, in spirit, as so many of my friends have in the flesh, and see these wonders by the aid of camera and notebook. It is our pleasant life to follow the feathered game, game fishes and small fur-bearers, so note the canoe you are going in, half filled with cameras, camera floats to sustain the machines in place near where we hope to get a picture of some very shy webfooted or scaly one, my ever hungry assistant Fritz—and away we go.

The marshes bordering the river are open and the water has started to rise. The floods reach into the deep secluded places, far back into cedar swamp and dark black alder swale. These are the hidden places in which the big fish love to spawn. Day after day the melting snow and ice and northern feed streams have poured down their floods of cold clear water; the sun gaining in strength has gradually warmed this to the right temperature, for these great, hardy fish are careful mothers, and all conditions must be right before they spawn.

The first day the maskinonge, in small schools, or more often singly, splash and roll beside the sunken wild rice beds that edge the river. As near as we can note the small males swim together, the great males alone, and the females entirely by themselves. Our method of judging these is by noting all the different fish that rise

RARE PICTURE OF THE HEAD OF A MALE MASKINONGE, SEEN PASSING UNDER AN OLD LOG

before our paddle strokes for the entire week or ten days that they play in the river. The males are usually longer and more shapely than the spawn-laden female. Towards the end of this period a pair will be seen rising and playing together—sure sign that next day they will be in the marshes and drowned lands seeking the most secluded spot to deposit the spawn.

The rising water by this time has covered the drowned lands, raised the floating bog, submerged all the tangled reed and flag and rush-covered marsh, and opened up the way to the grass-grown lands, far back from the river, covered with about three to six inches of water. It may be distance that attracts this usually wise fish, but why they will pass the safe shallow marshlands, deep tangles in the cedars, and choose these flooded fields to lay their spawn on is beyond me. Almost every year the water falls so rapidly after spawning that every particle of the spawn laid is left high and dry in the sun. Every egg perishes. The high water years, about one in six, allow all this spawn to hatch out and fall back with the decreasing flood. Nature has its unfailing natural laws. Were all the eggs in all the spawn that is yearly laid around this old hunting lake to reach maturity, the water would be turned into a loathsome mass of dying fish, and a certain order of bipeds would become scarcer.

There is one secluded marshy bay, far up Oak Orchard Creek, a bay all filled with floating bog, wild rice beds, cedar swamp and low grassy fields, all intersected by winding channels, the dry, yellow, wind-tossed marsh and rippling blue waters, a dainty game scene. All the feathered ones were arriving; black ducks quacking on the bog, red-heads and canvas-backs seeking the early snail and luscious wild celery, rails uttering their hoarse croak so disproportionate to their plump bodies. The crakes and mudhens ran pattering into the rushes. The great maskinonge splashed and circled in the calm places. Overhead a bright

April sun poured out its warm rays. Into this animated scene our canoe glided like a shadow. There was a great quacking and calling and winnowing away of startled birds, gaunt herons sprang with that hoarse croak of theirs, huge turtles went splashing off the logs. All the game disappeared as if by magic, all but the spawning maskinonge; they swam along undisturbed, unnoticing.

HANDLING A MASKINONGE CAUGHT BY TROLLING

Slowly creeping along the bog edge, gently pushing the canoe with paddle tip or drawing it along by grasping the flags of the bog, we approached the first pair, a male about eight pounds weight and a female that would tip the scales at fully twenty-five. "They love not wisely but too well," as they always choose a much larger female for mate. There seems to be several reasons for this. Spearing, that curse of all game fish lakes, has been carried to excess here, but the wiser of the devastators spared the big female, with hopes of continued slaughter. Many a case there has been where these fish "hogs" have fed these noble maskinonge to certain land animals that differed from themselves only in the fact that they walk on four feet. Every spring sees the species passing away before the spears of the farmers that live on the banks of Rice Lake.

Let us return to our bay—here were the very fish I wanted for a picture. Now was it possible to get one? The canoe lay with its bow pointing northeast, a good position for the afternoon sun. Through the bog beside us was an opening that led right into a grassy drowned field beyond, a field about one hundred yards long, the water in the deepest place not more than a foot in depth, and judging from the circles and tiny waves in many parts of it there were about six pairs of fishes spawning in it. We pushed the canoe right up to the opening, then turned it slowly and carefully in. The camera was set for a "snap," and I lay over the bow holding it.

There was one pair not more than fifteen feet away, slowly swimming towards the canoe, the male about a twelve-pounder, the female about eighteen. My

JUST CAUGHT—AN EIGHT, A SEVEN AND A TEN-POUNDER

head was held close to the deck and they came right alongside; every mark and motion was visible. She was not spawning yet; he was as close beside her as you could hold your hands together, both just fanning with their fins. I could have touched them any time by simply lowering my hand. For fully ten minutes they swam around within a paddle length. I had my head above the camera now. One instant he rose and showed his head, but although I snapped I missed him, so quick was he. Fixing the camera made them swim off, but another pair, with a female that would go several pounds heavier, came slowly along, half circling back and forth.

I was pretty well cramped by this time, and I could feel Fritz shivering with keen delight. Now she swam with her whole back exposed. On they came. It will make any man's heart beat the faster to see a pair of these gamy fish within a few feet of his nose. At ten feet they stopped and swam backwards and forwards. Once she was "out" from eyes to tail and I got a good shot. Three other tries were blanks. In the next I caught him just as he came up and "out," passing under an old log.

We pushed the canoe through the passage and let her drift across the pond, our hands trailing in the water, our heads resting on the gunwales, our eyes shaded by our caps, peering downwards. The fish evidently mistook the canoe for a log, for they showed not the slightest, faintest sign of alarm. I counted a small male passing under the canoe twenty times, then I lost count wondering why he was in here alone. His mate, no doubt, had sailed struggling up out of the water bleeding and trembling on the point of a spear. Many times we felt the current of passing fish on our hands. Once Fritz whispered in glee, "That one touched me." This is perfectly feasible. A guide I know told a sportsman he could paddle him up until he could grasp the big fish, and bet him five he could not hold it. The guide made good his word, and although the bowman got a good fair grasp of the fish just back of the top fin, he could no more hold him than so much water. I think if the fingers were quick enough to penetrate the gills—from the back I mean—the fish could be pulled out, but woe betide the hand that gets in a maskinonge's mouth. The wound made by the triangular teeth is very sore and hard to heal. Meanwhile our big fish has been swimming back and forth in a forty-foot circle, depositing her spawn, the male in close attendance rolling beside her, following her every movement, bending when she bends, rising when she rises, impregnating the spawn; their dark green bodies looking so attractive in

the shallow water, their motions the acme of skill and strength.

The canoe drifted stern on and lodged against a piece of bog. I carefully drove the "push-pole" down and here we stayed, charmed by the odd scene. It was familiar enough to both of us, but we had never photographed it before, and this lent zest and supplied the necessary work.

The lone male kept swimming around, never once approaching the mated fish. There were fifteen in this small pond, as nearly as we could make out. One pair turned and swam straight out of the opening; they do not stay and guard the spawn as the bass does.

At times when the surface of the water was unruffled by the wind, every pair could be located by fins or tail or circles left. Once a muskrat swam across; but excepting those fish he approached too closely, no notice was taken of him. Blue herons passing overhead created no alarm. Not until a heavy cloud covered the sun, and our shivering told us it was time to go home and we paddled out, did they show fright; and then they only swam a few yards, and immediately quieted down. These fish stay in the marsh for several days. Two weeks from the time they first appear all have been in, and a few days later, if the water has not fallen and left it exposed, the spawn is hatched. From six to ten days seems to be the length of time used in this operation, depending on the warmth of the water and direct rays of the sun.

Now comes the evil days for the fry. Every mouth is open to receive them, and only a small proportion reach the river. Here the universal game of Nature, eat or be eaten, continues, and it is wonderful that any reach the age of the female in the picture. She is not far from thirty pounds weight, and according to authorities should be fully one hundred years old. Think of the many times she has visited these marshes, the many years she has spawned on the one chosen spot!

No sooner have the maskinonge left the marshes than the falling water directs them lakewards. In May and June they play and feed along the shores; in July and August they seek the rice beds and maskinonge weed beds in midlake, where they offer good hard, exciting work to the canoeist with fifty feet of line and glittering single or double bait, silver for dark days, copper for the bright ones. A speed of three miles an hour, lots of patience, a quick jerk to set the hook "in" the moment he takes the bait in his mouth, a steady strong pull, slip the hand right down the line until the bait is almost touched, lift up and outward (unless he is over ten lbs., then kill him in the water or gaff him), avoid striking the canoe gunwale, strike him on the head—and take a good look at the quivering, dying maskinonge I have been trying to tell you about.

La Chasse-Galerie

By M. B. PARENT

MADELON was certainly not a globe-trotter. She had never visited the great cities of Europe, had never crossed or even seen the ocean. In fact, she had never been in Quebec or in Montreal. Apart from the little village in her native parish, she had visited Masca (St. Hyacinthe), but that was all. And yet she knew a great many things, and wonderful things too, such as are seldom, if ever, dreamt of in our philosophy. She knew all about *le grand crapaud blanc*, the great white toad which is found in removing an old barn, and knew the sad experience of the unfortunate who dares meddle with it. She knew several instances of people who had, at the four divisions of the road, sold the black hen to the Devil for half a bushel of silver coins. Besides, and especially, she had seen with her own eyes *la chasse-galerie* in broad daylight.

And this is how it happened. It was

on a Sunday afternoon between mass and vespers. One could hear in the distance a song of boatmen. Gradually it drew nearer and nearer, until one could hear the sound of the paddles—plook, plook, plook! Finally, she could see a bark canoe floating in the air with several men in it, and passing at a great rate. All at once, crousht! it struck the cross on the steeple of the church. One of the boatmen shouted: "*Pousse, pousse au large. On n'est pas loin des attirrages ici!*" (Push, push to the offing. We are not far from the landing here). The canoe curved to the left and soon disappeared in the clouds. Holy Virgin, how the Devil is powerful in these days! What are we coming to?

In years gone by, if a chasse-galerie had passed a hundred feet from a church, fifty feet from a blessed palm, or any object in the shape of a cross, it would have been dashed to the ground at once, and those who rode in it cut into sausage meat. Now to prove this, Madelon would sit squarely in her rocking-chair, eye every person in the room, spread her homespun apron on her knees, and tell over again the following story:

In the parish of St. D——, on the Pirvir Road, lived, over fifty years ago, Jean-Baptiste Larue, grown-up son of Pierre Larue, a farmer, both well known and considered honest. Honest but poor, for the farms on the Pirvir are far from good. In the next concession, in the Trente de St. D——, you might have seen, not far from the *montée*, a fine stone house surrounded with comfortable looking outbuildings. These belonged to the Delormes, a well-to-do family. Mr. Delorme had three sons and five daughters. The eldest of these, Marie-Anne, had spent several years in convent, and had not been spoiled, like many others, so as to be unfit for work indoors or out-of-doors. She was, besides, without contest, the prettiest girl in the whole concession.

Now Baptiste was terribly in love with Marie-Anne. She, on the other hand, thought everything of him. They were to be married in the early fall. Baptiste, wishing to earn a little money to start house-keeping, left the farm in the hands of his father and younger brothers, and went away to the United States. It was haying time. He was engaged with a farmer on the shore of Lake Champlain. On a clear and hot Sunday afternoon, while smoking his pipe with his companions as they lay in the shade of an apple tree, he began to dream of home and of his Marie-Anne. Suddenly a pang of jealousy went through his heart like an arrow. He thought he saw five or six rigs standing in a row in front of Père Delorme's place, and a house full of young men having a great time with the girls. Worse than this, he imagined he could see big François Dupré, his rival, flirting with Marie-Anne, and holding her sweet white hands in his own big bear paws, as both young people sat by themselves on the piazza.

He could stand it no longer. He left his comrades and disappeared in the direction of the lake shore. For some time he walked straight before him, not knowing where he went. In his mind revolved a number of things he had not thought of for a long time. They were things that his old bachelor uncle, *le vieux* Toine, who had not been to confession for years, had told him. They were stories of *la chasse-galerie*, how people had travelled long distances in the air at a most marvellous speed. The old man had told him all the secrets, even the magic words without which nothing can be done. Why not make the attempt of a ride home? He hesitated a while, and well could he, for it was no child's play. Finally jealousy got the upper hand.

Once decided, he found himself face to face with a serious difficulty. He had no bark canoe. Now in all Old Toine's narratives a birch bark canoe had been used. What could be done? He was for a moment on the point of giving up, when the Devil came to his aid.

On the sand right before him lay an old canoe, dug out of a pine log—this he had not noticed before. It was cracked and rotten, all unfit for ordinary usage, but might be serviceable for his purpose. He resolved to try it.

He took the bow of the canoe, pointed it to the north, walked seven times around

it calling Lucifer! Lucifer! Lucifer! Then turning it to the east, he repeated the same thing. Finally he placed it carefully in the direction he wanted to go, that is toward St. D——, took a long stick to use both as paddle and rudder, and stepped in. For a moment he stood breathless with fear, hope and remorse. As soon as he could recover enough from his emotions to speak, he shouted in loud tones the magic words: "*Diabolus, Satanas, Abrassacks !*"

All at once the canoe began to rise. Having reached a height of a hundred feet or so, it stopped. At that point a word had to be uttered which he never was willing to repeat, so awful was it. Then the boat started again. Trees, fences, and fields were passing under him at a fearful rate. Whole parishes were covered in less time than it takes to tell it.

Baptiste felt his head like a boiling kettle. Something like a hammer beat violently against his temples. Little by little, however, he grew more calm; everything seemed to go smoothly. The boat itself followed perfectly every motion of his stick. The parish of St. D—— would soon be in sight, so with a gentle stroke of his paddle he slackened the rapidity of his flight.

Before landing, Baptiste wanted to cool down a little, to breathe freely, and instinctively he felt around for his pipe. He put his hand in his pocket, and feeling somewhat nervous, he grabbed both his pipe and his knife. Now, as the Holy Virgin would have it, the pipe stem and the knife took the shape of a cross. Zip! the canoe began to sink like a falling stone. Going at a fair speed yet, it struck a pair of pickets and was ground to pieces. The unfortunate boatman rebounded and was again dashed on the hard sod fifteen feet away. How long he remained there unconscious, would be hard to tell. When he came to, it was night. After long hours of waiting, the day began to dawn. He scarcely dared call for assistance, feeling his guilt so deeply.

A man passing by, looking for his cows in the morning, saw the broken canoe and the poor fellow on the ground. This was in the Soixante of St. D——, two miles only from his home, a mile and a half from the Delormes. The man knew him at once, and took in the whole situation, but he dared not touch him for fear of the Devil's power. He went back home, hitched up his horse and drove to the village for the curé. The curé came in all haste, cast holy water on the unfortunate young man, read his prayer, then ordered the poor fellow to be placed on a cart and taken to his parents.

The scene at his arrival passes all description. His poor mother fainted over and over again. The doctor came and found that the patient had a leg fractured, two ribs broken and a wound in the skull. For many days he lay between life and death.

Marie-Anne, with the curé's advice, kept away from her lover. Six months later she left for the convent, and was never seen again in St. D———. Baptiste slowly recovered, but never was the same man. He remained lame and feeble. Shunned by all his former friends, he decided to leave his native place. Wherever he went, bad luck seemed to follow him. For years he roamed all over the country, leading a miserable existence. Finally he became an ordinary beggar.

"And," added Madelon, "you may have seen him yourselves, with his crooked foot and his eyes *égarrouillés*. He was found dead by the roadside at Coteau des Hêtres. The girl who found him said she saw a strange face looking through the bush behind the corpse, and she ran home. But the Devil is awfully strong to-day."

Having said this, Madelon wiped her mouth with the corner of her apron and crossed herself.

THE HON. DAVID LAIRD
Photo by Steele & Co.

Canadian Celebrities

No. 72—HONOURABLE DAVID LAIRD

IT is the tendency in every age to look back for the great men of a nation. Perhaps it is for this reason we Canadians have set in a high niche apart the memory of many statesmen of the Dominion's earliest constructive period, the political heroes of the Canadian Confederacy which was the chrysalis of the Canadian nation. It may be that lapse of time has influenced our critical perspective in regard to these men. Yet—it may not.

Canada's need of public-spirited men in pre-confederation days brought into public life a galaxy of minds of which any nation might with reason be proud. Theirs were strong, earnest souls that entered with zest into the work of hewing out a nation. Their manhood rejoiced in the hard give-and-take of the struggle; added honours brought with them only a fresh sense of responsibility; they worked in season and out, and their material recompense was not large. But, having given freely of their best to the country and drawn little from it, the country now accords to each a full meed of honour and recognition.

Few of these distinguished survivors of a strenuous period are actively engaged in the administration of the country. Of these last the Hon. David Laird, Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Manitoba

and the Northwest—and the man who, as member of the Mackenzie Government, first organised the Government of the vast West—is a notable instance.

It was well remarked of Mr. Laird last summer that in his presence one feels one's self in the atmosphere of a sacrament of true imperialism. Even if one had never heard men speak of this stately veteran's work as a nation-builder, his personality would speedily reveal the man of achievements. His face is wise and kindly, fine-featured, with a firm mouth and bright, honest eyes; his speech is somewhat deliberate and well-considered; his opinions, always the product of a fine judgment and careful thought, are mellowed with the years he has known; his sympathies are broad and just. About him too there dwells noticeably the calm air of one who has believed much and accomplished much, and who rests now in the knowledge that his country has swung well into the line of nations.

That Canada in its roll-call of public men has not in later years heard more of David Laird is partly because of his devotion to his native province—the smallest in the Dominion—and partly to the exceeding modesty of the man, who is of a most retiring nature. He has been content always to work, avoiding the limelight of political advertising. So he has had sometimes to look on while others were accorded the praise for his efforts, the likely fate of the man to whom public duty is not an empty phrase, but a sacred instinct and office; a trust from God, not an occasion of self-advancement.

Mr. Laird is a son of the Honourable Alexander Laird, for many years a member of the Executive Council of Prince Edward Island, and his wife, Janet Orr, a member of one of the old families of landlords to whom the island colony was at one time granted by the British Crown. He is an admirable type of the Presbyterian Scotsman, earnest, rugged, upright, untiring in industry and kindly and just in addition, for his character has always been marked by a trait too rare in Canada's pioneer days and not too frequently met with now: Mr. Laird, while a strictly orthodox member of his own Church, has always respected the right of other men to differ from him in religious views. Sent, when quite young, to the Presbyterian College at Truro, N.S., he graduated from that institution and entered at once upon journalism—a profession to which the greater part of his life has been devoted. His paper, which has since developed into *The Patriot* of Charlottetown, reflected in its religious character and interest in politics the tendencies of the youthful publisher.

In a short time, as might be expected, Mr. Laird emerged from the rôle of spectator and critic in political affairs. He was elected to the House of Assembly, and his worth making itself felt there he was soon appointed a member of the Executive Council. This was in the storm period of the little colony, when the land troubles had scarcely been settled to the satisfaction of the tenants before the hot warfare for and against confederation began.

In 1873 the struggle—and it was a real struggle with the unwilling colony—had been so effective that delegates were sent to Ottawa to negotiate with the Government the terms upon which the island, at once timid and proud, would enter Confederation. For this delicate and somewhat difficult task the premier, Hon. Mr. Haythorne, and his lieutenant, Mr. David Laird, were chosen. The successful nature of these deliberations may be inferred from the fact that a few months later the island became a constituent part of the Dominion. Mr. Laird was one of the first representatives elected to the Federal House at Ottawa.

It was just at this period that statesmen began to feel the absolute need of closer ties with the vast unorganised stretch of territory vaguely known as the Northwest. A new Department of the Interior, as vast and vague in its scope as the West itself, was added to Mackenzie's incoming administration, and the new portfolio was tendered to Mr. Laird. On the return of the Conservative party to power a few years later this department was of such importance that it was chosen by Sir John Macdonald as his own particular branch of the administration.

Fresh from a political field where matters gained in intensity and importance of detail by the very restrictions of territory they knew, the Honourable Mr.

Laird entered upon his duties with an earnestness and precision already developed, and a natural largeness of mind that had at last met Opportunity. The new minister was an indefatigable worker. Moreover he took the responsibilities of his office very seriously—a marked trait in most men from the Island Province—and nightfall often found him still at work, planning out the wisest way of bringing the policy of the East to the West.

The most pressing matter of state in the West then, in ante-railroad days, was the need of some official rapprochement with the Indians of the plains, and a system of government for them. To this Mr. Laird for a time bent his energies and went in person to Qu'Appelle to negotiate a treaty with several tribes. A large tract of land was purchased for the Government, for which a stipulated sum was to be paid yearly as annuity. Here Mr. Laird first came into immediate contact with these interesting wards of the Crown, and as usual with sympathetic natures, once comprehending the Indian question, the interest kindled then remained always with him. What influence these people had heretofore received from the whites—the pioneer priests and Hudson Bay traders—had been kindly. Mr. Laird, upright, practical, with the leaven of sympathy in him, continued the friendly relations and preserved the administration upon a considerate basis. The Indians consequently came to rely upon the earnest Easterner, and everywhere gave him the soubriquet—"The-man-whose-tongue-is-not-forked."

Mr. Laird's first visit to the West gave him a clear idea of its immensity, his own foresight indicating its potentialities, and he returned east with a fuller understanding of the scope of his work. The following year provision was made for the government of the Northwest as a distinct territory instead of an indefinite administrative annex to Manitoba. Mr. Laird was obviously the man for the place, so in 1876 he again crossed the prairies, this time bound for Battleford as the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He was accompanied by Amedee Forget, his private secretary, now the Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan.

In the following autumn Mrs. Laird and her children went west over the long waggon trail across the prairies, and the new Government House received its first and very winsome chatelaine. Mrs. Laird, the daughter of Thomas Owen, of Charlottetown, was a charming young woman who had been a favourite in the gay colonial-English society of grey old Charlottetown. Petite, pretty, with the radiant calm of a womanhood that is at once cheerful and sympathetic, offering a supplementing contrast of manner and appearance to the tall, serious-faced statesman, Mrs. Laird at Battleford dispensed Western hospitality in the same delightful manner that characterised her home life and social entertainments in later years.

Hospitality at this remote seat of government then was a comprehensive thing, including such extremes as the entertainment of the Marquis of Lorne and the frequent reception of deputations of Indians.

This latter duty, however, fell principally upon the Governor; each week bringing fresh deputations, as smoky though not as silent as Kipling's guide, and to whom Mr. Laird listened with the dignified patience that endeared him to them.

In 1877 Mr. Laird presided at the treaty with the Blackfeet nation, meeting there the historical chief Crowfoot, an Indian statesman of whom Mr. Laird has more than once pronounced characteristic canny Scotch praise, which interpreted into freer English might be envied by white men of public affairs. At this treaty the negotiations, which lasted five days, were conducted with all the pomp of Blackfeet ceremonials. Not all of the chiefs present entered into the treaty then, although there must have been impelling temptation in the sight of the first treaty-payment and the wonders effected by money at the traders' camps pitched nearby.

However, the feelings of all the different parties assembled were as friendly as could be desired, and the pungent kinnikinnik in the pipe of peace blended well with the tobacco from the white men's stores.

In 1879, when the diminishing bands of

buffalo had at last been practically and suddenly exterminated by Sitting Bull and his brother-fugitives from the American Government, starvation stalked through the land of the Sarcees and Blackfeet. In their tribal councils the Indians decided to go to Battleford and seek assistance from their friend there. Acting upon this idea, over a thousand were soon camped about the Government quarters where flour and fish were distributed to them. To those who had been too weak to follow the trail provisions were sent in waggons.

By communicating with Sir John Macdonald, then in power at Ottawa, Governor Laird secured after some months large quantities of flour and bacon, which, being systematically distributed, warded off the worst results of the impending famine. In this way was the passing of the buffalo from the Canadian West marked.

In 1881 Mr. Laird's term as Governor expired, and he came east. Returning to Prince Edward Island, he resumed control of *The Patriot.* He lived in Charlottetown for years upholding steadfastly, determinedly, the principles which to his best belief should govern politics and religion as it affected public life. It was a career that yielded scanty monetary returns, but much enviable regard from honourable men of all parties. It was such a life as might be expected of a man who had been Mackenzie's colleague and personal friend, the integrity of each having doubtless been the basis of their mutual regard.

In 1898 Mr. Laird again journeyed to the West to take the position of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, an office for which his former experience and continued interest eminently qualified him. He was accompanied this time only by his daughter, for the charming helpmate who brightened that first Government House on the prairies had died not long before.

It is almost unbelievable that the "golden west" of to-day, the inspiration alike of politicians, homeseekers and immigration agents, has evolved from the trackless prairieland to which Governor Laird went thirty years ago, and which he quaintly termed to his friends then —"my parish." Even this man, who long ago had urged upon his colleagues fuller recognition of its potentialities, expresses himself amazed at the transformation wrought in so brief a period.

Men have so far been too busy making history in the West to find time for writing it, so what Mr. Laird and others have done in the past has merely gone into blue books in the baldest of language. Some day, however, these will be brought up to the light again and given an adequate place in Canadian history.

Katherine Hughes.

Truth

BY INGLIS MORSE

O VERITAS, thine is the face
Expressive of the goal,
And tortuous ways long sought by men
Through wanderings of the Soul!

De Mille, the Man and the Writer

With Reproductions of his Pen-and-Ink Sketches

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

FROM DE MILLE'S NOTE-BOOK AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

THERE are several good reasons why De Mille should be better known. He was, in his time, the widest read and the most productive of Canadian writers. He is still in many ways the most remarkable. As a teacher, he was one of the most capable and best loved men that ever sat in a professor's chair. After the lapse of a quarter of a century* his old students write and talk of him with deep affection and respect—an honour accorded to few. Moreover, in the interests of justice, it is high time that some authoritative deliverance should be made regarding him. In the twenty-six years that have passed since his death, no adequate or even trustworthy account of his life and work has been given to the world. Dictionaries of Canadian biography have appeared full of the illustrious obscure, that did not even print his name. The statements that have gone abroad are meagre and sometimes absurd. Even malice has been at work. It is time that the truth should be told.

Such men as DeMille are rare, especially in a young country like ours, slowly struggling upwards to competence, political freedom and culture. He seems to have cared nothing for literary reputation; he never pushed himself into the public view; he knew none of the arts of self-advertisement, or of literary log-rolling. He was the very reverse of a popularity hunter. He was known only to his own family and small circle of friends. He is now beyond our praise and blame, but it is not too late to do simple justice to his memory—to give the facts and let them speak. "He was better worth knowing," said one who knew him well, and whose fault was not to over-praise, "than half the people who have memoirs written of them."

II

His life divides itself into two periods: a long apprenticeship for his life-work, and then nineteen years allotted to him for the quiet doing of it, till—the night came in which no man can work. In his parentage he was fortunate in being a thorough Canadian. The Demill family is probably of Loyalist origin, the first Demills or DeMiltz's coming from the State of New York. More than half a century ago Nathan S. Demill was a well-to-do merchant and shipowner in the old Loyalist city of St. John. He was a prominent leader in the Baptist Church, and a liberal contributor to its support. For many years he was a governor of Acadia College. He was a man of strongly marked character, approaching eccentricity, noted for his stalwart frame, his florid, rugged

*See the interesting article by the Rev. A. Wylie Mahon in *The Westminster* for November, 1905.

FROM DE MILLE'S NOTE-BOOK AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

A SCHOOL-BOY'S DRAWING

face, "like Abraham Lincoln's," said a friend, and his unbending Puritanism. At a time when total abstinence was regarded as a mild form of lunacy, he was known as "Cold-water Demill." Stories are told of his starting a barrel of rum into the harbour, which had somehow been smuggled into one of his ships; at another time he burned a package of novels that had found their way into a cargo. Mrs. Demill belonged to a well-known family, the Budds of Digby, and was descended from a surgeon who served on our side in the Revolutionary war. She is described by those who knew her, as a charming old lady, very quiet and retiring. She passed away only a few years ago in the old house at Carleton.* The first son was named Budd, following the time-honoured provincial fashion of giving children family names, and grew up to be a brilliant man. He was well known as a minister of the Baptist Church, and, through life, the closest friend of his brother James. Our author was born on Aug. 23, 1833, the third of a large family. From his father he inherited his great energy and capacity for work, and from his mother the gentleness and sweet temper for which he was also noted.

THE LATE JAMES DE MILLE
Photo by Notman, Halifax

The elder Demill seems rather to have disparaged book-learning, and put the two boys at an early age into his counting-house. But their love for knowledge was not to be denied. They read not only the prohibited novels, but they kept more serious works in their desks to study from, as opportunity offered. At the age of fifteen, James was sent to Horton Academy, and spent one year in the preparatory department. In 1849, he matriculated at Acadia College and his name stands first on the list of students entering. As far as can be gathered from the "B.O.W.C." books, which deal with the adventures of himself and his friends at Wolfville, his school life was full of innocent pranks and boyish frolic, in which he took a leading part. He was evidently the fun-maker for the school. But though he took his share in all sport, he was not backward in his studies. This is shown by the position which his name

*A suburb of St. John. The Carleton property is now a public park.

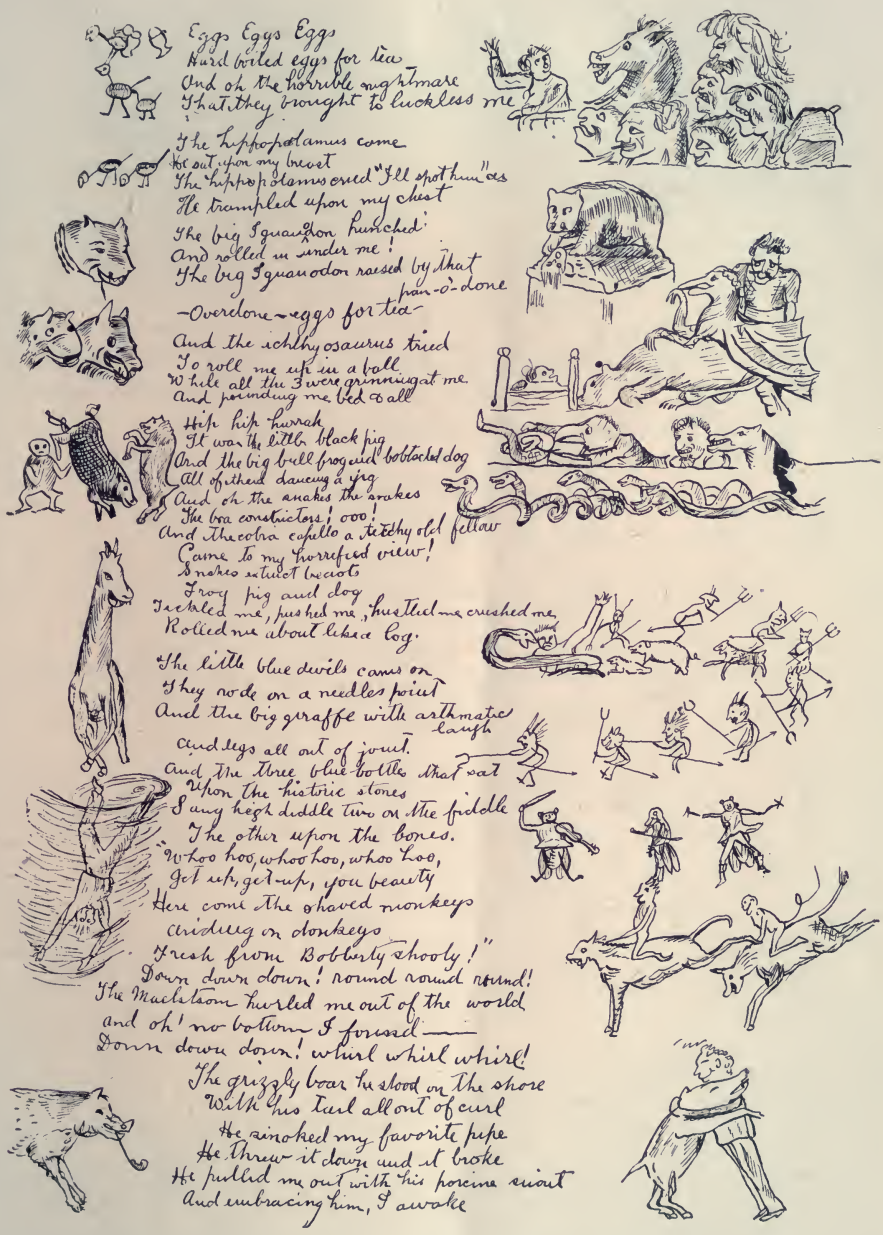
holds on the list of matriculants, and by the fact that after an interval of a year and a half, he was able to enter the sophomore year at Brown University and proceed in course to the degree of Master of Arts, having spent no more than his freshman year at Acadia. This interruption of his studies exercised a most important influence upon his whole life.

This great event was nothing less than a tour in Europe, a luxury in which, even now, very few Canadian boys of seventeen can afford to indulge. He has left us a very interesting MS account of his travels* which throws much light on this period and on his own character. Unfortunately, it was written some time after his return, and has not the freshness of first impressions jotted down as they are made. When Budd and James De Mille set out from St. John for Quebec to take passage in their father's ship, they had to sweep a wide circle in order to reach their destination. There was no Dominion of Canada then; the union of Ontario and Quebec was only a few years old; no Intercolonial Railway bound the scattered provinces together. The two boys had to travel by steamer to Portland, but even there they could not begin their journey westward; there was no Grand Trunk to be built for years. They had to go on to Boston. Portland, James notes, is not unlike St. John. It is only by the constant nasal twang and the tall forms of "Varmonters," as he calls them, "flitting by," that he would know he was on foreign soil. From Boston, the brothers went by rail and stage-coach to Burlington, Vermont, and thence by steamer down Lake Champlain to St. Johns, a small village near the outlet of the lake. The sight of "a dingy, rickety warehouse; a tumble-down, dilapidated wharf, and a solitary red-coated soldier" apprised them that they were once more on British territory. Here they were greatly "surprised" to find traces of civilisation in the shape of a railway that ran to La Prairie, whence they crossed in a ferry-boat to Montreal.

With all its monuments, historical associations and more solid splendours, Boston did not call forth half so much comment as Montreal. "After tea we walked about Montreal and were by no means ashamed of the capital of British America. We gazed with pride and admiration at the magnificent granite quays which are built along the bank of the river; at the splendid market house and its shining dome, and after threading our bewildered way through (what seemed to us) myriads of French cabmen, we were lost in wonder, as immediately before us rose up the lofty, massive towers of Notre Dame." They cannot express their admiration of the "magnificent" streets, churches and private residences, and when they climb the mountain and look at the city from the summit, they become enthusiastic. James calls it "one of the grandest views that can be met with in any land." The praise is not too high, as anyone will admit who has seen the great city, the green fields, the broad blue river and the distant cloud-like mountains under the splendours of a July sun.

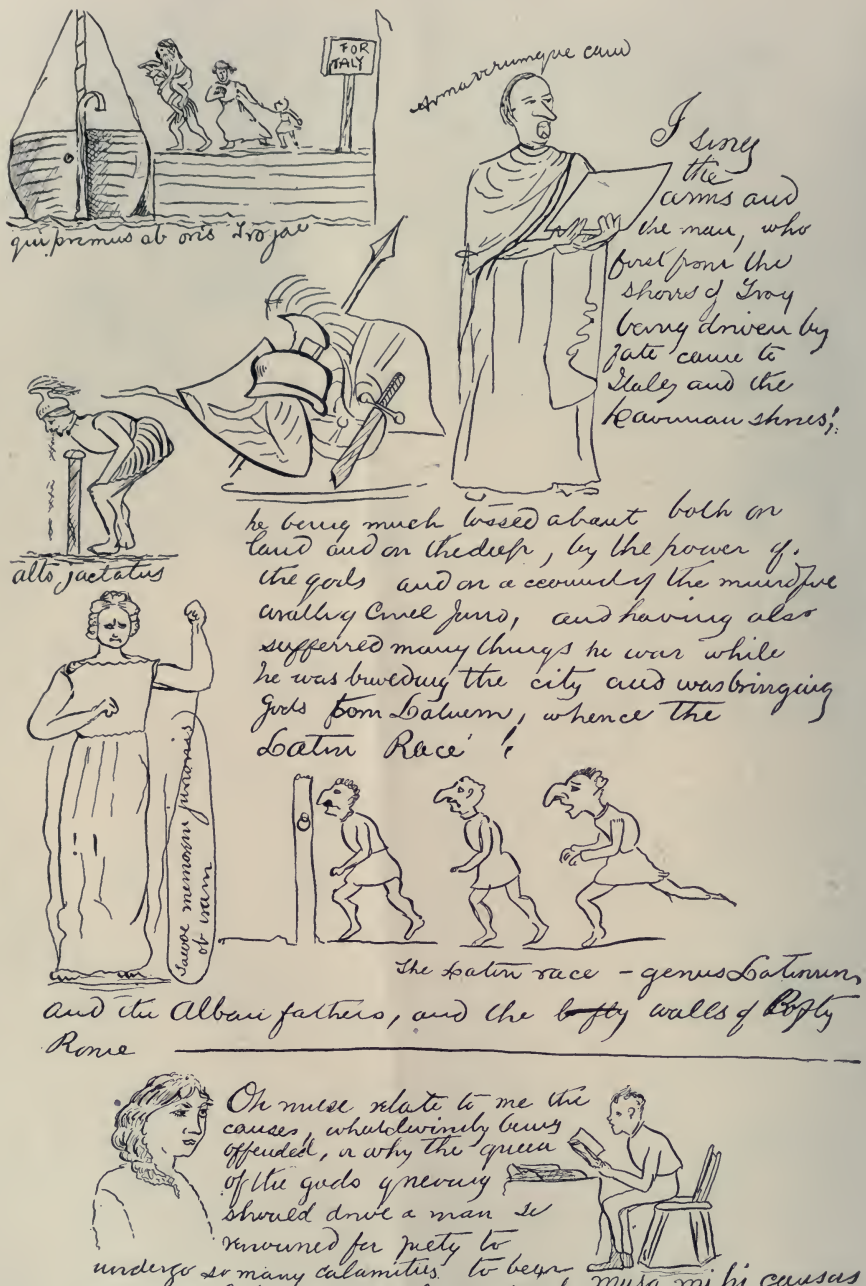
Incidentally the youthful tourist mentions passing the ruins of the Parliament buildings, burned by the mob in Lord Elgin's administration; and he was evidently struck by the contrast between that shameful spot and the magnificence of the rest of the city, on which he and his brother "gazed with the admiration of novices." There is a strong admixture of patriotism in all the young New Brunswicker's enthusiasms. Boston is slighted in favour of Montreal, because it is a foreign city. His preference for his own country comes up again and again. For instance, in Florence, he writes: "The women are celebrated for their beauty, but in Nova Scotia——." The hiatus is very expressive. After a very short stay in Montreal, the tourists ran down by steamer to Quebec, and spent three weeks there "very pleasantly," waiting probably for the ship to complete her lading. On the 22nd of August, 1850, they began their voyage, admiring the river scenery, which it was not then orthodox to admire. No country has such a magnificent gateway as Canada. After a fair run of thirty days, with only a short spell of bad weather, they reached Liverpool. The voyage was one of "uncommon enjoyment" because they

*It consists of nine chapters altogether; four are devoted to England, Scotland, Wales, France, and five to Italy.


Eggs Eggs Eggs
Hard boiled eggs for tea
And oh the horrible nightmare
That they brought to luckless me
The hippopotamus came
Sat out upon my breast
The hippopotamus cried "I'll spot him" as
He trampled upon my chest
The big Iguanodon hunched
And rolled me under me!
The big Iguanodon raised by that
pan-o-lone
-Overdone-eggs for tea-
And the ichthyosaurus tried
To roll me up in a ball
While all the 3 were grinning at me.
And pounding me bed & all
Hip hip hurrah
It was the little black pig
And the big bull frog and bobtailed dog
All of them dancing a jig
And oh the snakes the snakes
The boa constictors! ooo!
And the cobra capello a toothy old fellow
Came to my horrified view!
Snakes in twos & threes
Frog pig and dog
Tickled me, pushed me, hustled me crushed me
Rolled me about like a log.
The little blue devils came on
They rode on a needles point
And the big giraffe with arthmatic
laugh
And legs all out of joint.
And the three blue bottle that sat
Upon the historic stones
Sang high diddle two on the fiddle
The other upon the bones.
Whoo hoo, whoo hoo, whoo hoo,
Get up, get up, you beauty
Here come the shaved monkeys
Astride on donkeys
Fresh from Bobbety shooly!"
Down down down! round round round!
The Maelstrom hurled me out of the world
and oh! no bottom I forsaw —
Down down down! whirl whirl whirl!
The grizzly boar he stood on the shore
With his tail all out of curl
He smoked my favorite pipe
He threw it down and it broke
He pulled me out with his porcine snout
And embracing him, I awoke

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "EGGS, EGGS, EGGS," FROM THE DODGE CLUB

A fac-simile of a page of De Mille's MS.


FOR ITALY
quipremus ab oris Trojae
Arma virumque cano
I sing the arms and the man, who first from the shores of Troy being driven by fate came to Italy and the Lavinian shores!
allo jactatus
he being much tossed about both on land and on the deep, by the power of the gods and on account of the mindful unkilly cruel Juno, and having also sufferred many things he war while he was bruedng the city and was bringing gods fom Latium, whence the Latin Race!
Sacræ memoras furorem
of wrath
The latin race - genus Latinum
and the Albani fathers, and the lofty walls of Rome
Oh muse relate to me the causes, whereby wounded, a why the queen of the gods grieving should drive a man so renowned for piety to undergo so many calamities to begin so many labors - are there such great angers in celestial minds
Musa mihi causas memora

FROM MS TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL MADE FOR HIS CHILDREN

A fac-simile of a page of De Mille's MS.

were "well supplied with books both for reading and studying" and managed to pick up enough French and Italian on the voyage to serve all traveller's purposes while on the continent.

The temptation to give an extended account of this tour is almost too great, but having an eye to proportion, I must condense. From Liverpool as their headquarters, the brothers made two short walking tours into North Wales and Scotland. They saw Glasgow, the Highlands, Edinburgh, then returning to Liverpool, they made a hasty run through England. Crossing to Calais, they went to Boulogne and thence to Paris. Then they followed the old diligence line, the route of the *Sentimental Journey*, through central France to Marseilles. Here they took the steamer to Genoa, where, through some informality in their passports, they were not allowed to land, so they passed on to Leghorn. They wintered in Italy, travelling leisurely about from Florence to Rome and Naples, and thence back again to Padua, Venice and Milan, making the sight-seers' diligent rounds of gallery and cathedral. This part of the MS travels is somewhat disappointing; at times it reads too much like a guide-book, with liberal quotations from "Childe Harold."* Still there are fresh touches, as when he notes, with distinct approval, the old font with five places for immersion in the Baptistery at Florence. On leaving Italy for Switzerland, he sums up his impressions in the following characteristic manner: "We thought of leaving Italy at that time without regret, for although we had spent several very pleasant months there, and had seen more beauty and places of interest than in our whole former lives, still we were tired of wandering continually about and longed for some settled habitation. Our reminiscences of 'sweet and sunny Italy' were and always will be pleasant, for in that land we had passed very many exceedingly happy days. Having seen it we felt as if nothing more remained. The remembrance of its magnificent cities, its captivating scenery, its sublime public edifices and glorious works of art was indelibly impressed upon our memories. We had seen all of Italy we wished and rather too much of the Italians, concerning whom, our sentiments at the time of our departure were widely different from those which we entertained upon our arrival. Then we felt sorry for the poor, oppressed, noble-minded Italians, whose only admiration was the glorious liberty of past ages, and whose only aspiration was for freedom. But after having been cheated in every town in the country by ragged vagabonds who would gladly sell themselves for a sixpence, after having met with roguery in every spot of that classic land, our views with regard to its inhabitants were rather contemptuous. Afterwards the remembrance of villainy passed away and there remained only a pleasing and immovable recollection of 'the garden of the world.'"

It would be hard to over-estimate the influence which these eighteen months abroad exerted upon the whole of De Mille's subsequent career. For a talented boy, in the most impressionable period of his life, to come into direct contact with old-world civilisation was in itself a liberal education. The effect of this tour in broadening his mind and stimulating his inventive faculty cannot be calculated; for at this time he probably received his first impulse to write.* When we consider his novels, we shall find that nearly all his literary material is drawn from his experiences in Italy. The scene of almost every tale is laid in "that land of lands"; or at least the personages spend some time there. Of all the countries he visited, Italy seems to have left upon his mind the most vivid and lasting impressions. In passing, I may mention, to show the mushroom growth of legend† and myth, that

*This seems to have been a great favourite of De Mille's. His students at Acadia called him Childe Harold, from his well-known preference.

*Among De Mille's books presented to Dalhousie College by the family are a number of French and Italian classics, bearing the dates 1850-51. They are small pocket editions, evidently bought with an eye to ease of transportation.

†Legend has been busy with De Mille's name. The statement that he was one of our Canadians who went to the United States has been repeatedly made, even by the well-informed. *A propos* of his name, he was the first to add the French-looking "e" to the

more than one intimate friend of De Mille's has told me that he and his wife were captured by brigands in Italy and held for ransom.

Apparently the brothers did not return home until near the end of 1851; for it was not until February, 1852, that De Mille was able to resume his long interrupted college course. Instead of returning to Acadia, he entered Brown University in Providence, R.I., in the second half of the sophomore year. The choice of this college is probably due to the fact that, like Acadia, it was a Baptist College. In July, 1854, he graduated Master of Arts, without the preliminary step of the Bachelor's degree, as was possible at that time. He won for himself no distinction in the routine college work; he took no prizes and "his average mark is rather low." This need excite no surprise. As Fluellen says: "There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things." In a case in the Library of Dalhousie College is a note-book of De Mille's which repays examination. It contains notes on chemistry and rhetoric courses, carefully enough written, but the interest lies in the "illumination" of the margins. Pen-and-ink sketches bodying forth all kinds of queer fancies have been deftly drawn between the lecturer's sentences.* De Mille was an accomplished penman, his MSS are miracles of neatness and accuracy; and an expert draughtsman, especially of caricatures. The latter gift he exercised constantly, like his talent for burlesque verses and "taking off" people, for the delight of his family and friends, and the effect of his fun was always heightened by the Quaker-like gravity of the artist. This note-book shows his earliest discoverable efforts in this direction, and is a mute witness that he could not have profited greatly by the lectures he was taking down. Almost every page swarms with comic shapes—parrots in dress suits, Turks, Chinamen, ancient Romans, ships in full sail, grotesques, masques, caricatures, a young lady as a pith-ball, the professor of Chemistry as an angel, with a piece of apparatus in his hand; and so on in endless variety. Some of them are extremely minute, mere thumb-nail sketches, but it is noticeable that nearly all the drawings are finished, and very few spoiled. Evidently he could put into shape any quaint fancy that came into his head. His ships are particularly spirited. One of them, forming the initial to this article, represents a battered old two-decker, the stern view, with the Union Jack flying *above* the Stars and Stripes. Underneath is the first line of Holmes's poem, which was new in the fifties, "Ay, haul her tattered ensign down." His sentiments can be readily discerned. Noticeable also is the detail that nearly all his figures, sprightly young ladies, horses and heathen philosophers have pipes in their mouths. This also reveals the artist's sympathies, for already he smoked, as Carlyle would say, "infinite tobacco."

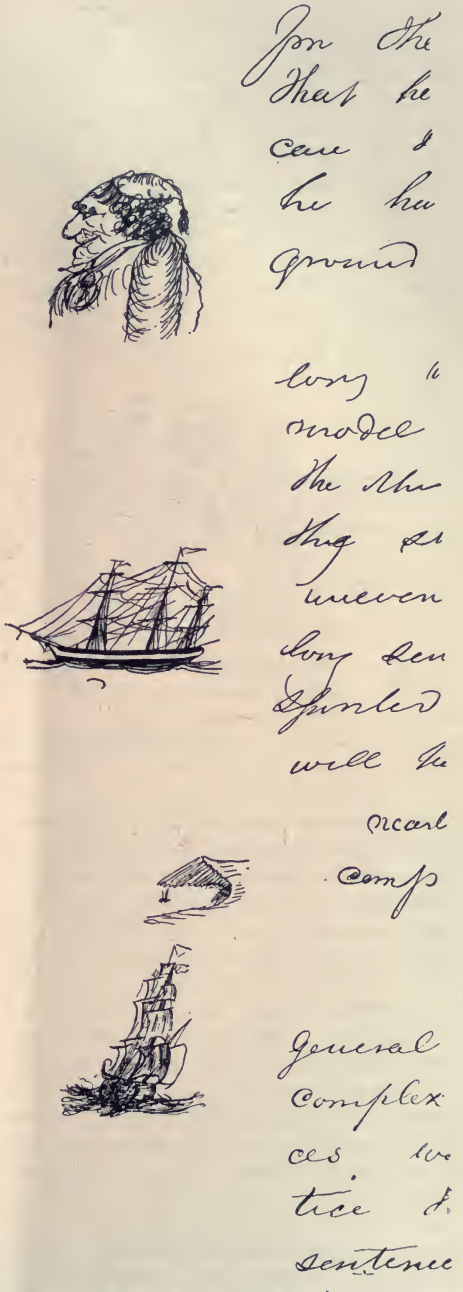
His time for study must have been further contracted by the amount of writing which he did for the press. He contributed at this time to various "story papers," like the *Waverly Magazine*, of Boston. His tales brought him in no little money, but De Mille himself looked upon them as good jokes, and would laugh consumedly at their extravagance in plot, situation and language. His first serious success was getting into *Putnam's*, the *Century* of the period. This was an article on a notable Canadian subject, "Acadia, the Home of Evangeline," the first of many on this theme. Nothing that he did cost him effort. He was in the habit of carrying a note-book in his pocket in those college days, and as his bright ideas flashed upon his mind, he would get them down, pausing in a walk or breaking off a conversation to do so. Then, having reached his room, he would sit down at his desk and dash off a story at top speed, never pausing for a word or expression, and never revising what he wrote. Then off went the manuscript to the printer, all hot. For work done so easily he was well paid; no wonder he did it. The same fluency he displayed to the admiration of his chums, in studying and in the classroom. In preparing the work for

Dutch Demill, for which he was laughed at in St. John; other members of the family kept the old spelling. A man has a right to spell his name as he chooses. Hume's family spelt it Home.

*The illustrations for the present article represent only a few of the sketches that might be used.

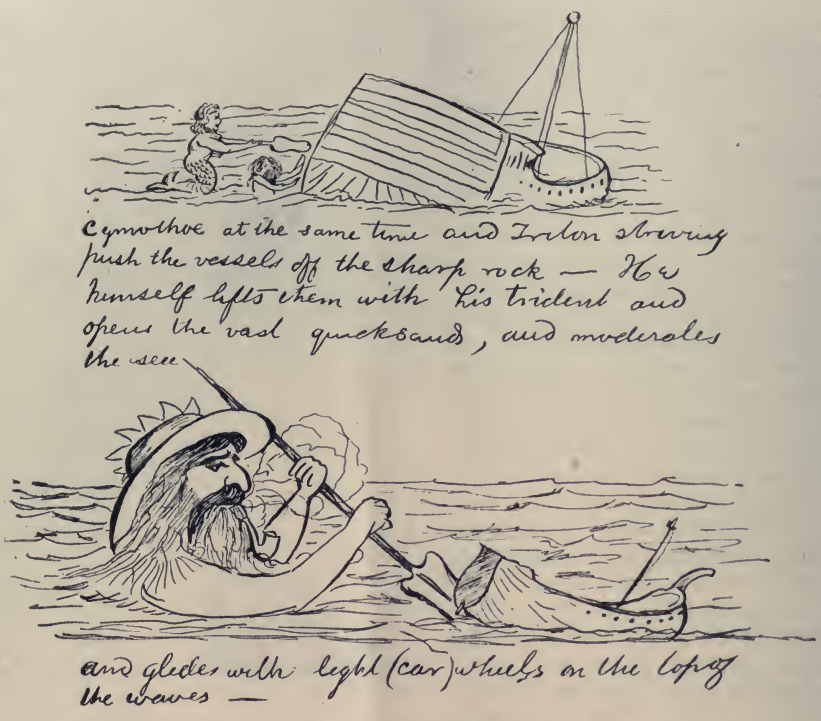
the next day, he would finish before the rest had well begun; and at recitation he was never at a loss for an answer, right or wrong. His memory was astonishing; he seemed to retain without effort any fact or statement to which he ever gave a moment's attention. While he did not distinguish himself in the regular ways, he was certainly not idle, and there was ample excuse for neglecting the prescribed curriculum. The term was nearly eleven months long and the whole time was spent on Natural Philosophy and Rhetoric, with alternatives of Chemistry in one half-year and Physiology in the other. Those were the good old times before elective studies were heard of and the theory of individual development was an unborn heresy. With such a meagre bill of fare before him, a youth of De Mille's ability, and active mind, fresh from European study, would naturally look for a more attractive and more varied mental diet. He was the exceptional student who does not fit into the college scheme of things, which is calculated to the scale of the average man. At Brown, De Mille studied many things outside the prescribed course. He studied Italian in order to read Dante; and he was noted by the librarian for the quantity of books of all kinds which he drew from the library from day to day. There were other distractions, such as trips to Boston, now to hear the great Thackeray lecture on the "Four Georges"; and now, to continue under the stately elms of Cambridge the romance in real life which had begun among the pleasant hills of Horton. With these demands upon his time and attention, it is little wonder that "his average mark is rather low." It could hardly have been otherwise.

His life at Brown seems to have been very bright and happy. With his classmates he was a great favourite, especially with the bookish set. Handsome "Jim" De Mille was welcome everywhere, for his sweet temper, pleasant voice and winning manners. To his Greek-letter society he was a decided acquisition, for he was always ready with an unending flow of comic verses and burlesque speeches. The college don, whose room was under the Assembly Hall, always knew when De Mille was on his legs by the vociferous



FROM THE MARGIN OF DE MILLE'S NOTE-BOOK
More school-boy sketches

applause that punctuated his speeches. For in spite of a certain awkwardness in attitude and gestures, his good elocution, racy humour and originality made him


Cymothoe at the same time and Triton shoving
push the vessels off the sharp rock — He
himself lifts them with his trident and
opens the vast quicksands, and moderates
the seas
and glides with light (car) wheels on the top of
the waves —

FROM DE MILLE'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL
Some later illustrations

a very effective speaker. At graduation he was chosen class-poet, and a copy of the elaborate squib composed for that occasion is preserved in a MS book in his own handwriting. It is full of very clever pen-and-ink illustrations of the text.

On leaving college he spent some time in Cincinnati, with his friends the Crawleys, to assist in winding up the affairs of a "wild-cat" mining concern in which they were involved. Dr. Crawley, whose name is noted among the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, was at that time President of Acadia, and his sons, Henry and Arthur, had been school-fellows and friends of De Mille at Wolfville. Some college funds had been invested in the mine, and the young men had gone to see what could be saved from the wreck. While here Henry Crawley met his death. One night, when he was escorting some ladies home, they were insulted by a gang of rowdies. When the ladies were in a place of safety, Crawley, a tall, strong and strikingly handsome man, as brave as a lion, went back alone and unarmed, to chastise the ruffians. He was stabbed to death. Years afterwards, the murderer on his deathbed confessed that he had given the fatal blow. Cincinnati is a huge city to-day, but some fifty years ago it was a frontier town under the rule of the bowie-knife.

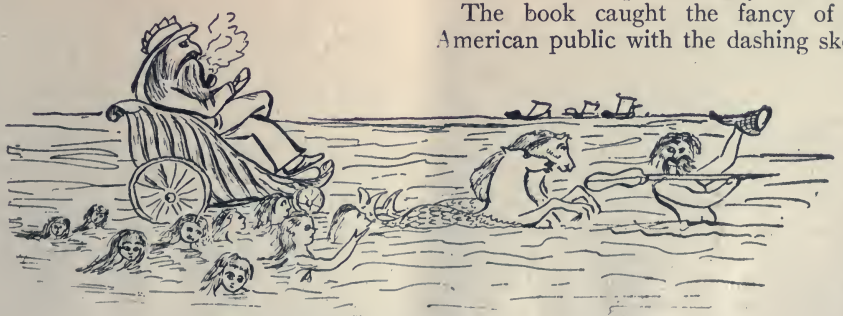
About this time Nathan Demill met with business reverses. After spending a year in Cincinnati, James returned to St. John, and in 1856 opened a book-shop there in partnership with a Mr. Fillimore. De Mille was not fitted for trade, and his partner was negligent, or dishonest, or both. The venture proved a failure, and burdened De Mille with debts for a long time. In 1859 he married Miss Anne Pryor, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. John Pryor. The following year he was appointed to the chair of Classics in his old college, Acadia. He spent a year in preparation, and, in 1861, he began his duties as professor. At last he had found his work.

He was fitted specially by temperament and training for the vocation of teacher. He threw himself into the duties of his office with characteristic energy. His inaugural lecture created a most favourable impression of his talents. An examination of the calendar of Acadia shows that he remodelled the classical course, dividing it into "Pass" and "Honours," as in the English universities, and materially increasing the amount read. His methods show originality. In his Latin classes, for instance, he introduced the conversational use of the language. So successful was the experiment, that his students carried the idea further, and made Latin a sort of "court-speech" among themselves. His generous hospitality to them is still gratefully remembered. In 1864 he became professor of History and Rhetoric in Dalhousie College, a position he filled with marked ability and success until his sudden death in 1880. His services to Dalhousie cannot be treated in this article as they deserve, and must therefore be passed over in silence.

III

De Mille's work has been specially praised as Canadian. It is now necessary to examine it critically, according to the only standard worth setting up—the highest. His production was incessant; from his college days until his last illness, his pen never rested. The note of all his work is facility. While in business in St. John, he contributed constantly to his brother Budd's paper, *The Watchman*, throwing off stories and articles in careless haste. His first hit, *The Dodge Club*, was written before going to Acadia, although it was not published until eight years after. The routine of business and teaching prevented for some time any serious attempt at authorship. Before 1865, he had written a Sunday School book, *The Martyrs of the Catacombs*, and in 1867 he published, without his name, *Helen's Household*, a book which deserves to be better known. It is a tale of Rome in the first century, an amplification of the theme of his first book. His first success was *The Dodge Club*, which appeared in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (vol. 34) in 1868. It is based on some of the experiences of the two brothers in Italy, seventeen years before. Although heavily handicapped by crude wood-cuts, the serial obtained a great vogue when issued as a book. To illustrate the growth of legend, I have been told that the author himself supplied the sketches for the engravings. It would be well if he had done so, for he could draw. The chief character is the American senator, who quotes Dr. Watts to the Italian contessa as his favourite poet. *Harper's* does not often contain anything as funny as this entanglement of the senator's—Mrs. Scott Siddons made a capital reading of the scene—or his misunderstanding of his laundress, or his letter to the newspaper in America on the farming possibilities of Italy. But still the success of the novel is puzzling. The faults in construction are many, as the author would be the readiest to admit. The writing is flimsy; there is no plot; the adventures with the brigands form no part of the story; the very title is a misnomer. But all deductions made, *The Dodge Club* is a readable book. It displays genuine verse and ease, and irrepressible boyish humour.

The book caught the fancy of the American public with the dashing sketch



FROM DE MILLE'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL

of a real live Yankee, the aggressive, humorous, plain-spoken senator. In it De Mille struck the vein of comic travel, which Mark Twain has mined with such profit in *The Innocents Abroad.* This first novel brought the lucky author a handsome cheque and opened the way to a source of regular income. He had found his market and was sure of a ready sale for anything he might choose to write. He had discovered what the public wanted and he gave them the wares they were willing to pay for. Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Jules Verne, Eugène Sue were popular authors at the time, and De Mille wrote stories in their manner. This accounts for the existence of such novels as *The Cryptogram, Cord and Crease, The Living Link.* These are sensational stories of the wildest kind, abounding in impossible adventures, angelic heroines, and villains of the deepest dye. They are weak in construction, not seldom "padded," and spun out to an undue length. But it is possible for censure to go too far. Yielding half in joke to a public taste, not perhaps of the highest order, De Mille did not condescend unduly. His stories are impromptus, written at top speed from notes, and not revised, but they bear everywhere the marks of unusual talent. De Mille could not help being clever. The style of his novels is peculiarly light and non-resistant. There is a distinguished air about them, bespeaking the gentleman and scholar. *Cord and Crease* is a lurid romance, somewhat resembling in places Sue's *Le Juif Errant.* The villain, Mr. Potts, is a thug, a devotee of the goddess Bhowanee. But the description of Antigone in the Greek play, the music of Langhetti and the scene between the lovers in the church reveal the cultured taste. They could not have been written except by a genuine lover of the things that are lovely in literature and life. They suffice to show how much greater the man was than his work. They make you feel that he might have done much better. But he did not choose. His ambitions do not seem to have been literary. His own work he continually disparaged, calling them his "trash," his "pot-boilers." No one could take them less seriously than their author.

Besides these novels of sensation, there are several comic novels of adventure. Here he succeeded much better. But even here we must not expect anything like the fun of Lever or Marryat, or anything approaching a faithful representation of life or manners. We must simply surrender ourselves to our author, acquiesce in his melodramatic world, or "stageland," and then we can enjoy the entertainment he provides for us. The scene of his comedy is usually some castle in Spain, or robbers' hold in Italy, where the ordinary laws of cause and effect are suspended. His *dramatis personæ* are brigands, Carlists, comic Irishmen of the well-known stage type, in various disguises, energetic stage Yankees and usually three pairs of lovers. The story consists of the captures, rescues, escapes, misunderstandings, cross-purposes, and, of course, the love-making of these various characters. The action is always lively and bustling. Even in the most tragic scenes we feel that the manager of the puppets is too good-natured to let his dolls come to harm. Just as in the play, we feel that even when Pyramus is slain, he will rise at the proper time to dance the epilogue or speak the Bergomask. The muskets are always Quaker guns; the tyrant will not really have the victim's head struck off in spite of the block and the grim figure with the axe. We are never more than comfortably alarmed. Then, after the puppets have danced a sufficient length of time, the showman reaches down his hand and sweeps them off the stage with scant ceremony. After a certain amount of complication the knot is cut rather than untied, the sky clears and the three or *more* pairs of lovers are made happy for evermore. Stories like *The Dodge Club, A Castle in Spain, The American Baron* (which has been dramatised and translated into French) are in his happiest vein because he could give free vent to his talent for burlesque and good-natured caricature. They are to be regarded as literary practical jokes on the public. They might be curtailed with advantage; but it was an object to multiply pages. There are, moreover, clever sketches of situations, as, for instance, those in which the Westerner who has become a baron in

the Papal service breaks through cobweb conventions of society. There are sketches of characters, also sufficiently amusing, such as the very innocent young lady, whose life is always being saved by men who forthwith fall desperately in love with her. But neither situations nor characters are fully worked out. They might easily have been made so much better. His most careful novel is that published without his name, after his death, *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.* This is a fascinating tale of an Antarctic Topsyturvydom, where lovers fly on tame pterodactyls and unselfishness is the chief end of its civilised cannibal inhabitants. The success of *The Dodge Club* induced him to write a series of books for boys, under the title *The Young Dodge Club*, comprising *The Winged Lion* and *Among the Brigands.* He also wrote six others based on his boyish experiences at Horton and Acadia. This was the "B.O.W.C." series, comprising *B.O.W.C.* (Boys of Wolfville College), *Boys of Grand Pré School, Lost in the Fog, Fire in the Woods, Picked Up Adrift, The Treasure of the Seas.* He also wrote an historical tale, *The Lily and the Cross, a Tale of Acadia.* They are bright, light, easy reading, and must appeal to boys, for they are still issued by the original publishers.

De Mille's energy and capacity for work were out of the common. His chief ambition was apparently to become a perfect teacher. He worked hard for Dalhousie College in her dark days; the MSS of his lectures are models of neatness and orderly arrangement, and yet he was never satisfied with what he had done. He was constantly studying and constantly throwing aside the work of last year for the results of the next. His studies were anything but narrow. Of classics he had a broad, if not minute knowledge, extending his researches into modern Greek. He and the professor of Mathematics would converse in Latin for hours at a time on a fishing trip. I have seen pages of Sanscrit paradigms in his writing. Among his books presented by his family to Dalhousie College are hymnologies of the early Church, a "Foulis" *Euripides* in nine volumes, books in modern Greek, Persian, Sanskrit, Gaelic, Spanish, Icelandic, not to mention French, German and Italian classics with his pencilled marginalia—which indicates the range and variety of his intellectual activity. He kept abreast of modern literature, and specialised in Church History. Year by year he led the earnest scholar's life in broadening studies. As an important member of the old University of Halifax, of the Historical Society and of the Church of England Institute, he had many duties and demands upon his time. He was always in request for public lectures throughout the provinces and he wrote for the local papers. His college work was done with zeal, ability and kindliness. His old students treasure his memory as a man and a teacher. Such remembrance is his most enduring monument.

The innermost nature of the man was known only to the nearest and dearest, his family and his closest friends. This must only be touched on, but two of his works reveal it clearly—his *Rhetoric*, on which he worked for seven years, as time served, and his posthumous poem, *Behind the Veil.** The first shows how seriously he took his professional work. As an analytical treatise on style, it is one of the clearest and most complete ever written. The poem shows the poet's deeply reverential nature and his unfaltering grasp of the things that are unseen and eternal. It is a long, mystical vision of the world "behind the veil." In thought it owes something to Richter's vision of immortality, and in form, to Poe's *Raven.* The Seer wasted by grief for the woman loved and lost is granted the privilege of leaving the body and traversing the realms of space with an attendant spirit. He passes with the speed of thought from star to star. Looking back upon earth he reviews its myriad scenes.

> Cooling rill and sparkling fountain,
> Purple peak and headland bold,
> Precipice and snow-clad mountain;
> Lofty summits rising grandly into regions clear and cold,
> And innumerable rivers that majestically rolled.

*Published in Halifax by Allen & Co., with an etched portrait by G. A. Reid, in 1893.

Endless wastes of wildernesses
Where no creature might abide,
Which deep solitude possesses;
And the giant palm-tree waving, and the ocean rolling wide,
Gemmed with many a foamset island glancing from the golden tide.

At last, after long journeyings, he finds the Lost One, but she is wrapt in heavenly thoughts and takes no note of him. She is beyond his reach and he cannot make himself known to her. In consequence, he is utterly overwhelmed with grief and longs for earth again. His spiritual guide he regards as Deity, for his great power and glory, but the spirit tells him that he too is a created being. Then he reveals to the Seer the fame of the Earth throughout the universe. He has left glory to visit the world of Man.

For the All-Loving, once descending,
On its hallowed surface trod,
And the Souls, in hosts unending,
Gazed upon that scene in wonder, while He made it His abode,
And its name for ever blendeth with the awful name of God.

Then the Seer is released and returns to earth. He discovers that his vast journey has taken but one moment, for there is no time in the spirit world.

It is here we find the real De Mille.

Henrik Ibsen

A Sketch

By THORLEIF LARSEN

THE life of Henrik Ibsen is a mere catalogue of misfortunes and humiliations. His earlier years were embittered by an apparently hopeless struggle for literary recognition, the bitterness of which was aggravated by an equally hopeless struggle for existence; and then his later life became a period of deep and sincere disappointment because of the harshness with which an unsympathising public received his realistic plays. But seeming failure only served to spur him on to real success and finally he attained to a position in the literary world that was far beyond the wildest dreams of his boyhood; he became the greatest dramatist of his day.

Ibsen was born in 1828. As a boy we are told that he was quiet and exclusive; instead of romping around with the other children he used to amuse himself with certain strange playthings that interested him alone. Most curious and most beloved of these was a puppet-show, the characters of which he had cut out of cardboard. Placing these objects in dramatic situations and making long harangues to them constituted the greatest easure of his boyhood days.

His early education was comparatively good. But when he had reached his sixteenth year a sudden financial embarrassment prevented his father from allowing him to continue it, and so from this time on the lad practically educated himself.

But this change in his father's financial prospects had a further effect upon the course of Ibsen's development. It now became necessary for him to provide for himself, and accordingly he was apprenticed to an apothecary in the neighbouring town of Grimstad. Here, circumstances compelled him to remain for seven long years of drudgery. Drudgery his work naturally became, for the future dramatist was far from being satisfied with his lot. Above all it was his ardent desire to go to Christiania that he might complete his studies in medicine; but as his technical education was yet rather scanty, he soon found that several years of preparation were first necessary. Accordingly he employed all his spare time over his books, and even deprived himself of well-merited sleep in order to study.

At first, like Gœthe, his greatest ambition was to be an artist, and during this period he did some drawing and painting of no mean order. But his poetical faculties

soon commenced to assert themselves and these first plans were all shattered. So strong indeed did the poetic impulse surge up within him, that in order to write poetry he used to steal moments from the precious time he had set aside for study. His earliest productions were not perhaps in the highest poetical vein, but they were, nevertheless, significant in his development. They consisted of biting satires on the town's most respected citizens, and were accompanied by equally biting caricatures from his own pen. Thus early did Ibsen commence his attack on established society.

But the true poet that lurked behind even these satires immediately manifested himself when graver matters inspired him. In 1848 the Dano-Prussian war broke out. This struggle aroused the young apothecary's indignation, and the result was two rousing poems of appeal to the other Scandinavian countries to come to the rescue. It was while he was still under the stirring influence of these momentous years that Ibsen wrote his first drama, *Catilina*.

After a great deal of trouble the volume finally appeared in 1850. But its success was not marked, for of the 250 copies that were printed only 30 were sold. The author was constrained a short time afterwards to sell the remainder as packing-paper, in order to save himself and a cherished friend from starvation.

Catilina is naturally very boyish, but, nevertheless, in it one can already discern foreshadowings of later genius, as well as the leading principles of his subsequent teachings. It is a beautiful work and is permeated with at least some of the grandeur and the poetry that characterise his later productions. That his earliest real poetic venture should have been a drama is significant. Thus from the very first Ibsen seems to have been attracted to the stage by a natural capacity to put abstract ideas in concrete form.

In the same year that *Catilina* was published he commenced to study medicine in Christiania. His poetical ambitions, however, soon upset his medical plans and so, having failed in Arithmetic and Greek, he never matriculated into the university.

For some years after this he experienced great difficulty in procuring the means of livelihood. At first, in company with several student friends, he essayed journalism. Together they founded a periodical which dealt largely with literary criticism, but the returns were very uncertain; accordingly when Ibsen was appointed stage-poet to the National Theatre at Bergen, he eagerly accepted the position, for although the salary was not large it was at least regular.

In the meantime he had been writing continuously and to these years belong some of the most popular lyrics in the Norwegian language. But in spite of this, Ibsen soon discovered that he was first and foremost a dramatist. Realising that such was the case, he accordingly devoted this period to apprenticeship and preparation for greater things, and even spent some time abroad studying the theatre.

Upon his return to Bergen he wrote a long series of historical plays. They are all excellent, but the earlier ones are at best mediocre. This was, of course, only to be expected, for Ibsen's art is as yet too imitative to bear the stamp of real genius. His true greatness does not really manifest itself until the publication of that powerful drama, *Mistress Inger of Ostraat*. This play is the greatest and most considerable of the Bergen series, and with it does his individual dramatic development most truly commence. Here Ibsen first lets us see that overwhelming power that characterises his later productions. Indeed so appalling is it that we are forcibly reminded of the *Antigone* with all the awful velocity of its action and the fatal inevitableness of the catastrophe.

Upon leaving Bergen the condition of Ibsen's pecuniary affairs became more and more distressing. He had accepted a position at one of the theatres in Christiania, but his salary was exceedingly small. He had, of course, no other means of procuring money, for his plays did not yield him anything. To complicate matters he married, and the result was almost starvation. Indeed, so straitened were his circumstances that his friends at one time seriously contemplated securing him a position in the Civil Service. But Ibsen

would not hear of this, and proceeded calmly towards his goal.

More bitter than his struggle for physical existence, however, was his fight to secure a footing in the world of letters. Now, it so happened that, at this time, the Norwegian theatre was wholly dominated by Danish models, and hence originality alone would condemn any play, no matter how fine it might otherwise be. The result of this was that, instead of being encouraged, Ibsen was treated with indifference and contempt.

Shortly after his return to Christiania he published *The Warriors in Helgeland*. The material for this play he took directly from the Icelandic sagas, where alone he could find characters grand enough to express the mighty thoughts that were surging up within him and clamouring for expression. This beautiful saga-drama has made an epoch in the development of modern Norwegian letters. For the first time this literature threw off the influence of the Danish romantic tragedians, and became truly national. The work was received, however, with contemptuous disapproval. It was pronounced "too Norwegian," and was not produced even in the author's own theatre. But Ibsen's apprenticeship is now over and he proceeds henceforth as his own master, relying on no ideals of art but his own.

As time went on Ibsen suffered many more reverses, but in spite of everything he kept on according to his own conception of art. This continual opposition, however, had its effect upon him. It made him an acrid satirist, and developed all the irony of his nature. The immediate result of this was *The Comedy of Love*, the elegant verse of which fairly teems with biting satire.

Although this drama may have temporarily eased the tumult within, it nevertheless only served to make his material position more bitter. He was looked down upon by all and his works were characterised as "weeds." But misfortune was added to humiliation when both his friends, Bjornson and Vinje, received the usual "poet's stipendium" and the Storthing refused to grant Ibsen anything.

The climax, however, was approaching. In 1863 the second Dano-Prussian war broke out and again Ibsen wrote several poems appealing to the other Scandinavian countries to come to the rescue in the name of common blood. But again his appeals were vain, in spite of the fact that but shortly before both Sweden and Norway had declared themselves ready to preserve the Brotherhood of the North at any cost. In disgust and contempt Ibsen left his native land. He declared that he would never return, but as we shall see, his patriotism finally mastered him and he at least came home to die.

Upon leaving Norway Ibsen went to Rome, where he remained for some time. This journey marks the end of the first well-defined period of his literary activity. It is made up entirely of historical plays. These will probably outlive his later social dramas, for they are more human and more beautiful than social drama can ever possibly be.

While Ibsen was at Rome he wrote the three great lyro-dramas that constitute his second literary period. First of all came that wonderful play, *Brand*, the central figure of which is one of the most heroic personalities ever conceived. He is an idealist of sublime earnestness and courage; he is the champion of what ought to be. But above all he is a protest against compromise; his ever-repeated demand is "Everything or nothing." Insisting on these ideals he spares neither himself nor others. The result is, of course, inevitable. He is hounded away by his fellows, and left at the mercy of the elements to die. Æsthetically the work is truly great. The whole drama is one grand conception, concluding, like the last thundering chord of some mighty organ melody, in one of the most dramatic scenes in world literature.

As may be easily imagined, the play created a tremendous sensation. Ibsen had conquered Scandinavia at a blow, and the Storthing at last voted him an allowance. The work itself netted him a respectable sum, and this, added to the stipendium, ended his long struggle with poverty.

His next play was *Peer Gynt*, which is technically the most finished of all his works. Here again the central figure is

an idealist, but Peer Gynt is in all things the exact antithesis of *Brand*. His ideal is self-realisation at any cost.

It was quite natural that *Peer Gynt*, too, should cause considerable excitement, for it was something so very new. Indeed, the metre and form were quite startling, and Clemens Petterson, the most prominent critic of the day, applied the old standards of art to the drama, and declared it no poetry. Ibsen's retort was characteristic; it was worthy of Peer Gynt himself: "My book is poetry, and if it is not, it shall be poetry. The conception of poetry in our country shall adjust itself to my book."

The last of the lyro-dramas was *Emperor and Galilean*, which Ibsen himself considers his masterpiece. It is no doubt his most masterly exposition of his views, but, from an æsthetic standpoint, it is scarcely as great as some of his other plays. The whole atmosphere of the work, however, is simply overwhelming in its grandeur.

The lyro-dramas are intimately connected, for they all deal with the same subject, although from respectively different standpoints. In them Ibsen endeavoured to show the disastrous effects of idealism upon three great individualities.

These lyro-dramas are the greatest of all Ibsen's works. They represent his immortal contribution to world-literature, for they all contain the dominant world-element. *Brand* will probably live with *Faust*, in spite of the fact that it is more melancholy and more pessimistic. *Peer Gynt*, too, is immortal, for it is an appeal to the world-mind.

After a voluntary exile of over ten years, Ibsen returned to Norway in 1874. He was now a great man, and the ovation he received was as enthusiastic as his departure had been bitter. But he was too restless to remain, and so he soon returned to Germany.

Ibsen's greatest works were now written, and although he was already forty years of age, the dramas by which he is popularly known were not yet begun. These constitute the third period of his literary activity, which by most critics seems to be regarded as one of decline. It consists entirely of *comedies de mœurs*, in which, however, he still continues his attack on idealism. Hitherto he had shown the evil effects of idealism upon outstanding and hence imaginary personalities; but at this time he seems to have been influenced by the French realistic movement, and hereafter he endeavours to portray the effects of this same idealism upon the everyday people about him.

Simultaneous with this change in subject-matter was a change in style. His dramas are henceforth all in prose. He abandons art for art's sake, and devotes himself entirely to showing the harm of idealism in modern life. The critics were, of course, immediately aroused at this, and said he had ceased being a poet. But Ibsen worked quietly on, disregarding everything but his task. He characteristically did not consider himself bound to conform to the views of the critics.

Ibsen's later plays all deal with sociological questions. But they do not necessarily teach. Indeed, Ibsen has disclaimed being a moral teacher. He is essentially an investigator and not a healer like Tolstoi. His aim, as he says in one of his letters, was to awaken people and to cause them to think great thoughts. It was immaterial to him whether or not they reached his conclusions, for he knew that the truth would prevail, in spite of everything. Accordingly he only points out the faults in our modern social organisation; he offers no remedy for them. His philosophy is destructive rather than constructive, and so any lessons that may be drawn from his works are of necessity indirect.

The only direct moral to be found in Ibsen's dramas is the negative statement that idealism is harmful and unnecessary. By idealism is meant clinging to modern, conventional ideals that one feels to be unsound and untrue. This, of course, implies that there is no hard and fast rule for conduct. Conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness and not by conformity to any rule or ideal. Happiness, however, means the satisfaction of will, and will is constantly outgrowing ideals. What satisfied it

yesterday will not necessarily satisfy it to-day. Our ideals are, of course, always displaced by higher ones. In other words, he demands the emancipation of the individual, the building up of strong personality, and free judgment as to conduct.

Such is the teaching of Ibsen's *tendenz-drama*. Each play discusses the question from a different standpoint, and thus all our ideals are taken up one by one and shattered.

Some of Ibsen's realistic plays are dark and dismal, while others are delightfully humorous. The best of the whole series is probably the dignified *Rosmersholm*. This play is pure and noble, and although mournful is neither cynical nor pessimistic. Towards the end of the period the plays became more and more symbolical and mystic. This change was accompanied, however, by a marked increase in power, awfulness, and weirdness. Ibsen's concluding word was given in 1900, in *When We Dead Awaken*, which he has called "a dramatic epilogue." Ibsen intended this to be his epilogue to the series of plays commencing with *A Doll's House*. It seems also a conscious premonition of approaching departure, for Ibsen's work was done. He had returned to Christiania in 1891, and there he remained until his death last May.

Ibsen is undoubtedly the best modern dramatist, but the fate of his later works will nevertheless be the same as that of all problem-plays. What that will be, however, it is yet impossible to predict, for in literature, as in everything else, our whole age seems to be one of reconstruction rather than one of permanent accomplishment.

Ibsen's plays have been criticised as immoral. The criticism is not so very serious, however, for it affects his social dramas only, and these in reality make up the least important period of his works. But he was never immoral for immorality's sake; his subject-matter was unavoidable. Ibsen's purpose was to investigate modern social ideals, and consistency therefore demanded a discussion of those very questions that offend a certain class of people.

No one, however, has presumed to question his preeminence as an artist, His dialogue is the most pregnant and life-like on the modern stage. His characterisation is probably the best since Shakespeare. His plot construction is classic in its perfection. His plays are intensely dramatic, for something is happening all the time, and action is, of course, the very essence of drama.

It was inevitable that Ibsen should leave an impress upon the literature of his day. His influence has been most marked in the drama, where it has manifested itself in two directions. Indirectly he has cultivated the taste of the public, and thus unconsciously raised the technical standard of the stage; directly he has influenced the technique of the playwright by adapting classical ideals to modern art.

Such, then, is the story of Henrik Ibsen. Surely it is the story of a great man. But how great was he? Will the larger greatness of a Shakespeare or a Gœthe ever be his? Will his influence upon contemporary life and letters be epoch-making? Is Ibsen the great master-builder of to-morrow's drama, or does he but represent the culminating point of yesterday's? Such speculations are largely in vain now; they can be answered by the years alone, for the literary fate of Henrik Ibsen lies in the hands of infallible posterity.

Mademoiselle Papa

By EMILY RHODES

"NOT to-day, Papa, not to-day," implored a child of nine as she clung tightly to her father's hands, while her face paled visibly and her blue eyes dilated with fear when he took a more decided step towards the pit-mouth.

"My darling, I must go; teacher will comfort you," answered the man, in his native tongue.

"Ah! don't go down to-day, Papa, or you'll die and your 'little flower' will be very much lonely," urged the little pleader, unconsciously using her father's pet name for her.

"What a very tragic expression that child has and what an unearthly hour for her to be out of her bed!" exclaimed one of a trio inside the office, as he indicated the pair outside.

"Who is she, Duncan?" asked Ralph Ford, the owner of the mines.

"That's Henriette, sir, the only child of 'French Pete.' She's come with her daddy, rain or fine, fog or shine, at five o'clock mornin's an' called for him at the end of his shift every day since her mother died; five years past now."

"Poor little mite," remarked the visitor, Charles Waterfall, as he left the office and approached the two outside.

"Is your little girl in trouble?" he enquired, kindly.

"Yes, saire, my child is—what you call it—afraid. Much afraid! I think she will herself make ill," answered the man, apologetically, in his broken English.

"Afraid of what, little one?" asked Charles in French, hearing which the child took courage to beg that none should go down into the pit. At this juncture, however, the whistle sounded.

"Au revoir, my darling; Papa will not die without telling his 'little flower,'" cried Pete, as he hastened towards the cage.

"Papa, Papa," wailed the child, and would have fallen had not Charles caught the swaying figure and carried it indoors.

"Hello! What's this? What made the poor kiddie faint?" asked Ralph.

"Fear for her father's safety," responded his college chum, producing his flask.

"I never saw Henriette nervous afore; hope the women haven't been scaring her with their tales," quoth Duncan.

On recovering, Henriette looked wildly around and murmured words that, translated by Charles, filled the three men with an indefinable sense of impending disaster.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! Some idiot has been frightening her!" exclaimed the startled Ralph, testily; then he added: "Better give her into the charge of one of the women round here."

"I'll take her over to her teacher's house, as she boards with her in the daytime," and Duncan moved forward to carry out his words.

"No, Mons, I wait outside," announced Henriette, calmly, slipping to the ground as she spoke and swaying giddily.

"Why, you can't wait all day, child; go an' have breakfast with your teacher an' then go to school like a good gel," suggested Duncan in fatherly tones.

"Mons Duncan, call all the men up out of the pit; *do!*" she entreated, not heeding his suggestion.

She looked so distraught that Charles caught her up in his arms and pressed the small face to his own tenderly, as he whispered: "Tell me all your fears, little one; was it a bad dream?"

The childish arms wound themselves about his neck, and she implored again and again that the men be brought up.

"How would it be for me to leave you here to settle your business with Duncan, while I take her to Hamilton's place?" asked Charles.

"Fine; the housekeeper would feed and cheer her up, and you can expect

me after the exploration, old chap," answered the other.

"Shan't we miss the morning's train, then, that we rose at four o'clock to catch? Is it necessary for you to go on this exploration, Ralph?"

"Well, Duncan is off already to settle things to his own satisfaction, and I might blame myself afterwards if I didn't go with him," returned the other, as he signed to the manager to wait for him.

"Tell me all your dream now, Henriette," begged Charles, as he set her on her feet and encircled her with his arms.

At her whispered revelation, however, the strong man paled and shivered as if he had seen a ghost.

"Come, let us walk," he said abruptly, wishful to comfort her, yet angry with himself that the mental telepathy of a child should so unnerve him. They walked together in silence towards the house of the Superintendent of Mines, where he and Ralph were staying; their host had, however, been called to a distance to quell a labour dispute, and had to leave his guests to their own devices.

Light showers of rain had fallen in the night and the sweet incense of refreshed nature greeted the pair as they entered the well-kept gardens of Linfield. The sun was up and glinting through the tall pines, rested on the green loveliness around them, green loveliness intermingled with vivid touches of white, red, gold and purple.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Henriette.

"Yes, is it not?" and looking into the lovely upturned face, Charles resolved to plant a human flower on his canvas.

"The servants won't be up yet, so I'll bring out some fruit and get some rugs and we'll have a good time out here. I'll tell you a story," he said.

Soon her trouble was forgotten, her shyness vanished and her sweet, mobile mouth was wreathed in smiles and dimples, while round, wondering eyes met his own in appreciation of his stories. He had, meanwhile, palette in hand, made a rapid replica of the clear-cut oval face, with its halo of nut-brown curls, and had outlined the fragile figure of his model.

"By jove! That's a fine likeness for so short a sitting. You certainly do believe in making hay while the sun shines. She looks, though, as if on a throne; are you going to crown her?" was Ralph's greeting as he came upon the two in the garden.

His comrade smiled, well pleased, as he answered:

"I hardly know yet, but this I do know. I never did so good an hour's work in my life; fortunately, I had a canvas prepared."

To the question in Henriette's eyes Ralph began:

"Your fears were groundless, and all is quite safe down there, child—" when a loud explosion shook the whole place, and was followed by a rumbling as of an earthquake. Simultaneously the clock in the hall chimed the hour musically, while Charles watched Henriette as if fascinated.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," she counted mechanically, aloud, ere she sped silently away.

"She said 'seven o'clock,'" murmured, or rather breathed Charles to himself, in an awestruck way.

"Heavens! What *can* it be? The men have safety lamps and the ventilation is good!" ejaculated Ralph, distractedly, as the two men ran off in the direction of the pits.

The peaceful scene of so short a time ago, was soon one of turmoil and despair; women weeping for several of the dead brought out and others heart-wrung for the entombed. Relief parties worked unceasingly, but morning wore to noon, and noon to night, and still there were numbers missing.

"Over fifty men were working the number two shaft, that we can't locate at all, French Pete amongst 'em," announced Duncan in the first hours of daylight next morning, as he met Ralph and Charles who, like himself, had worked and watched all night.

Only then did it occur to the artist to ask after Pete's daughter; he heard that she had worried to be taken down into the pit, had been rebuffed, and that none knew now of her whereabouts, since she

had neither been home nor to her teacher's house.

He started in search of her, and failed to find her until he heard that she had gone in the direction of Linfield, late, very late, the night before.

"Seeking me, poor little soul," he thought, remorsefully, as he hurried over the mile to the house.

There, on the rustic seat of the day before, he found her asleep, her head pillowed on her arms, her face pale and tear-stained. His approach woke her, however, and as she recognised him, she put out her arms supplicatingly. In an instant the kindly fellow had her locked in a tender, fatherly embrace; then with a sob, she cried out indignantly:

"They say Papa is dead; he is *not* dead! He would not die without telling me; he promised not to! Take me down to him, Mons?" she ended imploringly.

"If he is to be found, his 'little flower' will be the one to find and revive him," said the man soothingly, then he went on:

"We'll go down together, dear, you and I. You must be quiet, though, and let me manage it, for people don't like to see little girls in the dark pit, and perhaps you'll be afraid, Henriette?"

"Not with you, Mons," trustingly; and slipping from his embrace she put her hand into his and said confidently, "Come; we shall find Papa."

In opposition to all and full of faith in the child's premonitions, he took her down and wandered hand in hand with her for half an hour near the spot pointed out to him as where her father had worked. Though no word passed her lips, he felt that she was wholly alert. Presently with preternaturally sharp eyes, she detected a tiny bit of cloth protruding from what seemed an impregnable wall of solid rock; she caught hold of the cloth, examined it closely, then cried excitedly:

"He is here, Mons! Papa is here!"

"Stay, then, until I signal, dear, and don't move," warned the man as he left her.

Duncan arrived with a rescue party, who all agreed with him that the wall was the end of all things, and that nothing could possibly be behind it.

"As for that cloth, why, all the men wear the same," he said.

"That is Papa's, and he is behind there, Mons Duncan," reiterated Henriette, again and again.

"How do you account for that cloth being there, Duncan, anyhow? It is caught freshly between two portions of rock, as you can see by the state of the cloth; it didn't grow there, you know; how did it come there?" reasoned Charles.

One miner tapped the wall with his pickaxe and a faint tap, tap, came in response, then a louder one and faint voices were heard distinctly.

"Men behind there sure 'nough, but how to move that jam, how to get at 'em, that's the question?" puzzled a grizzled one.

"Take the maid out o' this, sir, an' we'll see what can be done," suggested one of the men.

"And you'll bring him and the other men out?" came from Henriette.

"Aye, that we will, little maid, if it can be done at all," returned the man. And without further protest she allowed herself to be taken above ground.

"We have found Papa and others with him! They will come out! They are not dead!" cried the child with tears streaming down her cheeks, as she ran up to her teacher.

"God grant that, indeed," said Charles, his voice tense with feeling and he raised his hat reverently.

Ralph then asked particulars, which Charles gave him, and after a few minutes of silence the former ejaculated: "It's a wonderful coincidence altogether! The dream—the certainty of disaster—the time, even—wonderful!"

"It is more than a coincidence; it is a God-sent gift of 'second sight' in the child," asserted Charles, confidently.

His companion smiled indulgently, and Charles, irritated by the superiority of that smile, broke out with heat: "Was it a coincidence, then, that drove Duncan and you down on a second exploration? That robbed us of our day's hunt? No; it was the mental telepathy from the cranium of a child, and all you had to work on was a single exclamation!"

"That is true enough; and I really

felt as if I'd seen a ghost," admitted the other.

"Well," Charles went on, "stronger currents must thrill where such intense affection exists as between those two, and my opinion is that 'second sight' may be born of such affection."

Before an answer to this argument was possible, cries of joy arose from the crowd, for a number of half-asphyxiated miners had been drawn to the surface, and all alive.

"Good news, friends! Fifty men found and all living, thanks to that blessed little angel Henriette," shouted Duncan, joyfully.

"Good news, indeed, Duncan," cried Ralph, as he sprang forward and shook his manager's hand eagerly.

"Make way for the little 'Mademoiselle Papa,' and let her be the first to greet her father; it is her right," shouted Charles, as he forced his way through the crowd, bearing Henriette on his shoulder.

"Aye, aye; the little 'Mademoiselle Papa,' bless her!" assented one of the rescuers from the pit mouth, as he laid one of the men on the ground and ran forward to make a passage for her, saying:

"Here's your daddy, little maid."

Duncan gave as his opinion of the cause of the accident that even while he and Ralph were in the mine, a slight fall of coal had deflected the air current, pockets of gas had formed rapidly, and these had been fired by two Chinamen smoking, against all rules. Thus the men had been blocked into a sort of natural box, from which their escape was as marvellous as the finding of Pete by his devoted daughter.

"She foretold the whole happening, you know, to Mr. Waterfall; it is a queer thing that she should know it all. But tell me, are the Chinamen found?"

"Yes, sir; there are their two dead bodies and scattered matches and pipes beside them to tell the tale. They and the few men brought out at first, must have been killed at once," answered Duncan.

The festival given a week later in honour of Henriette, was thus chronicled in the daily papers the following year at the reviewing of pictures on the opening of the Academy:

"This picture tells its own story of triumph and gratitude, in the faces of the rescued miners, who bear a throne on their shoulders containing a flower-crowned child of eight or nine years old with face of exquisite form, colour and of spirituelle expression. The vivid colouring and prodigious growth of plants and flowers have also been pinioned by the artist, and though we think it impossible for Charles Waterfall, A.R.A., to surpass this work, we may still hope that from these same pastures new, he will, at any rate, equal his picture of 'MADEMOISELLE PAPA.'"

Evolution of a Departmental Store

By NORMAN PATTERSON

CANADA has passed the "general store" stage. There are now but few of these memorials of the days when all the cities were towns, and all the towns were cross-road villages. More than thirty Canadian cities have a population of 10,000 or over; and of these two are above 250,000 each. All these cities have stores which are in harmony with the size of the place, the larger cities having departmental stores. From general stores to departmental stores is a far cry, but Canada has made it in a quarter century. The large wholesale establishment, the large specialty store, and the departmental store were as certain to come as were the telephone, the electric street light and the electric street car. In looking over almost any period of the world's history, it may be seen that progress was seldom confined to one branch of human endeavour.

In some avenues of commerce and industry, Canada's progress has been slow. In the establishment and development of large retail stores, she has kept step fairly well with the rest of the world, thanks to a few energetic and enterprising dry goods merchants. To-day, considering the population, her larger stores compare favourably with the larger stores of Chicago, New York, London and Paris.

Though department stores have been a natural and gradual development in America, the first and earliest of these businesses was the Bon Marché of Paris. It was started in 1852, and is still pre-eminent of its class. Its annual turnover amounts to about $30,000,000. If it sells at a profit of 5 per cent., its total profit would be one and a half millions. This amount would pay and actually does pay nearly 40 per cent. on its capital stock of $4,000,000. There are one or two stores in America with annual sales which nearly equal those of the Bon Marché.

The department store brought with it a new set of problems and a new set of methods. To secure unity among such diversity was the subject of much study. The owner or general manager saw in front of him a composite mass into which it was necessary to introduce one method and one principle. For each department he must secure a capable and efficient head, and each of his thirty or forty heads must be taught to work under the one system without friction, and yet produce good results. He must secure and maintain an army of polite, well-dressed, patient and active employees, and infuse into them a fidelity to his interests which would make harmony possible. For such a manager, the task

1881 1882

The building to the left is the store occupied by the Simpson Company in 1881. The building on the corner was occupied by the Company in 1882, and the business was continued in both until 1894

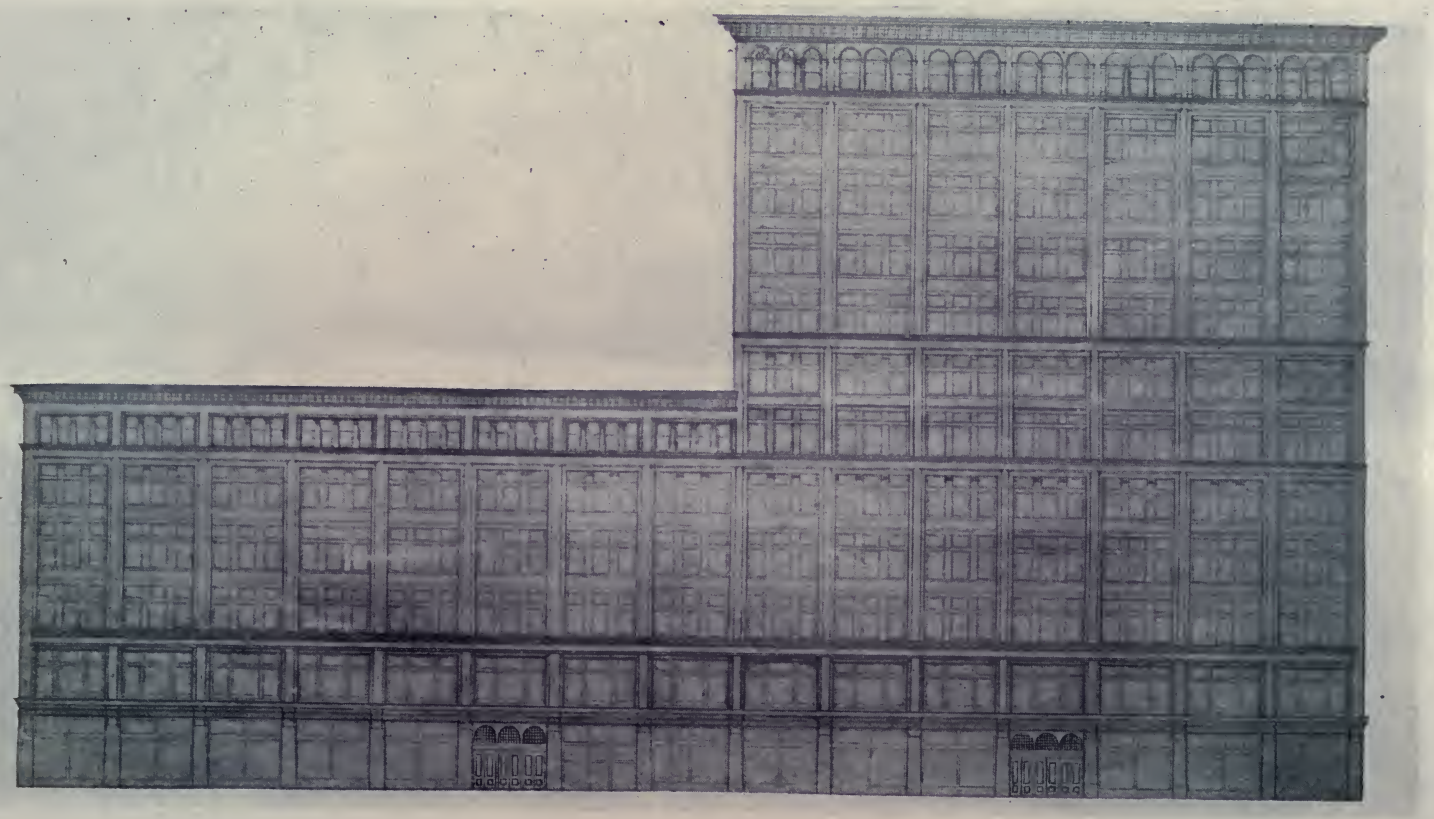
A CANADIAN DEPARTMENTAL STORE—THE PRESENT SIMPSON STORE

set before him was much greater than that set before almost any other kind of merchant.

The success of the department store is now self-evident. It gives low prices, it is convenient, and it ensures honest dealing. These are three great advantages. The mail order business has extended these advantages to the out-of-town customer.

MAIL ORDERS

The complex needs of the modern housekeeper have become a great tax upon the Post Office. Fifty years ago, the postage stamp was just coming into use, while letter delivery was slow and uncertain. To write a letter to a storekeeper for a pair of gloves was an unheard of and unimagined practice. In fact, the Post Office would have been surprised to find a parcel of any kind offered to its care. When a Post Office must use saddle-horses or two-wheeled "sulkies" for carrying the mail bags, it did not care to have parcels of all kinds and sizes loaded upon it. In short, a mail order business was impossible because the Post Office could not handle the parcels. The great multiplication



THE NEW SIMPSON STORE—QUEEN STREET FRONT

This is the architect's draft drawing, showing how it is proposed to add a new building, twelve stories in height, to the rear of the building shown on the previous page. This gives a general idea of the Queen Street front when the addition is completed. The total length will be 335 feet

of good waggon roads and railways enables the Post Office to perform more work, and to compass it more easily.

Of course only the smaller parcels are sent through the mails; the larger are sent by express or by freight and make a large addition to the profits of the express companies and the railways.

There is another reason. The transmitting of money through the mails was too expensive, too uncertain and quite unfamiliar. To-day, the express order, the postal order and the postal note have changed all that. But these are comparatively recent inventions. The modern shopper has thus greater facilities than the shopper of forty or fifty years ago, and the modern shopkeeper can adopt methods which were then impossible or impracticable.

To-day, almost every article of commerce is sold by mail. The manufacturer sells from advertisement and catalogue; so do the agent, the jobber, the wholesaler and the retailer. The greatest user of this method is the departmental store. Almost every house in Canada contains a catalogue from Simpson's or from one or more of the large retail establishments in Toronto, New York and Chicago. The people have acquired confidence in the department store, and have learned that it is possible to secure through it almost every article of possible need.

To-day, the women who live fifty, a hundred or even two thousand miles from a large departmental store may order a box of pills, a pair of curtains, a rocking-chair, a shirt-waist suit, or a kitchen range. A young couple in Nova Scotia or British Columbia, within sound of the Atlantic on the one side of the continent or of the Pacific on the other, will often order the entire furnishings for their new home from a catalogue. The Simpson Company, of Toronto, have during the past six months received mail orders from over 97,000 different people. This does not include two or more orders from one person, nor does it include orders from the city. During the year this will be increased probably to at least 150,000. What a splendid army of customers to have, and what possibilities are indicated by these figures!

The catalogues issued by the departmental stores cost from ten to twenty-five cents each. They require a special staff in their preparation and special machinery in their production. The Simpson catalogue for the "Fall and Winter" of 1906 contains 200 pages, and is enclosed in a special coloured cover. Some United States catalogues run much larger. These are distributed free, in the case of Simpson's, to all who have sent in an order within six months, or who will make application for one. Special catalogues or other special advertising matter may be distributed more widely even than the semi-annual catalogue, being less expensive.

The opening of the morning mail in a department store is a considerable task. A score or more clerks sit side by side under an overseer, and open the envelopes. They assort, check and fasten together the contents. Then the orders are divided into departments and handed over to the clerks who do the purchasing. Specific instructions for ordering appear in every catalogue, and where these are closely followed, the task of the purchasing clerk is comparatively easy. If merely general instructions are contained in the order, or if the selection be left to the store, more time and judgment are required. In these cases, the best stores show their appreciation of this confidence by doing their utmost to satisfy the person who sends in the order.

The Simpson Company's particular success has been in meeting the needs of the dweller in the West. Their orders from the West for the first seven months of 1906 exceeded their total mail order business for the same seven months of last year. The Westerner orders freely and generously; he seldom or never haggles over a few cents this way or that; he is easily pleased so long as his judgment can be carried. The Easterner is more careful and exact. He has learned to count his coppers.

ADVANTAGES

The advantages derived by outside customers using mail orders are numerous,

A CORNER OF THE SIMPSON ART GALLERY

SIMPSON'S PRESENT YONGE ST. ENTRANCE

but may be briefly summarised. They get the latest goods, especially in the case of women's wear. The wholesaler's buyers must leave the European markets with their samples nearly two months ahead of the department store buyers. The wholesaler has his travellers to get out, and his orders to secure from the retailers, before the public require the goods. With the department store, the system is less roundabout and much time is saved. The buy-direct-and-sell-direct store has thus a great advantage in being able to wait six weeks or two months longer for the "latest" styles.

The second advantage which this sort of store has is that a catalogue is less expensive than a commercial traveller, and the wholesaler's profit is nearly all eliminated. No wonder, then, that the department store can sell at reasonable prices.

Another advantage which is obvious is that it is physically impossible for a small store in a small town to carry the range which a departmental store may carry in each department. The latter has one or more large warehouses where reserves are carried, and the stock in every department may be daily replenished.

The time required for delivery and the cost of carriage are almost the only elements which give the local dealer an advantage. Even these are offset as far as the department store is able. Every device is used to ensure promptness, and the freight or express on almost all purchases amounting to $25.00 or over is prepaid.

SIMPSON'S PRESENT QUEEN ST. ENTRANCE

A SECTION OF THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY'S WHITEWEAR DEPARTMENT

THE LATE ROBERT SIMPSON

THE BEGINNING

The history of the Simpson business is typical and interesting. Mr. Robert Simpson came to Toronto from Newmarket about 1872 and established himself on Yonge St., farther north than the present establishment. In those days Yonge Street was a collection of small stores, while the larger and fashionable dry goods houses were on King Street, where some of them still remain. In 1880 only thirteen clerks were in the employ of Mr. Simpson, and one horse and waggon was considered sufficient to deliver the city orders.

In 1881, he moved south into a larger building in the block which is now entirely occupied by the business he created. During the twenty-five years which have elapsed since that event, the name of Simpson has never been absent from that particular locality, though for a year after the fire the firm did business in temporary premises lower down the street.

In 1881, the store was a two-storey building of modest dimensions, with a single entrance and two show windows. It did not even occupy the corner, which was at that time the modest home of the business of Mr. Timothy Eaton. When the latter moved across the street, Mr. Simpson filled both stores and thus secured what is perhaps the best retail corner in the capital city of Ontario. At first the premises were rented, but soon Mr. Simpson acquired the property by purchase. Purchase and extension have continued, not rapidly, but steadily, until the whole block has been acquired. From 1882 to 1894, there was little change in the character of the buildings which face on Yonge Street, although the Queen Street front was transformed. At first only dry goods were kept, and these were deemed sufficient. Mr. Simpson had captured a great deal of the fashionable trade which had formerly gone entirely to King Street emporiums, and had changed the character of his business from that of a "small" store to that of a "large" store. It had become the best, or almost the best, of Toronto's dry goods establishments.

Nevertheless an inevitable change was

A DEPARTMENT STORE REQUIRES MANY DELIVERY WAGGONS

OPENING THE MORNING MAIL

As many as twenty clerks are required for this work during the busy season

Sketch by Fergus Kyle

hovering over it. Mr. Eaton had established a departmental store, and was attracting Mr. Simpson's customers. His trade did not fall off, but he was asked for many lines which he did not carry. He yielded somewhat reluctantly to the advance of modern methods. His first outside line was boots and shoes, and success attended this venture from the first. In the evenings, this department was crowded. Then came a tea-counter, with sales soon running up to a ton of tea each week. The other branches of a departmental store were soon added.

When quite convinced that the departmental store was compatible with the carrying of those high-class goods to which he had been accustomed, he entered into the new business with enthusiasm. He did not want to have a store which people would enter or leave by stealth, and of whose trademark the public would be in any sense ashamed. He had to be convinced that if he adopted the departmental methods, he would still retain the good name for which he had laboured through so many years. Having decided this point, he proceeded to still further enlarge.

In 1894, contracts were let for a seven-storey building to occupy the site of the old stores which he had so long retained. Into the work of constructing this building, which was to be the finest of its kind in Canada, he threw himself with energy and enthusiasm. As 1894 was fading into 1895, the work was completed. It was a proud day when the doors were opened and the business resumed under favourable auspices.

Alas, for the plans of mere man! Scarcely three months had elapsed before the beautiful building was in ashes—only a few stretches of tottering walls remaining above the street level. Nevertheless, on that disastrous Sunday morning, Mr. Simpson and his confidential man sat in the family residence on Bloor Street and, while the fire still burned, planned for the future. As day was breaking, a real estate man who controlled some empty premises farther down the street was called in, and an option secured. On Monday morning they took possession, and in a week were doing business almost as usual. For one year, two hundred employees tumbled over each other in a small store, trying to preserve a business which lacked a proper home. Perhaps a hundred of them were unnecessary, but Mr. Simpson would not let them go. They were his people and he refused to put them on the street. His friends urged him to retire. His ambition was for his business and for those who had worked with him. To quit at such a time, would perhaps be interpreted as showing the white feather. His Scotch blood—the breeding which made the Province of

A SECTION OF THE CARPET DEPARTMENT

Ontario, in spite of the greatest obstacles —compelled him to rebuild.

He did rebuild on a grander scale. The fire had cleared more ground than that occupied by the previous building, and the new building was to occupy a space 157 feet by 117. It was erected according to the then latest designs, a steel-frame structure, with all the steel fire-proofed in terra-cotta and concrete. It comprised seven floors, with a total floor space of about four acres. The foundation columns extend seventeen feet below the sidewalk, and were set in great beds of concrete twelve feet square. The columns are so large and so constructed that another two storeys may be added if desired.

In January, 1896, the new store was occupied. Shortly afterwards, 1897, the death of Mr. Simpson occurred, and though the business was continued under the old name, the capital stock passed into other hands. The authorised capital has lately been increased to one million dollars. The corner of Richmond and Yonge Streets was acquired in 1900, and a large addition similar to the main building was erected. Thus 1906 and greater plans were reached.

The business grew with the buildings. The thirteen clerks of 1880 had become eighteen hundred. A factory in another part of the city with four hundred employees is required to supply certain classes of ladies' garments. A stable with accommodation for one hundred horses and fifty waggons has been found necessary. The paraphernalia of a departmental store is extensive, and is not all visible to the public eye.

The business that is courageously planned and nobly conducted may yet be unsuccessful if commercial conditions are against it. The past ten years, however, have been conducive to growth. This part of the continent has been a veritable hot-house. The western part of Canada has developed at a tremendous rate, and the eastern part has not stood still. The buying power of the people has vastly increased, and the number of buyers has nearly doubled. This had its effect on the dry goods business as on any other and it accounts to some extent for the growth of the Simpson business with thousands of others. If to-day the Simpson business finds itself cramped for room, it is but one of many which find themselves in a similar condition.

THE NEW STORE

Within a short time the Simpson store is to be trebled in size. New land has been acquired, a new 66 foot street is to be opened along the western line, and

the new store will have a street on each of its four faces. It will thus occupy an entire block, 208 feet front by 335 feet in depth. The chief show windows will occupy 208 feet on Yonge Street (less one small lot not yet secured), and 335 feet on Queen Street—the two busiest thoroughfares of this busy city.

On the west, or James Street side, there will be a carriage-drive running parallel with the street and enclosed by the pillars and piers supporting the stories above. This will enable shoppers who drive to leave their carriages in the company's private driveway while transacting their business within the store.

The modern store requires plenty of window space for the display of goods. The average storekeeper must satisfy himself with a frontage on one face of his store, usually one narrow end. The large departmental store has a great advantage, for it usually has two street faces. The new Simpson store will have four faces, with a total length of a fifth of a mile, one-half of which will be on two of the chief thoroughfares of the city. Every important department will thus be able to have a show window of its own.

Not only will the four street-faces be of advantage for show windows, but they will gvie plenty of light and air for the upper floors. Lighting and ventilating are great problems in large buildings, and it needs little argument to show the economic superiority which such a building as this will possess. It will take its light and air from four fairly broad streets.

The present building, which covers almost one-half of the space now available, is seven storeys in height; the new building for which the plans are now being prepared will be twelve stories in height. When completed, the whole will be the largest retail establishment in the Dominion. Seven storeys will have a floor space of nearly 70,000 square feet each, or a total area of over eleven acres. The other six floors will add six acres more, making a total of seventeen acres of space—more area than in the combined stores of many a populous Canadian town. It will be excelled by only two or three other retail stores in the world, the largest—the Marshall Field store in Chicago—having a floor space of about thirty-six acres.

The value of the property may be explained by a reference to the tax-bill. At present this amounts to $17,000 annually. When the new store is completed, this will be increased to $32,000 annually. This $32,000 will be the

AN AISLE IN THE CURTAIN AND DRAPERY DEPARTMENT

A CORNER IN THE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Simpson contribution to the government of the city of Toronto, a fairly large amount to pay on a piece of land less than two acres in extent.

METHODS

A modern, up-to-date department store cannot be run on haphazard, hit-or-miss methods. The system of such an institution must be perfect, or nearly so. The Simpson Co. have paid great attention to the development of a system which is designed to prevent over-stocking, to keep the investment in proper proportion to turnover and to show a margin of profit in each of the thirty-four departments.

Over-stocking is prevented by a simple but effective system of book-keeping. Every morning the manager receives a schedule showing the amount of goods on hand the previous morning, the amount of goods received, and the regular and mail order sales during the day. Thus he is informed every morning of the amount of stock on hand at that time. In a stock-book is entered a weekly summary of these daily reports, the weekly wages and other items. Then, every six

A SECTION OF THE LADIES' CLOAK DEPARTMENT

months, stock is taken, and the result should tally with that obtained through the daily and weekly reports. In this way the manager may tell at any moment what progress and success is attending the working of any one of the departments, and of the business as a whole.

Whenever a new lot of goods enters the store it is labelled with a number, and the invoice is numbered to correspond. This enables the manager to go into any department at any time, examine any line of goods, and tell just how long it has been in stock. Any line in stock six months is dealt with specially, this being the limit which is allowed the head of a department to sell. These goods must be sold, no matter what the sacrifice.

THE BUSINESS OF THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, MONTREAL, WAS PURCHASED RECENTLY BY THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, AND IS NOW OPERATED BY THIS FIRM AS ITS EASTERN BRANCH

Each department is kept up to date by a liberal use of the telegraph and cable. Every line of goods brought from Europe is designated by a special cable code word. If it finds great popularity when it arrives, a cable re-order is at once dispatched. The duplicate ordering of domestic goods is even simpler.

A profitable handling of each department is ensured by placing it entirely under the control of a "head" who is responsible to the general manager for its conduct. He does all the buying, advises as to the selling price, regulates the number of clerks and the advertising, and generally manages his department as if it were his own business. He has several advantages over a small storekeeper, because he is not worried with financing or general administration. He has few petty worries. The rocky road of business difficulties is made smooth for his feet, and he can concentrate his entire attention upon his buying and his selling. At every stage of his work he may consult with the general manager as to policy, the efficiency of his assistants, the efficacy of his advertising, or on any other point which is receiving his consideration. He is given every chance to study the domestic and foreign markets, and to acquire such information as will enable him to serve his customers in the most effective manner.

The extension of the Simpson connection by the acquisition of the well-known business of John Murphy & Co., of Montreal, adds considerably to the number of

THE FIRST DELIVERY HORSE USED BY MR. SIMPSON WAS GRAY —AND GRAY IS STILL THE COLOUR OF THE SIMPSON HORSES

LONDON OFFICE OF THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

"heads" being sent into the market to make purchases. To put it in another way, the Simpson buying power is thus enlarged. The merchant who can purchase a train-load of furniture is likely to get better terms than he who purchases only a carload.

To facilitate the buying in Europe, the Simpson Company have an office in London and an agency in Paris. The London office is on the ground floor of one of the busiest corners in the heart of London—under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. Reading and writing rooms are fitted up, so that visiting Canadians may make it a headquarters.

CONVENIENCES

Speaking of conveniences for customers, it is worthy of note that the department store has ushered in a new era. Writing rooms, waiting rooms, toilet rooms, are now provided. A clean, airy restaurant furnishes high-grade meals at a reasonable price. A pianist will play any piece you suggest to him, and then invite you to purchase a copy of the music if you are pleased. In the great store that the next few months will evolve for Simpson's, there will be, no doubt, a banking office, a telegraph office, a post office, and an express office. There will be hospital equipment for those who are unfortunate enough to need attendance. There will be a creche, where mothers may check their babies and leave them in charge of competent matrons. Another new feature of the completed store will be its method of transportation from one floor to another. A careful study of all modern elevators is being made. Among those receiving favourable consideration is the plunger hydraulic, which in a twelve-storey building would mean a shaft one hundred and eighty to two hundred feet long and a well or boring of the same depth to receive it. From the bottom of this well to the top of the elevator shaft would be little short of four hundred feet. For the shorter journey from one flat to another a quicker method is the escalator or moving stairway which it is proposed to install in each of the three lower floors.

The department store is one of the great developments of the age. As such it is worthy of study from the economic standpoint. It is an institution which increases the conveniences of the individual and adds to the sum total of his comforts and his pleasures. Because of this, it is worthy of the highest commendation. So long as it continues to fulfil its mission it will be counted among the great successes achieved in the progress of the world.

Expansion, Preference and Protection

Editorial from *The Westminster Gazette*

EVERYONE in this country will be delighted with the progress which the Dominion of Canada is able to announce on entering the fortieth year of its federal existence. The *Times* correspondent at Ottawa gives us a few figures which show the remarkable expansion of the last few years. The returns of the fiscal year which ended yesterday show an increase of no less than 25 per cent. Population is pouring into the West both from the mother country and from the United States. During the past six months the Canadian Pacific Railway handled 4,804 cars laden with settlers from across the border as against 2,834 in the same period last year. All fear about these immigrants making good citizens has long ago been dispelled, and Canada wisely recognises that the development of her vast territory depends, above all things, on getting population. Senator Perley, one of the pioneer farmers of the Northwest, said last year that Canada within a decade would produce sufficient wheat annually to feed all the people of the British Isles. He now revises his estimate and declares that this will be accomplished within the next five years.

Canada has been fortunate in her pioneers, political and commercial. Formerly in Sir John Macdonald, and now in Sir Wilfrid Laurier, she has had leaders who looked to the future and steadily resisted all tendencies which would have turned a great country into a small thing for a few people. And not less wise and far-seeing were the constructors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona, who forged ahead in spite of croakers who predicted, as the *Times* correspondent tells us, that the road would not pay for its axle-grease. Thus the door stands open, and the population flows in, and the railway has a gross earning of £12,000,000, and the country is buoyed up with the hope that the future belongs to it.

That is the right spirit, and it is wholly independent of the small fiscal devices which some people still suppose to be necessary to colonial development. The *Times* speaks this morning as if the prosperity of Canadian manufacturers were due to her protective system, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, we are told, has carried on "with a sound, practical disregard for the earlier platform eloquence which earned him the medal of the Cobden Club." We do not believe it, though we do not doubt that a great many people in Canada think it. The industrial progress of the American West has not been retarded, though their "infant industries" were from the beginning exposed to the competition of the organised industries of the Eastern States, and we see no reason for thinking that Canadian industry would be of less hardy growth. This is a domestic matter which we leave ungrudgingly to Canada herself, but we may, however, suggest that the expansion of the agricultural West is likely to bring with it a demand for cheap manufactured goods and for a fiscal system which will not prevent the farmer from getting payment for the wheat which he exports to Europe. If Canada's predominant interest is, as we are told to-day, to lie in her export trade, this result must follow, and it will be for Canadian statesmen to see that no artificial check is imposed on her development. In the meantime, we find Mr. Chamberlain still talking as if this colonial development depended on the adoption of his preferences. It is apparently no more to him that it goes on of its own accord than that English industries declared to be dead or dying insist on expanding without waiting for his remedy. He insists that his specific and his alone will produce the healthy conditions which we see growing before our eyes, and he begs and implores us to come to the rescue of all sorts of people and interests who are clearly quite able to look after themselves.

The economic argument of the last three years has, we judge, from his speech

on Saturday, made no impression whatever on Mr. Chamberlain. He continues to believe that enormous results in transferring the wheat supply of this country from the foreigner to the colonist will accrue from a tax which is to be so small that no one will feel it, and which is not to add a farthing to the price of anything in this country. He also believes still that the foreigner can be forced to pay our rates and taxes, the home producer protected from foreign competition, and steady employment at good wages be created by one and the same fiscal transaction. And by implication he continues to deny that our own export trade and the labour dependent on it would be affected for the worse by any restriction on imports. All these various assertions and denials may be found in the few lines of his Sandon Heath speech. We have long realised that it is useless to argue with him or his supporters on any of these points, but it is still worth while to point out what his policy is, according to his own constantly repeated statements on the subject. His object is to "do to foreigners as they do to us"—*i.e.*, to plunge this country, with its export trade and its shipping, into Protection as practised in France and Germany. It is well to be clear on this point, but it is quite useless to keep telling us that this will cost nobody anything and have no result except to stimulate trade. We know the results and can measure the dangers of such a policy.

Juan de Fuca Straits

BY DONALD A. FRASER

I STAND upon Vancouver's sunny shore,
Where proud Victoria breathes the salt sea air,
And look across the blue expanse to where
Olympia rears her snow-clad summits hoar.

A vision glorious greets my charméd gaze;
The sloping green, wide-splashed with golden broom;
The shimmering blue, beyond which, nobly loom
The mountains, deeper dyed with azure haze.

Along the west extends Sooke's fir-clad height,
A purple finger, reaching south, whose tip
Points out the rocks, long cursed by many a ship,
Where winks the Race his fiery eye at night.

Above the island-dotted east, serene,
Arises Baker's head, whose lordly frown,
And kingly air, and white eternal crown,
Proclaim him monarch of the lovely scene.

O Fuca, gateway of a western world,
How grandly flows, unceasingly, thy tide,
In sunny smile, in calm and placid pride
Or raging storm, with crested billows curled!

Roll on then, Fuca! Roll in royal state!
Thy past in misty ages shrouded lies;
But future, glorious, dawns upon our eyes
Majestic portal of two nations great!

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII

BRIAN, THE MESSENGER

BRIAN CORDEAUX had contrived an easy and effective sort of rickshaw out of a cane armchair and two unused front wheels of a light American buggy that he found smashed up in the cart-shed. He then slung a hammock in a bend of the tropical scrub that came down almost to the beach in Acobarra Bay, and thither, a few days later, two of the Kanakas brought Oora. The nook was a sequestered one, though it was sufficiently near the Bay for her to take her fill of gazing at the waves which broke with a slow boom on the sand. The jetty and row of huts stood a little nearer the headland and Oora's retreat was not visible from them or from the house. Here she would spend several hours every afternoon, Brian having rigged up, with an old sail, a rough shelter for her hammock. She usually preferred being left alone with her books and thoughts. To-day, however, Cordeaux, who was in a restless and not quite happy mood, hovered around and came every now and then to have a word with her. On one of these occasions he said to her, in a half bantering tone, but with some genuine uneasiness at the back of it:

"Well, Miss Oora, has the sea brought you the message you wanted, yet?"

Oora looked at him with wistful eyes gleaming unnaturally large and bright out of her small, sallow face. Her eyes and hair struck Brian as the most living things about the girl. All the rest of her seemed limp and frail to shadowiness.

She answered his question by another, "Where's Susan?"

"She's gone with Meiklejohn to look at a rifle-bird's plumage he's been fixing up for her." Brian answered, his kind face taking on a slightly worried look. "That, and some other things."

"Will she come back soon?" continued Oora.

"I should say that it depends upon how far Meiklejohn can manipulate a red-hot needle."

"A red-hot needle?" she repeated.

"Miss Galbraith thought she'd like a chain strung of those hard scarlet seeds with the black spots, which—perhaps you didn't know—some of the Blacks use for money."

"Yes, I know," returned Oora.

"Well, your sister didn't. But she thought they'd look nice with the queer-shaped pearls Meiklejohn has been collecting for her, and they're going to try and make holes in the seeds and the pearls with the red-hot needle. I guess it will take Meiklejohn some time to do it. Miss Oora," Brian went on, "was your sister always so devoted to wild birds' feathers and barbaric necklaces and that sort of thing? If I'd known I could have brought her an assortment from Namounea."

Oora laughed. "You don't know Susan a bit, really, Mr. Cordeaux. Su fancies she is madly in love with the Bush and that she can write poetry about it and put the true meaning to the Blacks' legends. But, you know, she'd faint at the sight of a Myall black fellow in war-paint. I always feel that Su is just cut out to be a great lady in England and to wear diamonds and lace, and all the rest. When she gets the barbaric chain, she'll find it does not suit her nearly so well as our grandmother's old-fashioned jewellery that she generally wears. Now, I'm different. I love queer out-of-the-way necklaces and things—"

Oora stopped suddenly and her hand went up to her neck in an involuntary movement that Brian had noticed before.

It recalled to him something that was very much on his mind, but of which he had scarcely liked to speak after Susan's prohibition upon talk about the wreck. Oora, herself, however, sometimes alluded to that when they were alone, though he remarked that she never did so in presence of her sister and stepmother. He thought that now he might venture on the forbidden ground, and began tentatively:

"I saw not long ago the queerest thing in necklaces—one that would have been exactly to your taste, Miss Oora. You remind me of it somehow. It was greenish like your eyes, and it was uncanny, too—like you."

Oora started forward in the hammock and her green eyes looked bigger than ever as they fixed themselves on him. "What was it made of?" she asked in tremulous, eager tones. "Where did you see it?"

Now he knew that his suspicion had been well founded and it troubled him. He had been hoping for some explanation of the coincidence that had aroused it.

"It was made of jade and those greenish fossil things like eyes," he said slowly, his own eyes upon her.

"Yes, yes," she put in. "What else?"

"It had a shark's tooth hanging from it—and a man in the boat said that was a Black's charm against sharks."

"In the boat," she cried, catching at his words. "What boat? Your boat? When—where did you see the chain? Tell me quick."

"I saw it round the neck of a poor fellow we picked up with two other men off a piece of grating in the Straits. They were survivors from the *Quetta*."

"Ah!" Oora drew a deep, long breath that made her voice break in her throat as she asked: "Was he—? Was he—?" She did not seem able to frame the question.

"He was not drowned, if that's what you want to know, but he was in a pretty bad way. Blair—our ship's doctor—had him taken over to Thursday Island and gave him into somebody's charge there. I don't know what happened afterwards—the ship went away and, as you know, I've been on leave. . . . There now, let's change the subject. I wish I hadn't said anything about the blessed thing."

For a fit of nervous trembling had seized Oora so that for a minute she could not speak. Cordeaux saw that she was violently agitated and was puzzled and rather pained by the exhibition, remembering the remarks of those two other men on the raft. At last she said, in accents of piercing reproach, which seemed to him quite unreasonable: "Why didn't you tell me before? Oh! why didn't you?"

"How should I know you wanted me to tell you? Besides, your sister asked me never to talk about the wreck. . . . She said the doctor had forbidden it. . . . And now I've done it, and what will they say to me for upsetting you like this?"

"No, no—if you could only realise the relief of feeling sure that he is safe. Of course he's alive. I'm not afraid now. Do you think Fate would ever have let him be saved in that way just for him to die directly afterwards? Or me either?" Oora's speech flowed recklessly now, and Cordeaux listened with a harassed countenance. Suddenly she threw a frightened glance to either side along the shore of the bay. "Nobody's coming, are they? Listen, you're not to say a word about this to Susan or Pat or anybody. They couldn't possibly understand. But I'll tell you. Somehow I felt from the first moment that you'd help me. I meant to speak to you. That was why I wanted to be certain that the others wouldn't interrupt us—when you asked me if I'd got my message from the sea. You are the sea's messenger. The waves have told me so since I've been down here the last day or two. Then you began at once to speak about that chain—and everything was clear to me."

"I wish everything was clear to me," he answered dubiously. "At least whether I ought to let you go on talking of this. At all events, it seems that you know all about that curious chain with the charm."

"I ought to know," she answered. "It was mine. The Blacks gave me the charm."

"Then you—you were the girl who—"

he stammered and reddened, dropping his eyes before Oora's tense gaze. But she faced him bravely.

"What have you heard about it all?" she asked.

"I—I gathered that you acted in the most extraordinarily self-sacrificing and heroic way—I understood that the man couldn't swim and that you must have supported him all through the night on that bit of grating—he being unconscious. . . . And then, when you were joined by two other men who had a pole, you swam with it on your shoulder, towing and steering your bit of a raft."

"Yes, the other men were cowards."

"Brutes—foul-mouthed brutes. They deserved a sound kicking." At his words, the red blood rose hotly in Oora's cheeks. Brian saw it and went on in hasty explanation. "I thought you must be that girl when I heard of Aisbet having picked you up and the wonderful way in which you'd kept yourself afloat. It wasn't likely there could be two women who swam as well as you. But afterwards I—I couldn't believe the thing!"

"Because of what those men said of me? . . . Well, I don't care." Oora raised her head with a defiant look, but the next instant she bit her lips, showing plainly that she felt shame and anger.

In his desire to spare her he looked considerately away. "Oh! I didn't pay much attention to what they said," he replied in some confusion. . . . "But, naturally, when I knew your people and had heard more about you, it seemed impossible that her sister"—he broke off, hopelessly embarrassed, and added lamely, as if taking up the subject from a new point of view: "So you put your charm round the chap's neck. . . . Was it to keep the sharks off him?"

"Yes. . . . And it is a true charm, for no sharks touched me—yet they were quite close"—Oora shuddered. "I daresay you're thinking it all silly superstition, but I believe in the Blacks' charms."

"I'm thinking that if you really believe in this one, it was the most extraordinary unselfishness in you to give it to a stranger. But perhaps the man wasn't quite a stranger? Perhaps you'd made friends with him on the voyage?"

"I'd never spoken to him till we were in the water. . . . Oh! I see what is in your mind. Susan would never have done anything so dreadful. But what does it matter that you've not been properly introduced to a person or that you've never seen him before in the body, if your spirit tells you that you've really known him a long, long time?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Brian, arrested and moved in spite of himself. "That was how I felt when I first saw your sister."

"Did you?" Oora looked at him with quickened interest. "I thought you'd understand—partly. Su wouldn't understand at all. I'm sure she never would have felt in the least like that about you."

"Don't you think so?" Brian asked dejectedly.

"She couldn't," Oora rejoined, in an emphatic tone. "She's not that sort. Her spirit isn't, I mean. I suppose," she went on reflectively, "that there are different sorts of souls as well as bodies. I'm certain that there are some souls who can see the spirit underneath the outside of a person and each of them will know at once the other soul to which it belongs. But most people's spirits aren't grown enough to see and know. . . . Or perhaps some souls are made in pairs and others were single from the beginning."

"Well, I hope that neither Susan nor I belong to the single lot," said Brian. "I'd rather believe that we belonged to each other."

"I daresay you do," answered Oora, "only Su hasn't found it out yet."

"It's a delightful idea," observed Brian, "but not exactly original, Miss Oora. A person called Plato discovered that doctrine."

"Plato may have discovered it, but he didn't make the different sorts of souls to start with," retorted Oora.

"Well, anyhow, I've heard lots of people preach Plato's doctrine, especially when they were in love with somebody they couldn't marry; but I never knew anyone except you who said she had actually tested it. Surely, you don't believe that the man to whom you gave your charm is your soul's twin?"

"I know it."

Cordeaux's half-smile turned to an expression of extreme gravity.

"That's rather a dangerous notion, Miss Oora. It might get a girl into difficulties, if the man was a cad, don't you see. Besides, though you think you're cock-sure, you may be mistaken."

"Mistaken!" she cried, her eyes flashing their green flame upon him. "How can you tell that you love Susan—for I conclude you love her—or think you do?"

"I'm quite sure I do," he replied, earnestly.

"Yes, you're cock-sure!" she rejoined, tauntingly, repeating his phrase, and went on more seriously: "But *how?* But why? Just because there's something in Su and in you that's alike and that draws you to her. To her only, not to any other woman. You wouldn't care for her if she were me. Su is Su. Oh! I know—lovely, and perfect and sweet—and never did a thing in her life that wasn't what a nice girl would do. I've often wished that I were like Su, yet when I think it out I wouldn't change places with her—though I'm only Oora, ugly and wild, and rough and queer. You needn't waggle your head. I know Su is an angel and I'm the other thing. Su's wings are made of soft, immaculate, drooping white feathers like the ones in fairy books. Mine are made out of wiry hard black quills. But mine are stronger wings than Su's—and they take me where she can't go—away out into the lonely bush and over the lonely sea; and the trees and the wind and the waves have taught me things that Su has never learned."

"You're an uncommonly strange girl," said he with deep interest. "I can quite understand a man falling in love—madly in love with you. You're quite wrong, you know, in calling yourself ugly."

Oora shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. "Looks haven't anything to do with it."

"No, because you're a witch—a sea-witch. I suppose it was that chap who gave you the name."

Oora did not answer. Her eyes were fixed on the greeny-white curve of a billow that rolled in and broke on the shore with a booming sound, then retreated, making the silky, swishing noise of a receding wave that carried with it water-worn pebbles and tiny shells.

"Look here, Oora," he said, in his perplexity, forgetting the customary prefix. "Do you truly mean that you are in love with this strange man whom you say you had never spoken to before?"

Again the colour flooded Oora's face, then it sank, leaving her very pale. She did not look at Brian as she answered:

"That isn't a question for you to ask—of me nor for me to answer—to you."

"Then in heaven's name what do you want me to help you about?"

She meditated for so long, that he asked impatiently: "Well?" and when she still did not answer, added: "You see there isn't anything I could possibly do."

"Yes, there is, I want you to find out if *he* is on Thursday Island—the strange man—and—and—" She waited, stealing a glance at Brian's uncompromising face—"and what has become of my charm."

He looked relieved.

"Oh! so you want it back again? I quite agree with you, it isn't at all a nice thing for the fellow to be carrying that about, and perhaps exhibiting an ornament which everyone who knows you well must be aware is yours. You might find it awkward if you were married to somebody else."

"He is a gentleman and I shall never be married to somebody else," returned Oora instantly, but with a calm that was ominous.

Displeasure gathered on Brian's countenance.

"However that may be, this man ought to be made to give up your property. He fought so tremendously, Blair told me, when they tried to take the thing off, in order to dress his blisters, that they had to leave it on his neck. And goodness knows where it is now. The man may be dead."

"He is not dead," returned Oora, with quiet assurance.

"By jove! he was pretty near it. Blair said it was a bad case of fever added on to the rest, and he never stopped raving."

"A—ah!" murmured Oora in a long breath.

"I haven't the ghost of a notion what

his name is," said Brian. "Have you?"

She shook her head.

"And he doesn't know who you are?"

She shook her head again.

Brian's gloom cleared a little.

"I suppose I could find out where he is by asking the doctor over at the settlement in whose charge Blair put him. But your father is the right person to tackle the matter."

"My father is at Narrawan."

"Just so. Well, there's your stepmother. In your father's absence she is your proper guardian—isn't she?"

"Is she?" Oora laughed. "I bet that Pat wouldn't find me as easy to yard on and bail up as a brumby filly."

Brian laughed too, but rather uncomfortably.

"Besides, I will not have my dad, nor Su, nor Patsy told one word about this," broke out Oora fiercely, her green eyes opening wide and brilliant. "If you betray my confidence, Mr. Cordeaux, I will never speak to you again, but I will do everything I can to prevent you from marrying Susan. . . . And what is more, if you won't give me your promise as a gentleman—and as a brother, to say nothing about it, I warn you that I shall escape in one of those boats over there and go to Thursday Island myself and do what I want. I'm perfectly capable of that, I assure you."

Brian was visibly embarrassed. He looked nonplussed. His black brows knitted over thoughtful eyes and his lips shut displeasedly as he mentally reviewed the position. But after a minute or two he apparently decided to make the best of it.

"Very well," he said, "I'll act for you as your brother might if you had one. As your father isn't here, I dare say it's as well your sister and stepmother should not be worried at present over this business of yours. But you'll have to play fair and to give me a promise on your side that you won't make a fool of yourself."

But Oora charmed, and off her guard, laughed again in an odd exultant fashion. "Oh! I'll promise that."

Brian looked at her sharply.

"You and I may have different opinions as to what is meant by a girl making a fool of herself. Mind—you mustn't let this man know who you are!"

"Very well. When I write to him I won't sign my name."

"When you write to him!" repeated Brian. "What does that mean? I've no intention of mixing myself up with a clandestine correspondence. I'm ready to find this man if he's at Thursday Island and to tell him that I am authorised by you to demand the necklace, but I won't carry letters."

"I don't want him to write to me. But if I were in his place I don't think I should give the necklace to a perfect stranger without a written authority from its owner."

"He doesn't know your hand-writing and he doesn't know your name. The written authority might be from anybody."

"I don't think so—and he would not think so either."

Brian was somewhat taken aback by her readiness. "You are uncommonly wide-awake for a romantic young lady who believes in the twin soul theory, Miss Oora. Might I ask what you propose to say in your letter?"

"Perhaps you would like to read it?" she replied angrily.

"Come, come. Why should we snap at each other? You surely don't think I'm such a beastly bounder as to want to pry into your affairs. But—hang it all—this is rather a responsibility for me. It's not the kind of thing a fellow cares about doing for a girl."

"Not even a brother for a sister—that is to be."

Oora bent forward, her thin face seeming all eyes shining out of hair that looked alive and her mobile mouth smiling mockingly. Cordeaux thought she had certainly a queer power of captivation and was not impervious to it. His judicial sternness departed. All the tiny india rubber-like wrinkles began to play about his features as he exclaimed: "You've got me there and you know it, little sister—that I hope you'll be! If I help you out of this mess, I trust you to stand by my interests with Susan, mind! That's what you can do to show your gratitude. Of course, I rely on you not to write more than is actually necessary

or anything compromising to your dignity."

"I guarantee that my dignity shall be properly safeguarded," answered Oora with suspicious meekness. "I'll write six lines on a sheet of notepaper and no more—just sufficient for him to have no manner of doubt as to my ownership of the necklace and I promise that I will not sign my name!"

"That'll do first-rate. Honour bright, remember."

"Only six lines," she repeated, but there was a ring of triumph in her voice. And as a matter of fact, Oora managed to compress her letter within the agreed limit, though it must be owned that she had to write rather small to do it. According to her own ideas she fulfilled the conditions stipulated, though it is doubtful whether Brian would have thought so. The communication was telegraphic in its terseness:

"*Please give bearer my chain and charm. If you wish the spell renewed, come to Mr. Aisbet's place, Acobarra, between 4 and 6 p.m., the first day you can, after receiving this. A little way to left of jetty the scrub grows in a curve down to the shore. There you will find your Sea-Witch.*"

CHAPTER XVIII

OORA'S LETTER

CORDEAUX had no great difficulty in discovering the doctor to whose care Surgeon Blair had committed the sick man rescued by the *Clytie's* boat. When found, however, the doctor had scant time at his disposal, being then on his way to the operating room in the hospital.

"What, the man your people saved from the *Quetta* wreck—'Gentleman James'?" inquired the doctor hurriedly. "I've never got at his right name, for the other chap—his friend Flash Sam, seems in a chronic state of being on the 'burst'—and either didn't know or wouldn't tell me. I haven't seen him just lately, for the fact is I've been over-rushed. But he's on the mend, I believe, though it has been a narrow squeak."

The doctor gave the address and hurried off. Cordeaux made his way along the main street towards a more ragged part of the township, where he saw dotted about a number of weather-boarded cottages with zinc roofs, zinc water-tanks at the corners—giving an overpowering effect of glare—and deep verandahs approached by short flights of open wooden steps. The house to which Cordeaux had been directed stood by itself in an angle made by the intersection of two sandy roads. A rough fence enclosed the ground, which had been cleared, so that small stumps perked up, many of them re-sprouting. Here and there stood deserted looking cocoa palms, and there was an old battered pandanus tree.

There were no people about the front of the house except a Chinaman, who was cultivating a recent attempt at a garden, and a half-blood woman from one of the Dutch Islands—evidently the proprietress of the establishment, who was washing clothes under a matting shelter. Judging from the nature of the clothes hanging out, the occupants of the house were all men—pearlers or bush loafers, no doubt—who mostly spent their days in public-house bars, after the custom of Flash Sam.

While Cordeaux was wondering whether to accost the Chinaman or the woman, a bushman slouched round the verandah with a pipe resting in the gap made by two broken front teeth—a stupid, rough, but kindly-looking creature, whom Cordeaux at once saw was not the man he had rescued in the Straits—disfigured almost beyond recognition though the castaway had been. He moved forward to address the bushman, and Flinders Dick—for it was he—seeing the intention, gave a friendly: "Hello! G'd day to you."

"Good day to you," returned Brian. "I'm looking for a man whose name I don't know—except that he's called 'Gentleman James.' I'm one of the officers off the *Clytie*, and I was in the boat that picked him up after the *Quetta* wreck. Do you happen to know how he's getting on?"

Flinders Dick pulled out his pipe and his indifferent expression brightened.

"My word! I ought ter know," he

drawled, "for I'm here along of him. He's my mate."

"I hope he's better," said Brian politely.

"We-el, he was close-up a gone 'un," replied Flinders Dick, "and he ain't any more nor'n a crawler yet. But he's got his wits clear agen and he's pickin' up a bit neow."

"Can I see him?" asked Brian. "I've a message for him."

Flinders Dick looked the sailor up and down, slow suspicion waking in his dog-like eyes. He spat out some tobacco juice and then answered, as it appeared to Brian, quite irrelevantly.

"You never had nothin' to do, had yer, with Harry the Blower—nor yet Wall-eyed Bill, *nor* Old Never Despair?"

"Good Lord, no!" exclaimed Brian, his brown face wrinkling up with amusement. "I must say you've got the queerest collection of names I ever heard out of California—'Gentleman James, Harry the Blower, Wall-eyed—who? and Old Never Despair? What may *you* be called, my friend?"

"As a gineral rule, Flinders Dick," drawled the other imperturbably, putting his pipe back again.

"Flinders?"

"Stockman on the Flinders River onst!" laconically explained Dick.

"I see. And then there's Flash Sam to add on to the list."

"Flash Sam a friend o' yours?" enquired Flinders Dick.

"Not exactly. But I've had the honour of making his acquaintance. Is he here too?"

"Gone up country and a bad look-out for Thursday Island pubs," said Flinders Dick with the little Australian laugh. "I'm seeing to my mate. D'reckly he knowed me, the Nuss up and took her hook. Said she'd got another case. Neow, who might the message be from?" Flinders Dick enquired cautiously.

"Well, it's from a lady who was on the *Quetta*."

"Not the girl as Jem's been goin' on about when he was off his nanny—the girl with the green eyes that gev him the queer necklace?"

"Has he got the necklace? The young lady wishes to have it back."

"He's got it right enough—it's my belief he says his prayers to it. You'll have a job to get him to gev it up."

"Of course he'll give it up if he's a gentleman," hastily rejoined Cordeaux. "No gentleman would keep a thing that a lady wished to have back."

Flinders Dick flared up slowly, first removing his pipe.

"My oath! If you're castin' doubt on my mate's bein' a gentleman as good as yerself, you'll have to answer for it to me, mister," said he impressively. "I always said as I knew a gentleman when I seen one, and I ain't never been mistook yet. If Jem weren't what he is, d'ye think I'd be hangin' here in this infernal yellow breed drinkin' shop? Runnin' the risk, too, of havin' a good claim jumped while I'm away from it. But we stands or falls together, my mate and I—I made up my mind on that. My word! I bet he is a gentleman. None of your flash, stuck-up toffs, but as good a pal as ever breathed—never lookin' down on a rough, uneddicated bush chap like me. He knows there weren't no State schools in the bush when I was a kiddie, but that never made any difference to Jem. 'Eddication weren't no count,' he used ter say, 'beside the heart bein' all right.'"

"I entirely agree with your friend on that point, Mr. Flinders Dick," said Brian warmly, "and I've no doubt we shall agree on the other point if you'll be kind enough to let me see him."

"All right," replied Flinders Dick, mollified. "Come this way. I've rigged him a camp in the back verandah, and I gev him *The Bulletin* to amuse him. But he says he ain't got no head for readin' and he don't care to look at any papers. It's the thought of that girl that's botherin' him, I believe, though Jem was never one to run after women. But it seems we all has to take our shift at women in turn and that's the devil of it."

With this philosophical reflection, Flinders Dick led Brian through a passage and living room combined, where was a long table covered with a dirty cloth and still showing the remains of a meal. At the back door into the verandah he paused.

"Jest you wait here a minute, till I

see if he's willin' to see you? What name shall I tell him?

"Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux of *H.M.S. Clytie*," said the officer, formally, and Flinders Dick slouched with a heavy step along the verandah. At the extreme end he had put a mattress on the floor and had, as he expressed it, rigged a camp for the sick man, but the sick man was not on the mattress. A gaunt skeleton, on which the clothes hung as on a tent pole, with spectral face, hollow cheeks, cavernous eyes that had lost their fire, and stubbly black hair, seeming blacker from contrast with the deathly white skin, hobbled on a stick up and down the further end of the verandah, his wasted body swaying to and fro in sheer physical inability to hold itself upright. This was Wolfe, once more in his right mind, but wearing the vacant look of one whose brain, after long wandering, is still unnourished and lacking energy to grapple with even the smallest daily affairs of life.

"What are you doin' that for? You know you can't walk about just yet," protested Flinders Dick in the tone one might use to a sick and refractory child. "It ain't to be expected considerin' that on'y a day or two back you was ravin' and tossin' in high fever. If you'd only lay still I'd fetch yer the soup and the champagne, and when you'd had half a turtle and a bottle or two of 'the best' inside yer, you'd sleep it off and wake up more of a man before the shakes come on agen."

"But you haven't brought me the champagne, Dick. I'd have got it for you in half the time." Wolfe's voice was querulous, and faint from weakness. "Oh! if I could drink a quart of Heidsieck or Mum I should feel as if I'd got a little life put into me. Can't you get it, man? There's no use trying anywhere but at the hotel, and you'll have to pay pretty heavily for it."

"No matter about that," responded Flinders Dick, in the manner of a millionaire. "Now or never, we'll go on the bust. First thing is to get you fit and then we'll shovel in the gold. We're fair on the gutter this time or I'm very much mistaken."

"Why don't you go and get me the champagne, then?" pleaded Wolfe, fretfully.

"I was just settin' off when a sailor chap turned up wantin' to see you. He's inside there." Flinders Dick lowered his voice and jerked his hand towards a doorless aperture leading within from the back verandah.

"A sailor! Who is he? What has he come for? I'm not fit to speak to anybody. My head is going round and round. What is his name, Dick?"

"Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux, of *H.M.S. Clytie*," repeated Dick, as if he were saying a lesson.

Wolfe's stick clattered suddenly on the verandah boards and he staggered up against the wooden wall.

"Good heavens! What did you say?" he gasped. "What name did you say?"

"Lieutenant Brian Cordeaux, of *H.M.S. Clytie*," repeated Flinders Dick. "What's the matter with the name, mate?"

Wolfe tried in vain to collect himself. "Nothing, nothing, but I . . Oh! Lord! what is Brian Cordeaux doing here? Keep him away, Dick. For any sake don't tell him who I am . . No, no—how could you? What a fool I feel! But I don't want him to know that I'm called James Wolfe. Does he know that I am James Wolfe?"

"He will if you keep on saying so. No fear, mate. You've got jest about as much strength in your voice as that there green caterpillar," and Flinders Dick promptly disposed of one that was crawling down a twig of the bough shade outside the verandah. "He don't know no more'n Adam what name you've got—outside 'Gentleman James,' which I reckon Flash Sam told 'im. My word! I never thanked him for saving you. It went clean out of my head. What's up with you over this chap, mate?"

Wolfe put his hands tragically up to his forehead, as if he were trying to think and could not.

"He wouldn't know me. He couldn't have recognised me. No, that's not likely," he muttered half to himself. "It must be more than ten years ago—he was a mere lad on the *Britannia*."

"Maybe he's a relation of yours from

over in England. Is that it, mate?" hazarded Flinders Dick with pardonable curiosity.

Wolfe turned on him with sudden rage: "Damn you! What business is it of yours?" he cried hoarsely; then recalled to himself by the wounded expression of Flinders Dick's face, he added in feeble apology, his voice becoming querulous again: "I didn't mean that, Dick, but you know I can't stand being asked questions about myself. Did this man tell you what he'd come for?"

"He said he'd brought a message from the girl that gev you that shark's tooth necklace. She wants it back and he says if you're a gentleman you'd gev it up. I told him he'd have a job to get it."

Wolfe clutched something at his chest. The outline of Oora's chain could be seen there beneath his thin shirt. His face changed, and the nervous dread as well as the peevishness left it. He answered quite calmly and almost in Brian's own words:

"No gentleman would keep a thing a lady had given him if she wanted it back. Let him come. But first, I must take this off."

He fumbled at his collar. The chain was round his neck, double twined, as Oora had put it. He would not let Flinders Dick touch it, but with some difficulty took it off himself. Again he staggered. "Get me a chair, Dick," said he. "I—I—can't stand."

Flinders Dick made a long slouching stride towards where a dirty canvas chair of the kind called "squatters," was drawn up to catch what breeze there was. To get it, he had to pass the opening within which Brian waited, and Wolfe noting this called him back with a hoarse "Dick" and whispered:

"Mind, whatever I say or don't say, you're not to contradict me. You're a bit of a fool, old man, but you *can* keep your mouth shut. Just do it now, that's all I ask of you. And look here, Dick, you're the best mate a man ever had. Don't mind my swearing at you, eh?"

"Dry up," was Dick's response. As he went along the verandah Brian's cheery voice called out. Wolfe recognised the Cordeaux ring in it and winced.

"Hello, Mr. Flinders Dick, I want to get back to the mainland to-night, you know, and it's a goodish sail even with a fair wind. Tell your friend I won't keep him many minutes."

"You kin come along neow," drawled Flinders Dick, amicably. "He ain't up to much, but he'll be pleased to have the message. Stop a bit though,.till I fetch a chair."

Flinders Dick dragged along the squatter's chair by one of the wide arms and Brian, always helpful, took hold of the other. He waited till Flinders Dick had seated Wolfe, who leaned back exhausted, but composed. The effort he had made to pull himself together and to avoid any show of agitation was noticed by Brian and started an uneasy suspicion in the sailor's mind. At the first sight of Wolfe, he had had a fancy that the face was familiar to him in some vague, indistinct way and now he felt almost sure of it. When Wolfe spoke, he too was struck by the *timbre* of the voice, weak and husky though it was. Wolfe's form was rigid, his features tense. He made a formal gesture of salutation, ignoring Brian's outstretched hand. His own right hand, which was tightly clenched, rested on the arm of the chair, and was so thin that the bones seemed to be almost piercing the flesh.

"You'll excuse my not rising; I'm rather shaky on my legs after my illness. I'm afraid I haven't much of a seat to offer you," and he motioned to an empty wooden brandy case set on end against the wall, whilst Flinders Dick swung himself on to the edge of the verandah, from which his long legs dangled.

Brian took the brandy case and remarked on the rough time the other had had. Meanwhile he tried hard to study Wolfe's face and to meet his eyes, for every minute his suspicion was growing, but it was baffled by the other man's forced impassivity. After the first keen, furtive glance he had stolen, Wolfe would not look at his visitor, and he had the advantage over Brian of being seated with his back to the open side of the verandah, so that his face was in the shadow. He preserved, too, the same husky levelness of tone which might easily have been

attributed to his state of health. It surprised him afterwards that he had been able to collect his faculties sufficiently for these precautions. Only the desperate fear of discovery could thus have quickened his dazed brain.

"You picked me out of the sea," he said. "I owe you thanks for that. I was too far gone then to express anything, and as you see, I'm not good for much even now, but pray believe that I appreciate your kindness."

Cordeaux made the conventional rejoinder, proffering congratulations and sympathy; also regrets that circumstances had limited the hospitality of the *Clytie*. He purposely turned the conversation to the wreck and to the experiences of the survivors, but Wolfe did not follow his lead, and Brian felt embarrassed as to how he had best state the object of his visit, though he anticipated no serious difficulty in carrying it out. For the gaunt, distinguished-looking face showing birth in every feature, the fine pose of the head, the well-shaped hands, which in three weeks or so of inactivity had lost something of their roughness; the fashion of speech—all convinced him that Oora and Flinders Dick had not been wrong in their estimate of the man. Clearly, here, he had to do with a gentleman.

Flinders Dick, as he smoked and spat, looked every now and then at his mate with a mixture of proud admiration and tender solicitude in his gentle eyes. He could not resist an occasional triumphant glance at the visitor. Flinders Dick's pride deepened while he watched his mate's demeanour. Only a thoroughbred could behave like that, he considered, and Flinders Dick thought as much of "blood" in a man as of pedigree in a horse, which is a way with the colonial-born bushman, whose innate appreciation of social subtleties is greater than might be supposed. He realised, however, that some inward stress was telling upon his mate, and it was he who made the first breach.

"What about that there message from the lady, mister?" he asked, abruptly.

Brian drew from his pocket the closed envelope Oora had given him, which was unaddressed. He felt considerable hesitation in delivering it before Flinders Dick, but apparently the bushman did not mean to budge. At sight of the envelope Wolfe eagerly stretched out his left hand, which he could not keep from shaking.

"You have a letter for me?"

"I should like first to be quite sure that you are the person for whom it is intended," said Brian stiffly.

Wolfe's face flushed faintly, but he said nothing, as Brian continued:

"I was entrusted with this by a lady who preferred that her identity should remain unknown. As you see, the envelope has no direction, for she—my friend—is, I understand, as ignorant of your name as you are of hers." He paused and Wolfe bowed.

"It is far better that names should not be mentioned," he said.

"Certainly not that of a lady," Brian rejoined quickly. "But as far as you and I are concerned the point is of no consequence, I imagine. I believe you have heard my name—Brian Cordeaux."

He pronounced the words with deliberate intention, emphasising them clearly, and watching Wolfe's face the while for some sign that might confirm the startling suspicion which had begun to take form in his mind. But Wolfe, being forearmed, made no sign.

"May I ask," added Brian, "what I am to call you?"

"James Robinson," Wolfe answered simply, without hesitation.

A murmured "Jiminy" fell from Flinders Dick, and he immediately threw a stone at a crow which was attacking some refuse outside the house, affecting deep interest in the doings of the bird. Then he noisily knocked the ashes out of his pipe against a verandah post and proceeded to refill it.

"James Robinson," repeated Cordeaux, a note of incredulity tinged with relief in his voice. "Oh! thank you," . . . and he resumed slowly, "The young lady—who is a friend of mine—"

"You said that before," interrupted Wolfe, unable to restrain himself longer. "May *I* ask if you are engaged to be married to that young lady?"

Wolfe's eyes met Brian's full for the

first time. It was only for an instant, but in that instant Brian was irresistibly reminded by the scowling expression of Wolfe's eyebrows of his uncle, the late Earl of Ellan. He was struck, too, by the tone of Wolfe's interrogation, which savoured of the old Earl's most autocratic manner.

"No," he answered thoughtfully, "nor am I at all likely to be. But if it comes to personal questions, Mr.—er—Robinson, there is one I should very much like to ask you. Are you by any chance connected with the family of Cordeaux, the head of which, as you may know, is the Earl of Ellan?"

Again Wolfe spoke with unhesitating decision.

"I have no connection whatever with the family you mention. And now, with my apology for having asked an intrusive question, we will, if you please, Mr. Cordeaux, refrain from personal remarks. Will you kindly give me that letter?"

Brian reddened under his tan, but he answered with equal politeness:

"Perhaps you will be so good as to assure me first of your right to read it by giving me a piece of jewellery which my friend tells me she—er—lent you—under some superstitious idea that it might be of service to you. This letter explains that the lady now wishes her property returned to her."

Wolfe slowly unclasped his clenched right hand and held to Brian's view the jade and aperculum chain with the shark's tooth attached.

"No doubt this is the piece of jewellery to which you refer? I should like to say that I—I—" Wolfe spoke stammeringly —"I feel deeply grateful to that lady, who certainly saved my life by acts of self-denying heroism which I am ashamed to remember that I allowed and accepted. Physical disability must be my excuse for—for a lack of courage—the thought of which has been intolerable to me. I hope you understand?"

"Yes, I do," Brian answered promptly. "The circumstances have been partly explained to me. As a man I feel with you—I really can't help saying that. But, of course, naturally one considers the lady's position."

"There is no need to question my consideration for the lady whom I esteem most highly," said Wolfe with a return to his former stiffness. "Here is the chain. Of course, it is unfitting that I should keep possession of it."

He laid it reverently over the arm of the chair and held out his right hand. "I, too, should wish to assure myself on the point of identity. You will allow me to read the letter before I give you the necklace."

Brian put the letter into his hand and the instinct of a gentleman made him get up and turn away while Wolfe opened it. He saw, however—without intending to do so—that only a small space in the middle of the sheet was covered with rather cramped feminine writing and that the communication had neither formal beginning nor signature. It was evident, therefore, that Oora had kept to the letter of the law. He got up from the brandy case and met the inquiring gaze of Flinders Dick, who lifted his long legs over the edge of the verandah and slouched to his feet.

"See them darned old crows! Bin watchin' 'em," said he, with elaborate carelessness, pointing to three scraggy birds perched one on the top and one on either side of a pole which supported the clothes line. "Puts me in mind of the top rail of a killin' yard," he added. Then when they had gone a step or two along the verandah, Flinders Dick drawled in a triumphant whisper: "We—el neow—I reckon there's not any finer stock than that runnin' branded over in your country. Good stayin' blood that—temper but no vice, eh? . . . As clean a thorough-bred as ever was foaled."

Brian laughed nervously.

"Sailors are better judges of men than of horses, Mr. Flinders Dick—and not too good judges of men either, perhaps. You see it isn't every ship in Her Majesty's Navy that has the privilege of putting in at Thursday Island."

Wolfe's hoarse voice interrupted the short colloquy. He had hidden Oora's letter in his breast. Now he held out the chain.

"I should like to pack this in something that will keep it safe," he said.

"Dick, old man, scoot round for a little box, will you? There's that sandalwood one you were showing me."

"Right you are!" cried Dick, and disappeared within the house. Brian came closer to Wolfe, who had risen and was standing supporting himself with his hand on the back of the chair. The effect of Oora's letter had been magical. He looked stronger, more alert, and the rigid mask had broken. But the touch of feeling that made his features more mobile took away that vague likeness to the old Earl which had disturbed and puzzled Brian.

"Mr. Cordeaux," Wolfe said, "may I beg you in returning the chain to give a message from me to its owner? Will you tell her that she may count upon me to obey her wishes in all respects? Tell her, too, that the reason why I am glad to have this useless life restored—for you'd never have picked me up if she had not saved me first—Well, the chief value my life has for me just now, is the chance that I may be able to do something with it—for her sake."

The emotional stop in his voice disquieted Brian, who looked straight at him, while Wolfe seemed to avoid Brian's candid gaze.

"Mr. Robinson—" Brian made a slight halt before pronouncing the name—then went on bluntly: "You must see for yourself that it would probably be much better for that young lady if she had no chance of testing your gratitude."

"I know that," Wolfe answered grimly.

"Then keep away from her—there's a good fellow. As neither of you know the other's name—there is less likelihood of your ever meeting. But if there were, let me beg you—on your honour—as a gentleman—not to attempt it."

"I do not consider that you have any right to try and exact such a promise from me and I must decline to discuss the matter," said Wolfe. "This, however, I will say, you have the assurance I asked you to convey to the lady herself—her wishes will be complied with."

At that moment, Flinders Dick returned with one of the small sandalwood and mother-of-pearl inlaid boxes that are sold by the gross wherever Chinese trade touches. He had bought it from a Chinaman the previous day.

"I b'lieve this will fit it—close up," he said, and held the box carefully, while Wolfe coiled the chain round inside, placing the shark's tooth in the middle. His hand shook as he fingered the object with a regretful tenderness that went to Brian's soft heart. Then he put on the lid, and handed the box to Brian, who placed it in his breast pocket.

"Thank you," he said, and lingered a moment. "I will deliver your message—since you desire it. I suppose there is nothing more to say. I can only wish you luck and a quick recovery." Still he hesitated, then with a sudden impulse he put out his broad, blunt fingers frankly; but Wolfe drew back with a sharp negative gesture.

"Won't you shake hands?" asked Brian.

"No, no, you might be sorry for it later," was the gloomy answer.

"I think not," said Brian, with a touch of disappointment. "Well, good luck to you—and good-bye."

"Good-bye," Wolfe echoed. And Flinders Dick added a cheerful "S'long"! as a parting salutation. Then Brian left the place.

When he had done the rest of his business in the settlement, had hunted the whole place for sweets worthy of Susan, and had executed some commissions for Mrs. Galbraith at Burns' and Philip's stores, he found out that the *Clytie* was entering the harbour. It was very reluctantly that he decided to go on board her, and there he learned, as he had half expected, that he would be obliged to rejoin his ship immediately.

TO BE CONTINUED

When the Dominion Was Young

The Fifth of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY

VAST in extent is the Dominion of to-day, from ocean to ocean, from the Great Lakes to the Pole. The swift revolving earth needs four hours to present it in panorama daily to the gaze of the sun. And yet in four years this almost continental area had been consolidated into one imperial domain by the empire-builders of 1867. In 1869 the Northwest was purchased, and with one tremendous stride our westward march reached the summits of the Rocky Mountains. Next year the watchfires of our van flashed upon the far Pacific. The Intercolonial was being built to make real the paper union between the Maritime Provinces and Old Canada. A little later the plans were laid to bind all the Provinces together with bands of steel, across a thousand leagues of land. Howe had been checkmated in England, conciliated with "better terms," and given a seat in the Cabinet.

The new Province of Manitoba had been created with limited area that made it practically a French preserve. And there, as if to mock our hopes new born of the partial conciliation of Nova Scotia, rebellion reared its head and William McDougall, the newly appointed Governor, was turned back at the border. An armed expedition became necessary. And before its work was accomplished a Fenian army, 3,000 strong, had appeared at Ogdensburg, only 50 miles away, threatening the national capital. I well remember the almost panic that prevailed in the early spring of 1870. The Civil Service Brigade were called out at 4 o'clock in the morning and served with ball cartridges to guard the city. Parliament Square bristled with artillery and bayonets. The gold and silver from the banks in Ottawa was carted to the vaults beneath the Departmental Buildings. The Carleton Battalion was hurried off to Prescott. To add to the general alarm, a man on horseback was suddenly struck dead by lightning in a township across the Ottawa River. At the inquest there was found in the dead man's pocket a subscription in aid of the Fenian invasion, headed by himself with $40, and with smaller subscriptions from his sometime respectable neighbours. Obviously the Fenians were coming to take the country and these had made peace with them in advance!

The first census of the Dominion was taken. The Treaty of Washington was negotiated, and a storm was raised against it. The Alabama Claims were to be settled and no recognition given to Canada's claims against the United States for the repeated invasions of our soil by armed marauders, equipped with United States rifles and bayonets, and United States service ammunition that had slain our sons and brothers at Ridgeway. A public debate among the young men, of the civil service chiefly, was arranged to discuss the treaty, and some of us who spoke against its provisions felt that we placed our official heads in jeopardy. The large hall was crowded, a hundred members of Parliament being present. Our speeches were printed in the papers of the following morning. The vote at the close was strongly against the Treaty. Old supporters of the Government prepared speeches to denounce it in Parliament. It was confidently predicted that the Government would be defeated. In the meantime Sir John Macdonald kept his own counsel, even from his colleagues it was said.

When the time came Sir John made the longest and the ablest speech that I ever heard him deliver. It was said at the time that it changed fifty votes. Certainly no other speech yet delivered in the splendid edifice on Parliament Hill ever proved half so effective in that line. He was able to give such an inside view of the negotiations, the obstacles encountered, and the international perils narrowly

avoided, as fully convinced his old-time followers one and all, and many beyond the pale of his party throughout the country, that he had acted for the best.

But I am not writing history; I am but giving glimpses of men, of scenes and incidents in those strenuous days, when the Dominion was young. There were Cabinet changes not a few during the first Parliamentary term. Ferguson Blair, President of the Council, died in December, 1867. A. T. Galt had resigned as Minister of Finance in November of the same year. He was succeeded by John Rose, who resigned in October, 1869. There were several expectants, but Sir John Macdonald disappointed them all by bringing Sir Francis Hincks from the Windward Islands to take the vacant portfolio. He was getting an old man then, and the Opposition delighted to play upon his irritability. Sir Francis issued 25 cent script, bought up the United States silver which was everywhere circulating, and shipped it out of the country in millions. A mighty man in finance was he, albeit his signature as he wrote it, "F. Hincks," in diminutive letters, could be covered by a ten cent piece. Charles Tupper, who had hitherto buttressed the Cabinet from outside, was taken in and made President of the Council, succeeding Howe in that position, the latter being made Secretary of State. This was a political climax. There were other changes and shuffles, but let these suffice.

To speak in paradox, what field nights there were in those days! There were weighty topics to discuss and men of weight to discuss them. And there were riotous nights, too, in which the loose cushions from the chairs of that time flew, a score at a time, in every direction. Blue books, too, were favourite missiles, and sometimes left a blue mark where they struck home, not infrequently upon some peaceable non-combatant. One night, when it seemed that pandemonium had been let loose, a diminutive member from Quebec Province was doing great execution with three or four heavy blue books tied in his fur cap, and with a long twine string attached. With this equipment he was able to recover his ammunition again after having fired his shot. At length he struck the wrong man, John Pickard, of York, N.B., who caught him in the act and soundly caned him at his desk. Amid one such scene of flying cushions, slamming desk lids and music of mouth organs, Mr. Speaker Cockburn was solemnly appealed to by a distressed member to stop this intolerable noise. Mr. Speaker blandly replied that he had not noticed anything but what might be called "Parliamentary noises."

All are familiar with the change which comes over the House of Commons, when the House goes into Committee of the Whole, the Speaker leaving the chair and the mace being placed under the table. But all are not aware that a division taken in Committee of the Whole was in the early days taken by sending the yeas to the right and the nays to the left. One turbulent and ridiculous scene arising out of this method, long since changed, rises vividly before my vision. It matters not what the question was. John Sandfield Macdonald (then Premier of Ontario) was in the chair at the head of the Clerk's table. He had ordered a division of this kind in order to determine which of the two nearly equal parties of yeas and nays was in the majority. Members began quickly to cross the floor in opposite directions. In the rush the opposing elements met in the open space in the centre of the Chamber. Here began a struggle. It was not a contest of wordy argument, but one of muscle, of physical strength and endurance. Each party sought to hold its own forces intact and to make as many captives as possible. There were charges and counter-charges, tugs of war, assaults and reprisals. Old and young joined with great hilarity and spirit in the mimic battle.

Mackenzie and Rymal seized Sir George Cartier and, lifting him bodily, carried him over to their side, but he was speedily rescued by his giant henchman, Dr. Fortin, from Gaspe, who strode across the floor like Hector or Diomed upon some Trojan battlefield and, seizing the little Baronet beneath one arm, bore him back within the lines. Mackenzie himself was captured a little later in the fray, but was in turn rescued by Reform muscle. Sir John, too, was threatened, but eluded

his pursuers by one of his best "double shuffles" and found safe shelter amid a phalanx of the nays. The Chairman was forced from his seat in the ludicrous conflict, and to save himself leaped upon the table, and even there was hardly beset by those who would carry him off. He beat off his assailants with an umbrella. I think it was a borrowed one, from the vigour with which he wielded it, and there were broken ribs before they were driven off.

While the fight was thus progressing in the centre of the battlefield, the opposed right and left wings were having a hot engagement near the main entrance. A group clenched in close embrace had gone down on the floor, where Grit and Tory bit the dust together. Meanwhile there had been a pause in the centre, and then—

> The war that for a space did fail,
> Now trebly thundering swelled the gale
> And "Sandfield!" was the cry.

The table was carried by the fierce assault, lifted high on one side, and John Sandfield, with one tremendous leap, vaulted over the stooped heads of those who were overthrowing his fortress and presently appeared in the gallery above, his long, lean figure trembling with excitement as he still flourished what remained of the umbrella.

When the battle came to an end—it was throughout a good-natured affair—I can't remember whether the yeas or the nays had won the victory. But when the prostrate group on the floor gathered themselves up one member had his coat entirely torn off at the waist, another had his coat split up the back to the collar, while others were more or less dilapidated, and all were dusty and perspiring. How the spectators in the galleries enjoyed it! To see these great and wise men engaged in a boys' rough and tumble. Yet five minutes later the House was as orderly, serious and decorous as usual, and apparently little the worse for the riot.

The spring of 1870 gave us a scene almost as sad for the time as the tragic death of McGee, and made us acquainted with a new peril to the new Dominion. Suddenly the assembled representatives were startled by the tidings that Sir John Macdonald was dying! He had walked up to his department early in the afternoon in apparent good health, and a little after, alone in his room, fell to the floor and was there found writhing in what was feared must be his last struggle. He was tenderly raised and laid on a sofa. Medical aid was summoned and at first confirmed the worst fears. The Premier was dying! Every one by a common impulse rushed to the East Block to make enquiries, but there the doors were guarded against the anxious and awe-struck multitude; yet the sad news was confirmed. In saddened groups men gathered and spoke with bated breath; women wept and the very atmosphere seemed choked with gloom. Three o'clock came, but the House did not open; four o'clock, but the Speaker did not take the chair.

Members sat in silent sadness or whispered together at their desks. Later the House was opened for a few minutes, but only to adjourn till the morrow. One thought was in every mind, that the next tidings might be of the most momentous kind. The Ottawa *Times*, then the Government organ at the capital, anticipating the event which it was believed the night must bring, had set up in type, six columns long, the obituary of the distinguished sufferer. But the Premier did not die. For six weeks he lay in the chamber where he had fallen, unable to be moved, while at first hourly, and later, morning and evening, bulletins from his physician, Dr. Grant, gave the eager Capital tidings of his condition. As the millions of the great Republic in spirit kept watch at the bedside of a martyred President, so all Canada waited while the great Conservative chieftain lingered so close to the portals of the unseen world.

At length the sufferer was able to be removed to the Speaker's Chambers in the Parliament Buildings, and, when the warm weather came, was taken on a couch down the St. Lawrence to Prince Edward Island, where he slowly regained health and vigour. So he was raised up, and as it turned out twenty-one fruitful years were added to his life. And at last, in May and June, 1891, far beyond the time limit of these sketches, like sad scenes were enacted and the spirit of Sir John Macdonald passed out forever from the scene of his earthly labours and triumphs.

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Pillars of Heaven

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

And I said, "Which be the pillars that uphold the Heavens?" And he answered, "Neither pillars of gold, nor pillars of stone, but the hands of children. These uphold the Heavens."

"DO you remember me, Fox?" As if any one could forget the proudly poised head with its braids of wonderful golden hair, and the wide, unfathomable brown eyes, full, just now, of an irresistible entreaty. The face was just the same anyway, the lips a bit firmer, perhaps; the cheeks a little thinner, but the smile quite as child-like and wistfully sweet.

"Yes, Mrs. Gordon, I remember you." Fox opened the door wide, and bowed in his stately way. He had always believed in her, even though every circumstance was against her. No matter what happened, he would admit her now. It would be the last time, of course, as it was the first time since she had left, over three years before. She came in hurriedly, and looked eagerly about the dim old hall.

"Where are they? Where are the children, Fox?" she asked in a whisper.

"In the nursery, ma'am." The old man stood aside and then followed her upstairs. She knew her way and mounted fast, almost running along the hall when she left the stairway. At a closed door she paused, her hand on the knob.

"Is Mrs. Clements still here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, but she's out to-night, and Jeanie is asleep. I promised to call her if Miss Katherine stirred. I have been sitting up here in the hall. Everybody is tired with so much—" he paused abruptly and his fine old skin flushed a deep pink.

The woman nodded. "I understand" she said, and then very quietly, "The master, Fox, when will he return?"

"Not before midnight, Mrs. Gordon."

"Very well, Fox." She dismissed him with a brief little inclination of her head. He turned and walked to the farthest end of the hall; and she opened the door and entered the room.

A night lamp was burning behind a screen and two little brass cots stood side by side in the shadow, two little sleeping forms upon them. For a long minute the woman stood just inside the door, her eyes tightly shut, afraid to look. Then opening them she went quickly towards the beds, walking in between them. With a sudden, rapid movement she knelt down and kissed passionately first one little white pillow and then the other. The baby's bed was much tumbled; she stood up and smoothed it carefully with trembling hands, taking care not to touch or disturb him. The little girl lay quietly in the deepest, sweetest slumber, her thick, golden hair all about her on the pillow. The woman leaned above the childish face, so like her own, and fought back the mad desire to seize the little figure in her arms and cover the soft face with hungry kisses. At the baby she dared not look at all, after the first glance. He had a white stuffed elephant in his arms, and his nightgown was open at the throat, his damp little curls dark against the whiteness of his neck, his baby cheeks flushed red with sleep. No, she could not trust herself to look at him, but she knelt down again by the bed and, putting her face in his pillow, went back in her thoughts to the happy time just before his coming three years ago; when she had sat in the low chair in the bay window of this very room, Katherine playing at her feet, the sewing idle in her hands; while she looked with joy-dimmed eyes at the purple hills in the west, and planned for the little baby that was coming. How many times, day after day, had she taken the tiny garments from the white basket, to fondle them lovingly, to hold them tenderly against her face, to drop tears of thankful happiness upon them! How often, at night, had she stolen into the

great, sweet-smelling room, just off the nursery, where the white bed stood, with the waiting bassinet beside it, the room that he had called the "Throne room," with her for its queen! The last thought brought her to herself, and the memory of the past gave way to thoughts of the present. She stood up quickly. She was calm, all at once, and she trusted herself to bend over and kiss the baby neck where the tiny curls began. She had been kneeling by the bed a long time, and when some one rapped softly upon the door, she opened it hurriedly. Fox stood there, his face very pale, but when he spoke his voice was quiet.

"The master has come," he told her. She looked at him gravely, anxiously. He knew she was not afraid, and his own fear left him. But she must go before her presence was known.

"I will go through the other room, Fox," she said softly. "I can unlock the window and get down the balcony stairs to the garden. Be sure to see that the room is fastened up afterwards." She turned away and then turned back again, holding out her hand kindly. "Good-bye, Fox," she said.

The old servant kissed her fingers, and his lips trembled. "God bless you, Mrs. Gordon," he whispered brokenly. "I—I will always—" but he could not go on. The sight of the slender figure, the mute suffering of the great eyes, and the thought of what she was putting out of her life forever, hurt his faithful old heart, and a sob choked his words.

"Take care of them always for me," she said gently; and she turned back into the room, closing the door softly. Very quietly she bent over the children again and kissed them each in turn; then she moved noiselessly into the great, sweet-smelling room, and closed the doors behind her. She groped her way across towards the windows, touching here and there a familiar chair or table, passing her hand along the footboard of the bed. She reached the windows and put her hand to the catch of first one and then another. They seemed very stiff. Evidently it had been a long time since they were opened, for they used to move readily enough. She wound her handkerchief about her fingers and tried again and again to turn the springs; but they must have grown rusty from disuse, for they quite refused to move. Very well, she must wait, then, until he had retired. Fox would watch for her. It might be very late, but it would not matter. There was a train at 12.30 and another at 2. She felt neither guilty nor afraid, but when she heard a step in the children's room, she trembled a little and drew up her figure straightly. The step crossed the floor and came towards the room she was in, and then, as she heard the handle turn, she slipped back behind the curtains and leaned against the window frame behind her.

A blaze of light soon filled the place, and she crouched farther into the shadow. She heard a sound of a chair scraping across the floor, the turning of a key in a lock, the opening of drawers, the rustling of papers and then absolute silence, except occasionally for the sound of a quickly turned page. She waited quietly a long time, until her back ached where she leaned against the window, and the hand that grasped the curtain grew numb. Then she leaned forward and looked out between the hangings.

The room was just the same. She noticed that first; but it looked dusty and unused. He sat at her desk, a bundle of letters before him. Some old photographs of herself, when she was a child, were stood up in a row in front of him, and the last picture she had had, a small miniature, lay just before him on an open book. There was another photograph of herself taken with the baby; he had torn it in two pieces and dropped it on the floor. Evidently he was destroying all memory of his first wife before the advent of the new mistress. It was very odd of him to have put it off so long, only giving himself a week's grace. But, of course, it must be a very distasteful task; naturally he would dislike to undertake it. He had gone through one pile of letters, his letters to her, and now threw them slowly, one by one, into the empty waste-basket that he drew out from under the desk.

Never for one moment did she allow her

thoughts to leave the present, nor did she even permit herself to wonder if he perhaps were living over other days. There was only one thing in her mind, the burning, bitter misery that she had just left her children forever, and that she loved them a thousand times more than life itself. She had said good-bye to them, because she must do so, though she knew that in acting as she did, she was killing herself, just as surely as if she had flung herself into the brook that wound through the south end of the garden. For three years she had lived to come back and say "good-bye" to them; and now she knew that it had been "good-bye" to life itself when she kissed the little sleeping faces on the pillows.

What was happening now was nothing. The man sitting there had been her husband; the open desk held memories of her childhood, girlhood and her wifehood. In a week's time another woman would be the mistress of the home that had been hers. All of these facts touched her not at all; her mother's heart could hold but one thought, and the depth of that agony made everything beside it appear small and dim and unreal.

At last she was aroused by an exclamation from the man at the desk. He had found a photograph in one of the drawers, a photograph of a man in uniform, with a strong thin face. He was looking at it with compressed lips and drawn brows, and, as the woman watched, he tore it in a dozen pieces and flung it upon the floor. She smiled a little to herself, as the man with great haste began to clear out all the drawers and pigeon holes feverishly. He looked at nothing more, but dropped everything into the waste-paper basket, even the photographs of the little girl she had been and the painted miniature. Then he leaned back and looked into the empty desk. She had not seen his face so far, but when he turned and bent over to the floor, she noticed his hair white at the temples, and his cheeks sallow, though his eyes were as bright and keen as ever and his mouth as hard. He stooped to pick up the torn picture of herself and the baby, and he pieced it together, and laid it before him, smoothing out the rough edges. Again she smiled, almost happily, for she knew he loved the children with something akin to idolatry, and he was sorry he had torn the little pictured face. He placed the photograph in his pocket and abruptly closed the desk, then he leaned back in the chair, his hands on the arms, his chin on his chest, his eyes hard into vacancy.

Finally the woman realised that she could stay where she was no longer. Her slender physical strength was failing her utterly. She must go, and go at once. She heard the baby stirring in the next room, and the little sister's voice speaking to him softly. If she remained longer she knew she must go to them again, the little babies whose mother she had been. She stood forth from the hangings at the window. In the bright glare of the unshaded light, she looked very shabby; her black dress was almost threadbare, and her little hat was of the fashion of a year before, but she was slim and straight and graceful as he had known her three years ago, and the man turned his eyes upon her and started up, half in fear, for an instant thinking she was some apparition, so noiselessly had she come out from the window.

"It is I, Phillippe?" she said steadily. "It is I, Katherine."

He rose unsteadily to his feet, and faced her, his teeth set, his face even paler than before.

"I am sorry to have had to let you know," she went on, her voice perfectly even and sweet, "but I felt I must come and see the children once. It is the first and last time and I did not disturb them. I was going out by the window, but the locks were so rusty I could not unfasten them."

"You—you dared—how dared you return here?" He whispered the words chokingly.

She returned his gaze coldly and a little smilingly. "There was nothing to be afraid of," she said. "It was my right, certainly my right, to see Katherine and the baby."

"It was not your right." The man was holding the slender chair-back in his two hands, and his knuckles were white and

shining. His voice was low and tense. He bit his lip hard and then went on: "I will not have my children polluted by ——" And then perhaps the incongruity of his words and the beautiful, wistful-eyed face of the woman before him, smote him suddenly, for he stopped short.

"Phillippe," she said gently, "for three years you have misjudged me. It is not worth while to explain now, except for the children's sake. They must not think me the woman that their father believed I was."

"I don't know what you mean," he said slowly, and he noted the shabbiness of her dress and the hollowness of her cheeks. Again something smote him sharply. "Will you sit down?" he said less harshly. "You have something to say to me?"

"I did not intend to say it," she replied, not heeding his invitation to be seated. "I have the letter here," she touched the bosom of her dress. "Very likely it is explained better in the letter, but after all, since I have met you, it is best that I should speak."

"If you have anything to say, it is much, much better." He spoke coldly and collectedly now, though his hands were still tight upon the chair.

"I did not know until I had been a year in Italy why it was you divorced me," she began quietly.

The man started, frowned heavily, and then laughed harshly.

"What other reason could I have had? What other reason was necessary?" he asked. Then abruptly, "It is better not to speak of those things. Let the past alone, and say what you must say quickly."

"It is only of the past I need to speak," she returned. "From the very first you were wrong. You thought Graeme loved me—"

"My God—" The man took a quick step towards her, his face working. "He told me so."

"He never told me so," she said gently. "As a little child, he taught me to read, and took care of me as father asked him to; and, as I grew up, I learned to depend upon him as upon a brother, a dear, elder brother in whom I could confide and trust. If he had never gone to India—if you had met him and known him from the first—"

"What is the use of bringing this all up again?" He walked to the door of the nursery, opening and closing it, and returning to stand before her.

"There is a great deal of use," she said, lifting her chin a bit haughtily. "It may not matter to you, perhaps, but it does matter to their mother, what my children think of me. I want them to hold my memory sacred."

"Sacred! Are you not a little mad, Katherine?"

She did not heed his question, but went on quietly: "I have not long to live, the doctor has told me that, unless—well, that cannot matter. It is quite certain that they will never see me when they grow older, and it is much better so. The life I have lived has told upon me."

He bit his lip hard, then pushed a chair before her.

"I want you to sit down," he said imperiously. "No matter what you have done, what you have been, you are a woman and weak and tired. I am not blind to what you must have suffered in there." He pointed to the nursery. "Sit down, Katherine."

She obeyed him mechanically, and spoke on, her hands clasping one another in her lap, her eyes lifted to his face:

"You thought I went to Italy with him, with Graeme. I never saw him after I left you until ten days before he died."

"Katherine!" The man spoke almost gently. He did not believe her, but he may have thought her mind shaken a little, and he wanted to be kind. "Katherine, why do you tell me this?"

"Because it is true," she said, a little wearily. "He came to me then. How he found me, I do not know. I was living under another name in the poorest quarter of Florence, making the nose-gays that a Florentine peasant woman sold in her stall—"

"Stop!" The man unbuttoned his coat and took out his pocket-book. Opening it hurriedly, he found two newspaper clippings within, which he handed to

her. She read them slowly. One was a list of the passengers on the *S.S. Greyhound*, her name and Graeme Lennox's among them. Another was a plainly worded bit of scandal, coupling their two names together.

She returned the papers to him, her face a little flushed, and her eyes bright.

"This is the first time that I knew there had been any publicity," she said. "Your own proceedings were conducted very quietly."

"Sir Gilbert saw to that." He frowned hard. "The papers could obtain nothing." He was about to replace the clippings in his book, when she held up her hand quietly.

"Why do you keep them?" she said. "They are not true, you know."

"Not true!"

"No." She spoke patiently. "I did go by the *Greyhound*, Graeme did not. If you had taken the trouble to have inquired, you might have learned that he sailed a week after I did, and in a very different direction. He returned to his old place in India, and held no communication with any one, until the year he died."

"He had meant—"

"Yes, he had meant to go to Italy." Her face paled. "He wanted to take care of me. He always had before I knew you, and it hurt him; it hurt me when I told him it was better that I went alone."

"Then how—what—how did you live?" he spoke thickly, stupidly. He could not look at her and disbelieve her. There was no guilt in the beautiful, tired, white face, with the darkly suffering eyes.

"I tried to write at first," she said. "But though I made a little money, there was not enough to live upon. Then for two months I sang behind the scenes in the chorus of the new German opera, Parsifal. It was then I was taken ill; there was no one but my uncle to appeal to, and my letter to him was returned unopened. When I was getting better, I heard you had obtained a divorce, though upon what grounds was not mentioned. It did not matter. I had not thought it would come to that exactly. We had agreed to separate, but I suppose the divorce was more—complete—more modern. Of course I had left you and the children; that was sufficient reason anyway."

The man started to interrupt her, but she held up her hand imperiously. "I must finish," she said. "It is very late, and I am tired. If I had had anything, or anyone to turn to, I should never have consented to let you keep the babies. In the first excitement I had thought my pen or my voice would make me independent, and that when the money began to come I should return for the children. But my little talents,"—she broke off to cough slightly, and did not finish the sentence. "Graeme would have given me all he had. Yes, I know, you thought he had done so. But I would not take it. I think that almost broke his kind heart. I know he had loved me since I was a tiny baby. No, not in the way you mean." She looked at him and paused a second, then added coldly: "I don't know why I say that to you."

He interrupted her forcibly. "Because I know to the contrary," but his voice was gentle. She was so white and frail and tired. She was drawing on her gloves now. Black gloves, much worn and darned. He noticed them and he noticed the shabby neatness of her shoes. "Katherine," he went on, "three weeks before you left me, Graeme came to me, and undertook to find fault with the way I had been treating you." His face flushed suddenly. "A man should never interfere between husband and wife," his voice was almost apologetic, "and especially when the man avows himself the wife's lover."

"Phillippe!" The woman rose, one hand on the bed behind her, her dark eyes full of righteous anger. "Graeme is dead, he cannot disprove what you say, but you shall not believe this ill of him; rather would I have you think me guilty, and teach the children to forget me, than to wrong him so."

"When I asked him what right he had to speak to me," Gordon went on doggedly, "he faced me full and said: 'The right of loving Katherine with all my soul.'"

"Then the more honour to him for

never divulging his secret to me." Her face paled visibly. "He died there in the hospital in Florence, with only the foreign nurse and myself beside him, and his last words were: 'Good-bye, God bless you, little sister.' I was never more than that to him, Phillippe; you must believe me." She looked at him, her soul in her eyes. "I left you because we thought it best, both you and I. Because you were suspicious and cruel, and because your love for me was dead. Whether I did right or wrong, I do not know. But I knew you loved the children and would care for them as I would myself."

"I never meant you to go as you did." He spoke rapidly. "When I agreed to a separation, I wanted to settle half the estate upon you; I had taken steps to that effect. But when I heard that you were in Italy with him, I put you out of my life altogether. I supposed you living in luxury. I supposed you as happy with him as you had been miserable with me. I tried to forget everything that had been, in thinking and caring for the baby and Katherine."

She closed her eyes wearily. "I have worked very hard," she went on, taking up the thread of her story, "but I seemed to fail first in one thing and then another, and by-and-bye he found me. I would not let him help me as he wished, by settling his money upon me, though he had always meant to do that, even from the time I was a baby, and father died. Remembering the children, I was bound not to compromise myself by even the shadow of a suspicion. He procured me a situation, however, in a bookseller's shop, and a week later the accident happened, and in two days he was dead. You saw the notice, and I suppose you thought that for nearly three years he had been in Florence with me."

The man nodded with compressed lips.

"Well, I have proofs," she said in the same utterly weary voice. "To-morrow you shall receive them and a letter he left for you. He was only in Italy ten days, and I saw him the first day and the last two, when he was dying. Uncle came from England to take the body home, and he found my address and came to me. That is a month ago now. Poor old uncle, how sorry and sad he was, and yet how glad when he knew of the mistake he had made in thinking as he did of Graeme and me! He asked me to come home with him, and I came. He is ill now, and cannot live much longer. There will be a little when he is gone, enough to last a year or two, quite enough." She clasped her hands before her. "I think that is all," she said, "and to-morrow you shall have the proofs, and you will know that the children have no reason to be ashamed of their mother."

The man had turned away, and was holding the back of the chair again, his head bowed low.

"I want no proofs, Katherine," he said huskily.

"They are quite convincing." She spoke quickly, feverishly. He must believe her. She could not go until he did. Again she heard the baby stirring and the little girl's soft "hush, hush." "You shall have them early in the morning," she continued, "and Graeme's letter beside. Phillippe, no matter what you may think of me, or have thought me guilty of, I swear to you that I never told a lie in all my life. I have always been good, and tried to do right." She clasped her hands tightly together. "In the old days there was nothing to reproach me with, but I was too proud to deny the accusations you made against me. I knew, and God knew, I was innocent. That was enough for me then, and that was why I left you. But it is not enough for me now. I ask you, I beg you, I pray you, by the love you once bore for me, to believe me, please; please believe me for the children's sake. Let them love my memory a little, for oh! I love them so. I love them so!"

After all, her strength was failing her. She bit her lips hard and closed her eyes tight to keep the tears back. Her heart was beating high and her throat was hot.

She heard something crack and snap. The slender rail of the desk-chair had broken under the man's grasp. He turned and looked at her, his thin face

working convulsively, and when he spoke his voice was choked.

"I told you I wanted no proofs, because I believe you without them," he said, and then he sat down in the little chair, and hid his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

The woman looked dazed for a moment, then she went over and stood beside him, speaking rapidly, gently:

"Thank you, Phillippe. You must not, hush, you must not. The three years have taught me much. You have had provocation. I was proud, very proud. When all the world believed ill of me, and the story of my disgrace was in every mouth, how could I expect you to think otherwise? My very silence proclaimed my guilt. I see that now. I was too proud, too hurt, to see it then. The three years have taught us both a lesson. Please God, there is happiness in store for you now, since you know there was no wrongdoing. Please God, I too shall be happy, knowing you will teach my children to love my memory."

The man did not reply.

"Good-bye, Phillippe," she said, grief for his grief lessening a little the agony of the other parting.

He reached out blindly for her hand, and held it in his, his head still low.

"I cannot ask your forgiveness," he whispered. "I am not fit. If the rest of my life would atone for the suffering I have caused you, I would give it gladly. Oh! to undo what has been done!"

Again the little fretful cry from the nursery. "Phillippe, I must go." She was shaking from head to foot. All her intense mother-love was holding her chained to the house of this man, who next week was to make another woman his wife. "Let me go, Phillippe. We have waked him. We have waked the baby."

He bent his head back, looking at her with intense agony in his eyes, his face convulsed with grief.

"Katherine," he whispered, "I can't—I can't let you go."

"Phillippe!"

"I have loved you. I have loved you, Katherine, through all the doubt and misery and pain. Go to the children; they will tell you how I have taught them to think of you. Hear them say their prayers. After their love for God, comes their love for their mother. Even when my belief in your guilt was strongest, I loved you, and now that I have learned your innocence—"

"Hush, Phillippe—remember Ruth."

"Ruth will be the first to thank God for what you have told me."

He stood up, still holding tightly the little gloved hand. "I asked her to marry me for the children's sake, and for their sake she consented. She would not be my wife now; she, too, has always loved you, Katherine."

The baby's voice was louder now, and the sobs came distinctly through the door.

"Phillippe!" The mother's lips were trembling, her eyes piteous upon his face. "Go to him and soothe him. He is surely in pain."

"Nearly every night since you left him he wakes and cries like that," he told her gently. "If you listen you will hear him calling. That is why I spoke to Ruth, that is why she consented to come and take care of them. Come and look and listen, Katherine."

He led her to the nursery door and opened it. The baby was sobbing, half awake, half asleep, turning restlessly on his pillow.

"Mamma, mamma," and the little girl, standing in her nightdress beside him was patting him quickly and softly.

"Hush, hush baby dear, hush baby dear," she was saying over and over. "Muzzer is coming home again soon. Muzzer is coming again soon."

"Katherine!" The man took her hand in both of his and held it against his breast. He closed his eyes tightly and prayed aloud. "Dear God in Heaven, let her stay with us. We need her so!"

The woman looked at him. The tears were falling from her eyes like rain. She leaned her cheek an instant against his clasped hands, and then broke away from him and hurried in, between the little beds, to the children.

Coals of Fire

A Story of Cacouna

By KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH

THERE was a sunny smile and a cheery greeting for all who saw Big Jim Wainwright—Montague Allingham Wainwright to give him the name that nobody used—as he passed along the old French road at Cacouna that bright July day.

A smile and a word, but for none of them did he stop or even slacken his long swinging stride, not even for the bright little woman who leaned over the gate of a summer cottage with an alluring look, nor yet for the little toddler who tugged at the bar across the humble door of a habitant's home expecting the usual notice which frequently took the tangible form of sweets or small coin.

It seemed absurd that six feet of sturdy manhood should feel such a sense of joy through all his being, should have a difficulty in keeping his ordinary leisurely walk from becoming a hurried dash, should want his wonted dreamy whistle to give place to a song of triumph. And all because a little girl with a demure droop to her long eyelashes and a roguish upward turn to a soft red lip had said he might come to see her after lunch.

It was after lunch now, his lunch, which he had eaten half an hour too soon and twice too quick, but the hands of his watch refused to mark two o'clock and he was undecided whether to put on his timepiece or turn around and walk back a piece to put in time.

True, he loved her; could hardly remember the time that he hadn't known he loved her, and she had been away seven long months. She had gone away a sweet, innocent girl, not nineteen, fresh from a convent school, pure from the keeping of a tender, cultured mother whom the ancient term of gentlewoman amply fitted. She had gone away a happy-hearted, care-free child; she had been taken into the innermost circle of Washington society, had been fêted and petted, danced and dined, flattered and courted—and now she was back.

His eyes became dreamy as he looked out across the broad stretches of the St. Lawrence River to the other shore, where twenty-five miles or so away could be seen the bold Cape which marked where the dark Saguenay poured its waters into the sea-flowing stream. He could see her as she stood on the back platform of the car when she went away, a dainty little figure with a face that would look forlorn for all its brightness as the train moved, taking her away alone for the first time in her life. He could see her as she alighted at the station yesterday with her silk dust cloak and her purposeful hat and veil—so neat but with an air about every detail, every movement. She had let him take her umbrella and a big bouquet, had given him her checks, had let him lead her to where her mother waited in a carriage; she had smiled—and dismissed him.

But this morning had come a note (it was in his breast pocket) saying she would be glad to see him and have a good talk right after lunch. And right after lunch was now.

He walked through the wide gateway and along the half circle of roadway that led to the front of the big hotel, made famous in its day by the visits of viceroyalty, nobility, and distinguished strangers from many climes. Under the narrow verandah Mrs. Thorn was seated, a little tremulous in her joy over her darling's return, more than a little worn and wan and frail.

"She is out on the hill, Jim," she said. "She is just the same. Just our own little girl. You will see. We need not have been afraid." She raised brave, troubled eyes to his face.

"I did not know how we had missed her until now," he said gently. If the girl was unchanged, the same could not be said of the mother.

He found her on a rug spread on a

somewhat level space on the steep hillside overlooking the river at the back of the hotel. He saw a moving blur of white, which on nearer view proved to be Miss Thorn bending over a rolling, tumbling bundle, all arms and legs and ecstatic shrieks. She looked up with flushed face, laughing eyes and towsled hair. "He said I daren't tickle him," she explained.

"She found the vewy worst spot, the vewy first fing," the chubby baby contributed. "I like playin' wif her."

His nurse's beckoning finger drew the little man away and with a great sigh of contentment Wainwright threw himself down full length on the rug and looked into the beautiful young face beside him.

"I'm afraid I am a ruined work of art," she said laughingly, patting her hair. "We had great fun—he told me his nurse would let me play with him if I asked her, and she graciously did. Isn't this lovely, Jim?" A pretty motion of her hand indicated her meaning—the wide outlook over river and farther shore, the tree-clad bank, the sunny grass slope where they reclined. Jim's eyes travelled not one inch from the bright face—but his "Indeed, yes," was very convincing. "Now tell me all about Washington."

"Oh, but I've been at Old Point Comfort and Atlantic City for weeks, and in the mountains too, since leaving Washington. Everybody has been so kind, Jim; you would never believe how kind ("Wouldn't I?" said Jim's raised eyebrows). And they were all strangers—not like people here who have always known me—I hadn't ever seen Auntie Lou and she just adopted me, and the Judge too. She is only mother's cousin, but they were like sisters once, and oh, she is lovely—so sweet, and with the quietest, most perfect manner. She is like a lovely painting—so stately, and white and proud—her hair and complexion ivory white and her eyes dark brown and so bright. The Judge and she are like lovers, very ceremonious before people, but like happy boy and girl at home. And they liked me, Jim. It was the funniest thing how the very nicest people were so good to me—and the real Washington people are just beautiful, and so exclusive—not like the senators, diplomats and such, though I liked them, too—and the White House crowd is charming of course—but you would see the difference in a minute if you were there."

"And they liked you? How surprising!" said Jim.

"Yes, wasn't it? They laughed at me, too, a bit. Used to make me say things over again and ask questions to draw me out, and then smile when I had said what they wanted to hear. I told them my speech was just ordinary everyday English, it was they who were different; they spoke exactly like real Southerners, Jim. I went to everything—dances, dinners, teas—all sorts of grand doings—but Auntie Lou was ever so careful of me, I hardly ever danced with anyone that wasn't grey or bald-headed."

"How about the favoured swain, that Tammany, or Tom—something?"

"Oh, Tamworth! He was one of *us*, he didn't count, nor Curtis, nor Grantham—they were our boys and were always everywhere."

"Was Senator Crawford one of 'our boys,' too?"

"Jim!" the voice was tragic, the face distressed. "You know? Did mother tell you?"

"Surely, Alice, you don't mind my knowing? Why, little girl, I never dreamed it would pain you. I was the only friend at hand and your mother told me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She probably would never have mentioned it at all only I found her in tears over a letter from Mrs. Warren, and I forced the reason from her."

"I would never have told anybody—nobody but mother, and I wouldn't have written it to her, ever. It was he spoke to Auntie Lou—before. And I had to tell her—after. Oh, Jim, it was so awful!" Her hands were clenched and her face worked piteously. Jim had turned so that he could not see her and looked out over the water. "He is such a grand man, he is really great. Has such power and is just *reverenced* by all who know him. He is so handsome, so splendid, so honest, but he is forty-five and his hair is white as snow. Twenty-five years ago he lost his eighteen-year-old wife and his baby son—and he said, Jim, he said when he met me he thought God was going to

give him back his child-wife. Of course, it was not me he was loving at all; he could not know me in a few months, only seeing me dressed up in society, and not my real self at all. It was only like his old love for his dead wife stirring into life again. I knew that, and yet it was so awful. He—he grieved, Jim. He said it was like losing her and all he hoped for, over again. And he a great strong man —and little me."

Her voice broke, then died away, and Jim took one of her soft little hands in his and clasped it tight.

"I'm glad you know," she whispered; "you comfort me. But I never would have told you. I wanted to come home right away, but just then mother had written to Auntie saying father had left suddenly for England, and she was going to make some visits, so I had to stay, but we went away and I did not see him again. I wish, I can't help wishing, that I had not heard anything like that—until the right one came. If I had or could give what a man pleaded for—why—then—"

Jim looked eagerly, hungrily into the downcast face. Would she ever give for his pleading? Was it possible that he would ever be the chosen, the "right one?" Her childlike innocence baffled him, her sweet unconsciousness, her trustful friendliness held him in check as nothing else could.

They had descended the steep path and were wandering along the beach from which the tide was reluctantly edging back. The day was deliciously cool, with soft breezes tempering an unclouded sun, and the soft smell of damp sea-weed mingled with the incense offered up by the dying clover blossoms lying in the new mown hay.

"Jim, perhaps I should not ask, but I cannot help seeing that something is wrong—can you tell me what is troubling my mother?" Alice asked the question quietly, but the look that went with it was very anxious as well as keen.

"I thought her looking not quite herself, but I know of nothing definite," he answered carelessly, "unless she was wearying for you."

"Not quite herself, why she has aged years! Her pretty colour is all gone, her gowns hang loosely upon her and she has had them all taken in—and, Jim Wainwright, she has not had one new thing since I left home. She looks frail and ill, but that would be a good reason for buying hosts of pretty things to try to hide the truth from me. There is something wrong and you must know it, and I want you to tell me what it is."

"Upon my honour, Alice, I know of nothing—unless, but that was simply nothing. I think you are mistaken, little girl. You will soon see your mother her old self again now you are here."

"What was nothing?" she queried. "Is there anything wrong with father? Why did he go away so hurriedly? Why did mother rent our cottage and come to the hotel to board? Less care for her, she says. But why does she have two little inferior rooms when there are better to be had even now, and she has been here for weeks and might have had her choice of the whole hotel? Why is she so white and strange and quiet? I must know. I am not a child any longer, and want to share any burdens my parents have to bear."

"Alice, I believe you are mistaken. I think your mother would come to me if she were in any trouble."

"I thought so, too. I expected to find out from you. They would ask your help, surely, wouldn't they, if it was money troubles, if it was father's business?

"Before anyone else, I hope," he answered heartily. "If there is any financial worry it can be of little moment, for our people are in with him in nearly all his industrial enterprises. He could not have gone into stock speculations without taking counsel with us. We are involved in a way, and he is absolutely straight in everything he does. We both made some losses early in the year, but it was nothing of any moment. I have not even a suspicion of any trouble, believe me."

"Thank you. Then I must hope I was mistaken and we must try to cheer mother."

They were out on the wide gallery overlooking the river—Mrs. Thorn leaning wearily back in a low chair, her face

shining white as marble, Alice and Jim perched on the railing facing her, their backs turned to the moon-lighted water.

She had not improved through the past week; she grew more wan and frail every day, and Alice saw and wondered.

"I ought to go in, ought I not, mother? I ought to write to Washington to-night," said Alice.

"What's the great rush about Washington—it will be there later on in the week," said Wainwright. "It's so jolly here. There aren't many nights like this in the year."

Mrs. Thorn rose. "I will write for you, Alice. I will know what to say to Mr. Tamworth, and I will finish my letter to Louise, too. I will leave you children to enjoy the moonlight, I find it rather chilly myself."

After seeing Mrs. Thorn to the door of her room, Jim returned to Alice. She had sunk down into her mother's chair and Jim drew up a stool to her side.

"Why so pensive, Lady Fair?" he asked.

"It's about mother, mostly. But just then I was thinking of Tamworth."

"Oh. That's the Senator, isn't it?"

"No, not a Senator—Senator Crawford is his uncle, and he is a far away relation of Judge Warren's. He has a fine position, most responsible, and he's simply wonderful, Uncle Warren says. He has such intuition and tact, Uncle says, and is brilliant, and sizes up a situation better than any man he knows. And he's such fun. You'd like him, Jim."

"I'm quite sure I should, if he's all that."

"Oh he's more than that, I haven't told you half his good qualities. He simply knows everything—except about Canada. He didn't know what river it was at Quebec, but when I asked if he'd ever heard of Montgomery, he laughed and said he thought he had. He has a friend in Quebec and will be there next week, and he's coming down here to see us. I want you to be nice to him, Jim."

Jim's face was like a thunder-cloud for blackness. His mouth was set in lines ferocious, but Alice didn't see. He gave a short laugh and replied: "Nice to him? I'll give him the time of his life, you may be sure of that."

"Thank you. I was sure I could depend upon you. It would be different if we were in our own place, but here in the hotel we can do so little to entertain a visitor, especially a young man, and mother is so frail and I have no experience."

"You're a dear child, Alice," he said, penitently, "and I won't fail you."

"I want him to know how nice Canada is—and Canadians. I think he has an idea we live in the woods and are a simple-minded, primitive, pastoral people, those of us who are not hunters and trappers. He said he would like a summer in the 'faw nawth'."

"The duffer! Can't he even speak plain?" His wrath, which had been rising, broke forth. His repentance was quick but unavailing.

"He speaks quite plainly enough to suit me," she said, rising. He found himself quietly dismissed and the portals of the hotel received his offended goddess.

The very fair, rather stout young man, with a high dome-like brow from which the hair had prematurely receded, and bright, shrewd, beady eyes, who stepped from the afternoon train at Cacouna station, looked up with astonishment as Big Jim and three of his friends took bodily possession of him and in hearty, energetic fashion bore him to a stylish wagonette that stood beside the platform.

His modest belongings were stowed away and they were bowling along the country road, Jim driving and he sitting by his side before the stranger had time to more than smile blandly.

"This is mighty kind of you people," said Greville Tamworth, in his soft Southern drawl. "I wasn't expecting a reception committee. Haven't got the wrong passenger by any chance, have you?"

"Not if you are Mr. Tamworth from Washington, who helped to keep our little friend, Miss Thorn, away from us for so long."

"Don't blame me," said Tamworth,

laughing; "if I had any influence she'd have been there yet." Jim looked down questioningly into the laughing face, with its look of keenness and power overlaid with a boyish jollity. "I'm quite open about it," he added; "the Princess certainly had us all at her little feet. She could play football with any of us, and that's the truth."

"She is much the same at home," said Wainwright, a little stiffness in the tone which he tried to make cordial, "and our friendship for her we extend to all her friends."

"Now I call that right generous," said Tamworth, "and I thank you if you make that sentiment include me."

The dashing team bowled them swiftly along between the fragrant meadows and fields of corn, past the high-peaked roofs of the homes of the habitants with their outdoor bake-ovens, past church and wayside calvary, past the little shops with the French signs, the summer cottages, the big hotel, and as they dashed by Jim said, "That's the St. Lawrence Hall, where Mrs. Thorn and her daughter are located. But to-day they are spending with me at my uncle's place, where I am keeping house with only such friends as I can collect for company. I am taking it for granted you will give me the pleasure of putting you up. Indeed it will be a real charity for you to indulge me—I have been alone for weeks until a few days ago, when I induced these fellows (indicating the three behind) to come down from Montreal. That is Brier Cottage, which has been Mr. Thorn's summer home for many years, and ours is next."

A magnificent drive, skirting a flower-bordered lawn, led up to Fernleigh, the Wainwright's summer home—a home that was perfection in its every detail—large, bright, airy, with great verandahs, wide cool halls, and rooms that were a delight. And here Alice Thorn welcomed her friend and presented him to her mother with a sweet dignity, and Jim's heart contracted with a sudden fierce pain as he saw how hungrily Tamworth's gaze was fixed upon her.

In spite of protests, Tamworth found himself captured and held a prisoner by Jim, who with an ingenuity that was infinite, laid himself out to fill up every moment of his time. Fernleigh and all its resources were placed at his disposal—he was given a saddle horse and made to ride it. He was taken shooting crows on the beach, where the fat, saucy fellows, feeding on shell-fish in dare-devil calmness, defied shot or bullets. He was taken swimming, fishing, golfing, sailing, to riding and driving parties, to tennis tournaments, lawn fêtes, polo and lacrosse matches, to picnics, porch teas, dances, excursions by land and water, to the delight of the whole population, who were charmed with all the gay doings for which his coming had been the incentive.

Alice was included wherever it was possible, but it so happened that Tamworth never had a chance for a half-hour alone with her. She was unaffectedly delighted that all her old friends were vying with each other to do her new friend honour, and Jim was ashamed to receive many an approving, appreciative glance from her sweet eyes. He had the grace never to monopolise Alice even when some one else was absorbed in caring for the entertainment of Tamworth, and he could easily have managed a quiet talk apart. There had at first been a few abortive efforts to escape, but afterwards Tamworth let himself be swept into the vortex and seemed to enjoy it, adding much to the pleasure of every event by his jolly, boyish spirit.

There had been a dance at the hotel and after midnight the Fernleigh house party were walking homeward talking merrily. Tamworth and Jim, who had been walking together rather silently behind the others, lagged somewhat, and when they reached the house instead of entering after their companions, seated themselves on the verandah facing the river, now in full flood, mirroring a sky studded with stars.

Tamworth removed his hat from the back of his head and, raising Jim's right hand, laid it on his smooth, bulging pate.

"Feel anything?" he asked, as Jim looked at him in surprise.

"No hair, at any rate," laughed Wainwright.

"Hot, though?"

"Not particularly."

"You're mistaken. It's scorching—the coals of fire are all there, my boy. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him,' and if he eats too much it's his look out, and coals of fire burn his head just the same."

"I beg your pardon—," began Jim.

"You've no need to. I'd have done what I could for you, you may be sure, if you had been in my place, though I could never hope to equal your ingenuity. I've had a right good time, but I haven't done what I came to do. If you fellows will excuse me from that motor run to-morrow morning I'll have a try at it. I've a question to ask Miss Thorn. It's mean to ask it, I don't doubt, but I'm not satisfied to leave it. I'd be glad if you'd shake hands and say there's no hard feeling. I wish I might ask you to wish me luck. She's the only woman in the world for me, and though I think I see my finish I can't somehow leave it without trying."

Wainwright grasped the hand that was held out with such boyish frankness and without a word they parted.

Late in the afternoon Wainwright returned to Fernleigh, after being absent all day. He found a note of farewell from Tamworth. It ran as follows:

DEAR OLD BOY,—

Very sorry to be called away by pressing business so unexpectedly. I want to thank you for your hospitality and all your kind efforts in my behalf. It pleased Miss Thorn that all her friends showed such a lively interest in me as her friend, and her appreciation is genuine. I think you should know that Mr. Thorn is financially in a deep hole. I learned about it before I came, and hoped to be able to give him a lift. He was trying to help Huntingdon and has been let in by him on Excelsior Coal. He may win out in London unaided, but you'd better give him a hand if you can, and if I can help please command me. The Princess is disappointed in me. She thought I had more sense. She lectured me soundly, whereas she cried over the Senator, petted Babe Curtis, and laughed a bit at—She says the only offering of love that would appeal to her would be the kind that grew from long and intimate knowledge—she believes in a grounding of friendship, faith and esteem. She would not dare to trust the sudden death variety. She outlined the physical and mental perfections of a lover who might be to her mind, and I recognised the picture, though I could see she had never yet given him a name even in her own pure heart. May the man who wins her be as good to her as I would have been if I could have had my heart's desire. Good-bye, and may God bless her and all she cares for.

TAMWORTH."

"Coals of fire, coals of fire! Surely they have changed heads with a vengeance, my generous enemy."

It was down by the water in their favourite haunt that Jim Wainwright at last told Alice how long he had waited, how long he had loved her.

Very sweet, very gentle was her surrender. Oh, yes, she loved him, she knew now she had always loved him.

"I would have told you long ago," said Jim, "but I feared to take advantage of your inexperience. I asked your parents' permission to ask you to be my wife, and they bade me wait, saying you were too young. That was why you were sent away—to let you see more of the world away from us all, to give you a chance to see other men. Dear love, I hardly dared let you go—the fear that some one would win you from me; that you might love some stranger almost drove me insane at times."

"Oh, if you had only given me a hint, the littlest hint," said Alice, shyly. "If I had known you loved me, I would have looked into my own heart that was all full of you. And how much pain it would have saved—for if, if *this*"—a comprehensive "this" which included the arms that encircled her and the face that looked down glorified by the love that irradiated it—"if this had happened before I went away I would have been bound to you, and then other men would not have wanted me. Oh, it is terrible, terrible, to have a man ask for a girl's love when she has nothing to say but 'no'!"

Current Events Abroad.

THE first Russian Parliament has been dissolved, much to the regret of the more democratic nations. Nevertheless, no one could read the daily reports from St. Petersburg and not see that the parliament was soon or later bound to fall to pieces of its own weight. That is exactly what happened. It spent itself in idle fury and extravagance of declamation, and it gradually lost the confidence of the people. The Constitutional Democrats, who were in the majority, lost the sympathy of the nation.

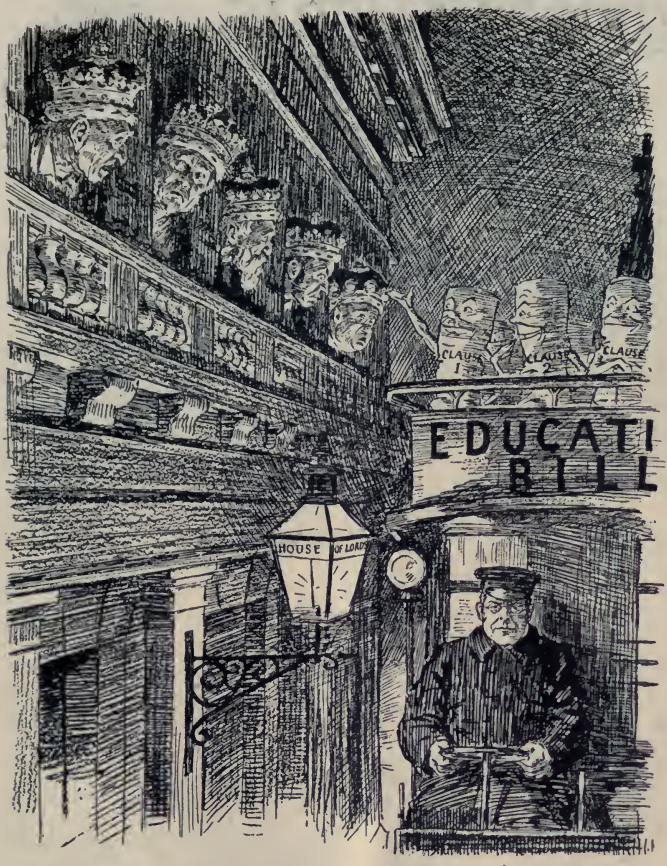
The Czar and his advisers saw the psychological moment, truly estimated the situation, and dissolved the Duma. If this *coup d'état* had come sooner, it might have precipitated a revolution. That the people accepted the dissolution with regret, but as inevitable, showed that they too recognised that the Duma was unreasonable. The Social Democrats had denounced it to the working people whom they controlled, and thus made possible the blow which destroyed it.

When, after the dissolution, the deputies met in Finland and made an appeal to the people to give "not a copeck to the throne nor a soldier to the army," their appeal fell in the main upon deaf ears. Count Heyden, the leader of the conservative reformers, refused to sign the appeal. Many who were anxious for reform were unwilling to see the glory of the Russian throne entirely eliminated, unwilling that Nicholas II should be less a sovereign than William of Germany, or Edward of Great Britain. For this reason there has been no revolution.

What the future holds, no one can see. Campbell-Bannerman's rhetorical outburst, "La Duma est morte; vive la

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN

—*Punch*



BIRRELL'S "BUZZER"

CHORUS OF PEERS: "Suppose we can't help this thing passing, —*But, oh, the vibration!*"

—*Punch.*

Duma!" may be right. The Duma may meet again next year and may win against the forces which oppose it. But only if it be reasonable.

Reforms in Russia as elsewhere must be gradual. Japan is the only contradiction and there have never been another people like the Japanese. Russian freedom and liberty will come, but only through a due course of developments.

Campbell-Bannerman is being severely criticised for his outburst. It was taken in Russia as meaning that Great Britain sympathised with the Duma and disapproved of the Czar's action. As Premier of Great Britain he was making the same mistake as did Gladstone when he spoke so highly of Jefferson Davis. His government is the government of Great Britain, and it must deal with and recognise the government of the day in Russia whatever it may be. In the language of the prize-ring, it is not for the British Premier to count ut the absolutism of ıe Russian bureaucr .y. His remark was received with little favour i St. Petersburg and in I ris, and it will hardly str ıg-then pleasant rela ons with those two cap als.

The Hague Conference has been endeavouring to bring about a reduction of armaments. As a consequence, the British Government is cutting down its proposed naval expenditures. In the House of Commons on July 27, Mr. E. R bertson announced that on the recommendatio of the Board of Admiralty, the Governı ent had decided to make the following ch nges:

Original Programme		Revi rogramme
4	Dreadnaughts	3
5	Ocean-going Destro	2
12	Coastal Destroy	12
12	Submarines	8

Estimated total saving. . . . ,500,000
Estimated saving 1907-8 . . . 500,000

Next year the Government intended to make provision for two armoured vessels only, but this number would be increased to three if the Hague Conference proved abortive in bringing about a general reduction of European armaments. The Sea Lords were unanimously of opinion that the balance of sea-power would not be imperilled by the reduction.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

—*Tennyson.*

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

THE first week of September usually finds us lamenting over the holiday good intentions that have come to naught. We go away in July and August fully determined to read a certain substantial book or to hemstitch two dozen table-napkins, not to mention arrears of mending that are to be made up; and we return after a month or six weeks with the improving literature unabsorbed and the table linen in a crude condition. But when all is done or left undone it is a comfort to consider that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment. Holidays are a making-over time, and if one comes back to home or school or office with healthier appetite and embrowned cheeks it is a sheer waste of grief to mourn over the things that were left over in order that we might get more fresh air and form a closer friendship with God's own outdoors."

One of those men advisers who are always ready to tell us blundering women what we ought to do, has been saying that we do not know how to rest, and there is a good deal of truth in the accusation. There are some women who seem to imagine that the heavens will descend unless the ironing is finished by Wednesday and the house is swept on Friday. They will allow no weariness to come between them and the allotted work, and after a few years a big crash comes and months of rest cure partially accomplish what a little common sense might have done in the first place. The old-fashioned housewife who made a boast of never lying down in the afternoon was not so wise as she supposed, for the best economy is the saving of strength for the things that really matter. The woman who looks well to the ways of her household is assuredly above rubies, but it is quite possible to overdo matters of detail. Wherefore let us not mourn over the holidays that were more full of sunshine than of scrubbing, for there is a time to be idle; and she is a wise woman who knows when to do nothing.

THE SCAVENGER SKIRT

IF there is an article of woman's wearing apparel that seems to set at defiance both grace and hygiene, it is the scavenger skirt. It trails through the mud and the mire, through the snows of January, the slush of March and the showers of April, and wherever it winds its filthy length men arise and call it not blessed. In Germany a town council has become brave enough to forbid the ladies of Nordhausen to trail their skirts through the streets.

The editor of the Montreal *Star*, in commenting on the subject, said: "Just why the dainty sex is determined to sweep up the filth of the streets with her skirts, and then carry a large portion of the collection home with her to distribute between the carpets of the living rooms and the recesses of her wardrobe, must ever remain a mystery to the mere man. He gets his boots into the dirt, but he takes pains to clean them as often as possible. Moreover, when he fails to

leave as much of this refuse of the street on the door-mat as possible, he anticipates a lecture from the household guardian just as soon as she has bustled about the house with her dusty skirt and provided microbes for the children's breathing.

"Legislation on the subject would never be tolerated in this free country. We can forbid smoking in certain places; we can attempt to cut off the supply of cigarettes; we can prohibit the scattering of papers on the streets. But to interfere with a lady's right to trundle a microbe-museum at the bottom of her walking-skirt would be too much for the Constitution. Only the efforts of men to defile the air and litter up the streets can be attacked in this community, where women are denied the ballot."

The remedy of this abuse lies with a few independent women who may induce their less courageous sisters to refuse to trail the scavenger skirt through our city thoroughfares. For a dinner gown or evening dress the long skirt may be graceful and becoming; on the street it is not only a nuisance but a menace. Some chapters of the Daughters of the Empire have lately taken up the commendable work of fighting the white plague, since the members feel that it is quite as patriotic to save the lives of citizens as to commemorate the great deeds of the past or to uphold the defenders of our country. It would not be out of place for the chapters interested in this work to consider how the scavenger skirt has helped to extend the ravages of the white plague. Fashion is one of the greatest forces in the world, and when under its influence woman will fall into strange capers. The stout matron will wear plaids with flounces if she is told that they are to be in style; the slender creature will don stripes uncomplainingly if she is assured that they are the proper garb. But may we not hope that there is enough saving common sense among womankind to keep them from further endangering the health of their households? There is nothing more ungraceful and amusing than the spectacle of a woman struggling to keep a section of a scavenger skirt out of the dust. Perhaps the cartoonist could meet the difficulty and ridicule the "train" out of outdoor existence.

A FASHIONABLE LECTURER

THE fashionable world of London, at least the feminine half thereof, has been greatly interested during the last winter by the lectures delivered by Dr. Reich at Claridge's Hotel. The subject was "Woman," and afforded an infinite variety of treatment. In the *Grand Magazine*, a prominent English actress, Miss Gertrude Kingston, is rather severe in her comments on the fashionable professor. Among other critical remarks she says: "What strikes me as most remarkable in the treatment of this vast, this gigantic subject, is that Dr. Reich only touches on matters that concern one class of woman—the woman of leisure. He appears to be totally oblivious that outside the narrow limits of that class, outside the upholstered luxury of hotel rooms, there lives a population of gently-bred, carefully-nurtured women, brought suddenly face to face with the appalling struggle for existence, if even we leave entirely aside what are known as the lower classes.

"For the hundreds and thousands of women who have been brought up in the luxury and tact of a pleasant home, who by accident of death or misfortune are thrown out into the arena to compete with the better-equipped men, Dr. Reich has no word of advice. Nor does he trouble to remind the beautiful birds of paradise who warble and chirrup around him how hard life may be for the London sparrow that picks up its crumbs when and where it can from the window-sills of the warmly nested. Why does he not say to them, 'Look around, look behind, look below? There are the women who need your help! There are the causes of suffering! There are the wounds that you can heal! There are the chasms that your tact can bridge over!'"

It is somewhat amusing to find a learned man lecturing to the fashionable women of the greatest city in the Empire on the necessity for learning "tact"—

a quality which must be with you in your cradle or you do not have it at all. To the mass of women such injunctions as he gives are entirely irrelevant and insignificant. But the lectures on "Woman" have been the fashion, and have even superseded morning bridge; but by next season they will be forgotten for a more opalescent bubble, and "Miladi" will seek another diversion than Platonics at Claridge's.

THE MISSES ZENA AND PHYLLIS DARE

Two sisters who have attained a prominent place in musical comedy in London.

PURE FOOD

THE "canned meat" scare has had the effect of making home-made articles of this class unusually popular, and the demand for reliable potted meats and preserved fruit is greater than ever before. It ought to be possible for a woman with a special knack for such work to make a respectable income by supplying shop-keepers in cities and large towns with marmalade, jam and pressed meat. There are many cases in the United States of a woman making a certain confection or pickle famous, and Canadian women are beginning to awaken to the possibilities of supplying the market with pure and wholesome articles of this class. The revelations in connection with many of the packing houses have been such that persons who have read them are fairly sickened by the sight of a canned meat label. This is a subject which vitally concerns the health of every household, and the new movement to dignify domestic work and place it upon a scientific basis may well take notice of the revelations of worse than adulteration that have aroused the whole public. Cheap canned food is almost sure to be made of material that should be thrown in the garbage barrel. There must be many women in Canada who have special recipes for both necessities and luxuries which the housewife who is too busy sometimes to manufacture these articles for herself would gladly store away in cellar or pantry. There never was a time when such enterprise would be likely to meet with more practical appreciation.

THE FEMININE NOTE

A WRITER in a New York magazine called attention some time ago to the manner in which certain critics call any quality of which they disapprove "the feminine note." In the course of his article he says: "But the one thing which the critics will never learn is that the general feminine note is like the 'general horse,' which, though an abstraction provocative of discussion, never ran a race or hauled a dray. They will keep on harping about the feminine note as if there were not Charlotte Brontë as well as Jane Austen, George Eliot as well as 'Gyp,' George Sand as well as Amelia Barr, Sappho as well as Mrs. Hemans, Mme. de Stael as well as Marie Corelli, Maria Edgeworth as well as Edith Wharton, Elizabeth

Barrett Browning as well as Mary E. Wilkins."

A dramatic critic, referring to "Madeline," a play written by a woman, says: "Women's plays invariably sprawl." He further remarks of the lover's name—"Norman Luard! Could any one but a woman have selected such a name?" As a matter of fact, men writers have chosen names just as high-flown, as may be seen by reference to Horace Walpole or Disraeli, not to mention Mr. Clyde Fitch and Shaw's impossible "Candida." This personal form of criticism, however, is almost dying out, and is used only by a few disgruntled cynics who like to make believe that of all vanities in this world of shams woman is the most deceiving.

THE PEOPLE AND ART

ONE of the most serious defects in Canadian communities is their indifference to good pictures and all that they signify. A gaudy chromo in a heavy gilt frame is still the rural and suburban ideal. In connection with our national apathy to art the following opinion of an English writer may be suggestive:

"It is the people themselves who are constantly deciding upon the quality of the art which is to prevail in the country by the selection they make and the patronage they give. Each one of us bears a share in this responsibility. Whether we buy a chromo or fill a picture-gallery, whether we select a simple ornament or decorate a mansion, whether we read a novel or help to stock a library, whether we listen to a lecture or establish a whole course, whether we frequent the concert-room or the theatre once or twice a winter or once or twice a week, we are in every case, by the choices we make, doing our part to elevate art or to degrade it, to purify or to corrupt it, to make it a handmaid of morality and religion, or to make it minister to the vices and follies of humanity."

A PRO-CONSULAR ALLIANCE

"THE marriage of Viscount Howick, eldest son of the Governor-General of Canada, to Lady Mabel Palmer, daughter of the Earl of Selborne, the High Commissioner of South Africa, is a social event of the week," says *P.T.O.*, T. P. O'Connor's new weekly. "The fact that the parents of both the bride and bridegroom are holding two of the most important of Colonial appointments at this moment, makes their wedding of unusual interest. It is barely a year since the High Commissioner and the Countess of Selborne left London to take up their duties at Cape Town, accompanied by their pretty, fair-haired daughter, Lady Mabel Palmer, whose loss to London society was greatly regretted at the time, for her brightness and gaiety had made her one of the most popular young girls at every party and ball of note in town. At the same time, on the Earl's staff, Viscount Howick went out to South Africa as A.D.C., and his wooing was not long a-doing, for hardly had they arrived at the Cape than the engagement was cabled home. A peculiarity of this marriage is that on either side probably only one of the parents will be able to be present.

"Their absence does not in this instance mean disapproval. The Earl and Countess of Selborne, though unable to leave Cape Town at this moment, are delighted at the engagement of their daughter, and, entrusting her to the care of her fiancée, consented to her making the journey home with him. Earl Grey, by reason of his duties as Governor of Canada, cannot be at his eldest son's wedding to the daughter of the latter, but fortunately Countess Grey, who, by the way, attended the last Court, has been able to undertake the journey, though she will have to return to rejoin her husband and family at Ottawa almost immediately after the ceremony."

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS

WHILE the farmer has been industriously mowing* away the hay and the wheat sheaves, the wealthy dweller in the cities has been fishing and jaunting. The labouring man must work steadily, except after five o'clock each day and on Saturday afternoon. The clerk, the stenographer, the book-keeper and the other salaried persons get their two weeks, which they spend at some inexpensive summering place or with relatives. The professional man, the merchant, the broker, and the banker take a month or so off in the summer, and this they spend in expensive amusements. Some of them really seek health and strength, but too many seek only that sort of amusement which undermines morals and physical stamina. Healthy and intellectual pleasures are more and more unpopular the higher you go in Canadian society. The poor man enjoys his pipe and a political chat; the rich man prefers too often a pack of cards and a bottle, or perhaps a daring woman and a glass or two of wine.

The great lakes are full of gasoline launches and steam yachts. The pleasure of boating seems on the increase, though the spirit of the sport is changing somewhat. The glory of the canoe and the sailboat is waning before the chug-chug-chug of the gasoline launch, which cultivates a spirit of luxury and ease rather than athleticism and a knowledge of wind and wave. The great aim seems to be to secure the greatest possible speed and the greatest amount of luxury. One gasoline launch on Lake Muskoka has a mark of twenty-two miles; another one on Lake Simcoe is seventy odd feet long, with engines to correspond. Nearly all are fitted up with canopies, easy chairs, cushions and electric lights.

*Pronounced "mouing."

I have no great objection to a well-appointed yacht, or to a neat little gasoline launch, when they are used only in the pursuit of health and healthy pleasures. When they become a means of ostentation or the medium to luxurious ease, they are an abomination.

In these days of growing democracy and advancing socialism, it is best that men of means should avoid all unnecessary show of luxury and wealth. An exhibition of foolish money-spending of any kind breeds contempt for those with wealth. To flash an extra large automobile at a high speed on a busy roadway—to exhibit a luxuriously appointed yacht and a crew of high-heeled, disdainful women—to serve champagne for breakfast—to do any particular act with the avowed purpose of showing the multitude that you have made money in lucky speculations, is to do so much towards the spread of socialism and discontent. There are a few new-rich people in this country who are inclined to do these things. These are never content unless some fresh red paint is being applied to a new spot.

Bowling has proved a popular sport this year in Ontario, partly because of natural conditions and partly because of the visit of the Scotch bowlers. Like curling, it places no age limit on its members, and like curling it permits of an adjournment occasionally in order that the opposing rinks may "join" each other and have "something."

Cricket is nearly dead. The populace has been taught to admire games in which

SIR ÆMILIUS IRVING, K.C.M.G.
Recently Knighted by His Majesty

somebody is "slugged," as in lacrosse and football, or in which "any trick to win" is allowed as in baseball. The English Church and the boarding schools are doing their best to prevent the extinction of the sport, but they find it disheartening. The gentleman instinct is not cultivated in the public and high schools, and until it is, cricket will be neglected.

Golf is doing well. It is a rare sport and tends to develop generosity and liberality. Its weakest feature is that it gets a strong hold on the minds of some individuals and absorbs too great a proportion of their mind and energy. This will occur, however, only among those whose minds are weak or whose natures are badly balanced.

Baseball continues to hold the centre of the stage with the populace, though the better classes avoid it because of its trickery and because of the ungentlemanly language heard both in the stand and in the field. In the country towns, this is less the case than in the larger cities where the game is played by professionals.

The introduction of professionalism into lacrosse does not seem to have removed anything of the "ruffian" feature which has marred the national game for many years.

The week-end holiday for busy men is becoming very popular in the East. Week-end parties are quite the vogue. The wives and kiddies are away at the lake-side all summer; the husband comes down on Friday or Saturday, brings a friend or two and returns on Monday. Ontario people do this at Muskoka points, at Rice Lake or Kawartha, or at points along the Great Lakes. It is an English habit which should be encouraged. The eternal rush may be abated a bit in this way during the summer weather. And the old-fashioned heat of this summer was just the season to induce people to relax considerably. In fact, if one may be pardoned saying so, it might reasonably be said of us just now that our prosperity has got on our nerves and that nationally we are a bit excited in our rush to grab large pieces of this present prosperity. We are going so fast at present that we are forgetting that national leisure is necessary to national thinking. The Maritime Provinces seem to be the only place where Canadians pursue the even tenor of their way. So far as one can see, there is no excitement in that section of the country.

She was a lovely maid. On one of my week-ends, she was with her mother at the Bay. She said I was all right, that she would bet her life that it would be awful if we did not get all gussied up for Sunday dinner, that the whole game was slow and that they needed more men. She was seventeen and in the other months of the year she goes to a ladies' college in Toronto. Yet she was good fun; was in haste to taste the innocent pleasures of life; was willing to be merry for your sake as well as her own; was learning to swim, to row and to play tennis; sang splendidly and was always obliging even when not respectful. She was a splendid type, except for her speech. I told her so, though not in these words. Her answer was "Skidoo, for you!"

RECENT HONOURS

THE King has remembered several Canadians in his bestowal of birthday honours. This is another method of stating that the Canadian Premier and the Canadian Governor-General have recommended certain persons for distinction, and that His Majesty has acquiesced. An ordinary member of the third class of the most distinguished order of Saint Michael and Saint George is termed a Companion; the next higher grade is termed a Knight; and the highest grade a Knight Grand Cross. The corresponding abbreviations are C.M.G., K.C.M.G. and G.C.M.G. Of the lowest grade there are 600, of the middle grade 300, and of the highest grade 100.

Two Canadians have been made Knights, Æmilius Irving of Toronto and R. L. Weatherbe of Halifax. The former is the oldest practitioner at the Ontario bar; and the latter is Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

Two have been made Companions, Hon. Adelard Turgeon, a member of the Quebec Provincial Government; and W. L. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, Ottawa.

Chief Justice Weatherbe was a counsel in the Halifax Fisheries case and in Lord Dufferin's day was appointed to the Bench. In January of last year he became Chief Justice. He has earned his distinction not only by his interest in the events of Confederation, in which he took the side of Howe, but also because of long and faithful judicial services.

Æmilius Irving was born in March, 1823, and is thus eighty-three years of age. His father was at Waterloo and came to Canada when the son was eleven years of age. The new Knight was educated at Upper Canada College, and has been a member of the bar since 1849. He has been a bencher since 1876, and Treasurer of the Law Society since 1893. He represented the City of Hamilton in the Commons during the Mackenzie regime. His legal career has been a fairly distinguished one and in recent years he has engaged in important constitutional cases.

The Hon. Adelard Turgeon is a native of the Province of Quebec, and like so many of his legal compatriots has devoted considerable attention to literature and to oratory. He has long been known as one of the most eloquent of French-Canadian statesmen and his gifts and accomplishments are enhanced by his commanding figure. At present he is Minister of Lands and Forests, and stands second only to the present head of the Government in the estimation of his party.

W. L. MACKENZIE KING, C.M.G.
Recently Honoured by His Majesty

W. L. Mackenzie King is a young man, son of a distinguished member of the Ontario bar and grandson on his mother's side of William Lyon Mackenzie. He was educated at Toronto, at Harvard and on the continent. Earnest, ambitious, resourceful, he seemed destined for a brilliant career. As Deputy Minister of Labour, he found a sphere for his activities which admirably suited his temperament and his training in economic science. He is a past president of the Canadian Club of Ottawa, a writer of ease and fluency, and a forcible speaker. It is a pity the civil service did not enlist more young men of his calibre.

John A. Cooper.

LILY DOUGALL AND HER WORK

ABOUT sixty years ago the Montreal *Witness* was founded by Mr. John Dougall, a native of Paisley, Scotland, a town which has produced more than the usual proportion of intellectual men, even for Scotland. Mr. Dougall was already known for his literary attainments, being the author of several poems of some merit, to be found in "The Book of Scottish Song."

The principles laid down for the foundation of the *Witness* were high. Its intention was to direct the steps of Canada, even then earnestly regarding its future, in politics, domestic and intellectual matters, into wholesome paths, which it would not be necessary to retrace in contrition. These principles it has confidently adhered to throughout its career. The sturdy independence displayed at all times, frequently pursued at a sacrifice, though considered narrow-minded in certain of its views by some, has undoubtedly tended to reproduce its own honesty of purpose strongly developed patriotism in the and minds of its many readers, and has done more than its share to formulate the character and spirit now bringing honour to Canada at home and abroad.

Miss Lily Dougall, the subject of this sketch, is the youngest child of the late John Dougall. Her mother was the daughter of John Redpath, who during his life-time assisted materially to build up Montreal and at the same time his own fortunes. Mr. Redpath was a liberal benefactor to the church, hospitals and other causes for the improvement of his fellow-townsmen, and not a few of the members of his family have followed his good example in various educational and charitable directions. Notable among these are the presentation to McGill University and endowment of the Redpath Museum and the Redpath Library, imposing and beautiful buildings with contents of great value, the gift of the late Peter Redpath, Esq., and of his wife, who now resides in England. These buildings are situated in the grounds of the University, and have on several occasions received valuable books and other additions to the splendid earlier donations.

Miss Dougall was born in the picturesque, vine-embowered stone cottage on the mountain side still occupied by the family, with its quaint gables, extensions and walls built in the French fashion of olden times, from which the wide lawns and orchard slope up and down. The house has very imposing neighbours on all sides, surrounded by lovely gardens—though itself the predecessor of them all—and Ivy Green still creates the liveliest admiration among those that have the entrée; outside, for its quaint aspect and beautifully extended view, and in the interior because of the simple and kindly hospitality offered to all who enter therein. The charm of the situation belongs to all seasons alike, the hum of the distant city giving a sense of pleasant companionship, while the surroundings soothe with the indefinable quality of rest. Constant association of young life with natural beauty should produce psychological development of a high order, so we are led to expect in these days, and it is therefore little wonder that a member of this household, backed by the tastes and experience of her father, evinced literary leanings at an early age. Her school-days were passed under the direction of the late Mrs. Lay, whose wise methods in the training of girls undoubtedly encouraged any dormant talent; and many times were the future author's youthful efforts at composition, generally stories, and always with the touch of originality visible, read in one of the newspapers edited by the

school-girls, before the principal, teachers and assembled scholars. Her school-days over, Miss Dougall lived for some years, with visits to the continent interspersed, in Scotland and England. There she took up a course of systematic study to fit her for the work, which so few in the profession, at least on this side of the ocean, deem necessary, but which must give a feeling of confidence as well as literary style to a young writer that years of earnest effort often fail to supply.

Her first book, "Beggars All," came out about twelve years ago. Though the young author had already written several short stories and articles, her first long work created no small stir, and her friends had the satisfaction of seeing the story take its place as "the book of the week" in London where it was published. The plot of "Beggars All" is of striking originality. It concerns the fortunes of a family, originally English, who had lived in California for a number of years, and had become well-to-do, if not wealthy. Before the story begins the mother and her two daughters had left home for England, largely for the purpose of procuring medical advice for Richard, the invalid. Scarcely have they arrived, however, when misfortune begins to dog their footsteps with terrible earnestness. The father, shortly before, had died, and almost at once intelligence follows of the complete loss of their fortune, through the failure of a bank. The little family decide to remain where they are and make the best of things, but shortly find themselves face to face with poverty, which with the other troubles has a baleful effect upon the health of the invalid, and inadvertently on the mother. Esther, or Star as she is called, is glad to accept a position in a shop, but owing to lack of experience is in fear of dismissal. Later begins the fight with dire want, and matters become desperate. At this point the girl, in searching the newspapers, comes upon a matrimonial offer, a young man in honourable terms advertising for a wife, and this after painful thought, but without consulting her mother, she answers, and later accepts. It must not be thought that Miss Dougall's treatment of the subject is sensational; on the contrary it is handled with great

MISS LILY DOUGALL
Photo by Rice, Montreal

delicacy. The girl is wholesome and courageous, with no small personal charm, and her conclusions seem almost inevitable. Without precipitancy she marries the man so strangely met, and from that moment more easy conditions and a growing happiness become possible; at first, it must be admitted, owing to the altered conditions of mother and sister, to whom the new relative, a reporter on a local newspaper, from the first shows himself kind and thoughtful. It is impossible here to give an extended review, but the tale, it may be said, later develops a painful heart-tragedy. In the writer's opinion, the moment of the young wife's awakening, without apparent warning, to Hubert's real occupation—that of a burglar—contains something of genius.

Since the appearance of "Beggars All," a steady stream of books, at intervals of about eighteen months, has come from the

author's powerful pen. These books comprise in part, "What Necessity Knows," "The Madonna of a Day," "The Mermaid," "The Mormon Prophet," and others. Concerning some of these criticism has been somewhat severe, not because of the literary construction, which is always careful and spirited, but that the plot, though interesting, does not impress its probability upon the reader, and that some of the characters are not so pleasant to read about as could be desired. Still, it must be acknowledged that characters in this world are sometimes sordid and unpleasant, and that there are to be found entirely truthful circumstances in life more surprising than any fiction. Miss Dougall has been accused of a lack of humour, or that she sometimes employs humorous situations unknown to herself, but this only shows a singular denseness of perception on the critic's part. Where humour comes in, it is of a subtle and satisfying kind, where glancing suffusion gives the charm, without outward hilarity to render it obvious. A volume of short stories, perhaps the most pleasing of all, is not so well known as it should be. The collection is published under the title "A Dozen Ways of Love," and shows a tender insight into the secret places of the heart that is at times very touching.

Miss Dougall, at the present time, resides at East Undercliff, Exmouth, England. The house is built on a sand dune, close to the water's edge, and was formerly the residence of Francis Danby, whose sunsets, painted at this spot, made a sensation in the world of art about the middle of the past century. The genial climate allows the enjoyment all the year round of open doors and windows, and "the garden never goes to sleep, but is always producing something that needs attention." The authoress is, unfortunately, not strong in health, and though much attached to Canada, as her many stories and kindly references alone would indicate, finds both the extremes of heat and cold too trying for comfort. She has made several attempts to live here, but invariably returns to her English home where, as she says of her own days as they placidly pass, "Happy is the life that has no history."

Katharine L. Macpherson.

ENGLISH COMMENTS

IN reviewing Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," the London *Outlook* says: American novelists are determined to be national. Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Chambers, the first at greater length, the second with superior vivacity, have plunged into past history, with a purpose as serious as Virgil's, to write a national epic. Others, of whom Mr. Upton Sinclair now monopolises attention, have tackled the present. Mr. Sinclair was preceded by Miss Marie Van Voorst, who, in "Amanda of the Mill," fastened on the slave-driving in New York factories. Mr. Wister took a different bent in "The Virginians," in every line of which, though the note was often carefully suppressed into a sub-articulate sound, nationalism was consistently preached. Of all the novels "The Virginians" had the most art and "Amanda of the Mill" the least, and in this respect the same superiority is on Mr. Wister's side in the two latest novels. "Lady Baltimore" is almost perfect in technique. The lady is the name of a cake, as it turns out a wedding cake, and thence hangs the tale. It is made and sold in a little backwater of a town in the South, and eaten daily by a visitor from the North. So far as he sets himself to express the Cranford spirit of these delightful old ladies, Mr. Wister is incomparable. His pages suggest the sort of sentiment that belongs to old letters or old relics, to which clings the very perfume of their vanished presence. He does what Mrs. Gaskell does, though on a plane of finer and less actual elements. Into this circle thrusts the national creed and the contract of South and North. The very dainty heroine who makes and sells "Lady Baltimore" grows furious because the President has asked Booker Washington to a meal; and no episode is complete without the illustration of the thesis that this hostility of North and South is going to be swallowed up in what is called rather affectedly "it"—to wit, the national idea. No doubt all this preaching is popular in America, nor can anyone fail to be interested in the racial problem of the Southern States. But the stress on American nationalism will spoil for all but Americans the grace

of an else delightful book. Mr. Wister has wit, charm and art in a rare measure, a light and easy humour, a natural gift for romance. It is a pity he should blur such capacities by too much of the pulpit utterance. Nothing is so destructive of style, and even Mr. Wister's will not be proof against further doses of prophetic earnestness. He has also a secondary thesis, to satirise New York smart society, and to this his art is equal. Hortense Rieppe, the beautiful "creation" in whom with her millionaire follower the splendid vulgarity of New York society is condensed, has the qualities of her defects; and Mr. Wister's supreme gift of allusive bantering is seen at its best in his sub-acid analysis of her character and ambitions. The reading of "Lady Baltimore" confirms the impression that no one now writing excels Mr. Wister in the art of wrapping romance in allusive humour or in laughing at humanity, especially "antiquated virginity," with more delicate sympathy. But in the pulpit even Sterne was not a more dangerous anomaly.

NOTES

Mr. Bryce, who recently again gave evidence of his linguistic accomplishments by addressing in their own language the German editors who have been visiting Great Britain, has no doubt found his knowledge of the German language of immense value in his career as an author as well as in his work in the House of Commons. The notes to his classical book on "The Holy Roman Empire" are plentifully dotted with quotations from German records. Few modern books of a purely historical character have achieved so striking a success as this famous volume of Mr. Bryce's, for, since its first issue in 1864, it has been reprinted, on several occasions with considerable additions, no fewer than twenty-two times. It has also been translated into German, Italian, French and Hungarian.

The fifth and final volume of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England" will be published by Messrs. Macmillan immediately. Here is an interesting extract from Mr. Paul's concluding remarks:

> If I may be permitted to draw a moral at the end of this book, it shall be at least an English one. The vicissitudes, neither few nor slight, through which this nation passed in the second half of the nineteenth century, have tested the English character, and it has rung true. Party spirit, though often unreasonable and unfair, has never shaken nor disturbed the sober, rational patriotism upon which the position of a country in the world depends. As a fiery advocate becomes under the sense of duty an impartial judge, the most vehement Radical and the most stubborn Tory can join in harmony for national objects which are equally dear to both.

Mr. Paul, in his final volume, carries the story down to the year 1895.

L. C. Page & Co. have issued in one volume a definitive edition of Bliss Carman's "Pipes of Pan Series." The volume is attractively bound, the cover design being taken from a painting of Pan by Edna M. Sawyer.

A Canadian edition of *The Earl of Elgin*, by George M. Wrong, has been brought out by Morang & Co.

George Brown, by John Lewis, being Vol. XI in "The Makers of Canada" series, has just been issued by Morang & Co., Toronto.

Longmans, Green & Co., are issuing a new book by that distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto, John Beattie Crozier, LL.D., entitled "A Reconstruction of the Science and Art of Political Economy."

The STUDIO for July contains a splendid article on "Austrian Peasant Embroidery," and a well-illustrated review of "The Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts." The coloured plates are attractive. The special summer number of the STUDIO is devoted to "The Art Revival in Austria." These special numbers are five shillings.

A new novel by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Pottage," has been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. The scenes of it are laid first in Italy and afterwards in England, and its pivot is an early love affair that the heroine revives after her marriage. Miss Cholmondeley has occupied several years in

writing the novel, which is entitled "Prisoners."

The "old boys" associations are having an influence upon the study of local history. Their perennial "home-comings" stimulate the local newspaperman to hunt up the information of past and bygone days. The Brockville Old Boys went home the other day, and the *Recorder* issued a souvenir number which contained much information and many illustrations. The Cornwall *Freeholder* did the same thing for the united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. Both issues are worthy of commendation.

"English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer" is the title of a book by William Henry Schofield, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University, which the Macmillan Company announce for issue in the Autumn. An account of Mr. Schofield's career appeared in the August number of this periodical.

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Weavers," will begin its serial publication in *Harper's Magazine* for October.

"The Spanish Dowry,"* Miss Dougall's latest novel, is an English tale in which some lost Spanish jewels, brought over by the bride of an Englishman, play an important part. The young man who tells the story of his experiences is much wiser than his years except in the first chapter, when he seems really as boyish as the description of him. The plot is somewhat thin, and at times one wonders if all this writing is worth while. It is not a masterpiece, but it is a fairly good second-class novel. The author herself could hardly claim more.

The proceedings of the Canadian Club of Toronto, Volume III, 1905-6, contains the text in full or abbreviated of twenty-one speeches delivered before that organisation during the past season. Among the speakers were Professor Shortt, Professor Kilpatrick, Mr. Charles M. Hays, Professor Leacock, Dr. Haanel and Booker T. Washington. Perhaps the weakest speech of the lot is that of Andrew Carnegie, filled as it is with tawdry nothings, mixed with some remarks with which no well-informed man may agree.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The proceedings of the Ontario Society of Architects for 1906 contains an excellent paper on foreign capitals by some person unknown, and another on a civic improvement scheme for Toronto by W. A. Langton.

A splendid example of English as it should not be written may be found on any page of "The Sin of George Warrener," by Marie van Voorst. The Macmillan Company's New York office must have been without its usual staff of editors when that miserable volume went through.

"Mountain Wild Flowers of Canada"* by Julia W. Henshaw, is a book which it is a delight to add to one's library. Beautifully bound, profusely illustrated, and with well-arranged contents it is pleasant to the eye. Mrs. Henshaw has worked long and faithfully in compiling the comprehensive descriptions of the beautiful flowers which are found upon the upper ranges of the Rockies. Many of these have never before been named, classified or described, and hence her task was greater. The Dominion naturalist has set his seal of approval on all that she has done, and has said "It is well." Still more worthy of comment, is that every one of the excellent photographs used in the book were made by the author herself. Special cameras were necessary, and the photographs could be sent to a photograph show and be sure of being "hung on the line." Mrs. Henshaw deserves the highest meed of praise for her accomplishments.

"Donalda,"† by E. S. Macleod, is dubbed "A Scottish-Canadian Story." These mixed-breed stories are bad. So far as one can gather Mrs. Macleod has no license to write a story. She has written some fair verse, but it is quite clear that she knows little of prose. It is unpleasant to be so frank with this ambitious woman from Prince Edward Island, but Canadian literature has come to the stage where praise is less necessary than it was. The fact that Lord Strathcona and his niece are the chief characters in the story seems to be the lady's excuse, but a poor one.

*Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $2.00.
†Toronto: William Briggs.

IDLE MOMENTS

A CRUCIAL TEST

A FRIEND of mine told me the other day that a patient who had a Christian Science doctor imposed upon him against his will thus addressed the miracle-monger: "I understand, madam, that you do not believe in the reality of pain? It is, you consider, a pure matter of the imagination?"

"Certainly."

"I should like to be assured of this, madam, before I put myself under your treatment; and I hope, therefore, you will not object to my putting some cayenne pepper into your eye." But she did.—*T. P.'s Weekly.*

THREE GOOD DEEDS

"MY good man," said the professor of sociology, "you seem to be happy; would you mind telling me the reason for your happiness?"

"Oi wud not, sor," said the Irishman. "I hov just done three good deeds, and anny man who has performed three good deeds has raisin to be happy."

"Indeed he has," said the professor; "and may I ask what three good deeds you have performed?"

"Well, as Oi was coming past the cathadral this morning, I saw a wumman wid a wee bit infant in her arms, cryin' thot hard it would melt the heart av a sthone. I asked her phat could be the matther. She answered thot for the want av tharee dollars to pay the fees she could not get the child baptised, an' it was a sickly child at thot, an' liable to die soon. I felt thot bad for her thot I pulled out the only tin dollars I had, and tould her to go and get the child baptised and bring me the change. She went inside rejoicing, and soon returned wid her face all smiles, give me my change and went away hapin' blessin's on my head. Now ain't thot enough?"

DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE

SENSITIVE GOLFER (who has foozled): "Did you laugh at me, boy?"

CADDIE: "No, sir; I was laughin' at anither man."

SENSITIVE GOLFER: "And what's funny about him?"

CADDIE: "He plays gowf awfu' like you, sir!"—*Punch.*

"That's good," said the professor; "now, what were the others?"

"Others?" said the Irishman; "that's all."

"I understood you to say you had performed three good deeds."

"And so I did, don't you see? I dried a widow's tears—thot's wan; I saved a soul from purgatory—thot's two; and, lastly, I got sivin good dollars for a bad tin, and if thot wouldn't make you happy thin you are hard to plaze."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

EXPERT ADVICE

MANY years ago the late Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, was present at a public dinner, at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and, when at a late hour he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report.

He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with, "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition:

"Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."—*Selected.*

FIRST FRIEND: "Have you dined, old man?"
SECOND DITTO (faintly): "On the contrary!"—*Punch*

ASSOCIATIVE MEMORY

"TOMMY, what ancient king was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?"

"Hector, ma'am."

"No, no—not Hector."

"Then it wuz Dook."

"Duke?" What do you mean, Tommy?"

"Well, then it must a' been Nero. I knowed it wuz somebody with a dog's name."—*Selected.*

NEIGHBOURLY NERVE

YOU are quite justified in concluding that your next-door neighbour has a good deal of nerve when he comes over and asks you to lend him your automobile for the afternoon.—*Selected.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

THE RIDEAU LAKES

ONE of the most interesting spots in this country has few visitors except from the United States. Canadians seem to overlook it. Nevertheless the Rideau Lake District has three attractive features—picturesque scenery, good bass fishing, and several engineering triumphs. It is of the latter that special mention is to be made here.

After the close of the war of 1812-13-14, Canada went in for an era of canal building. The Lachine was commenced in 1821, the Welland in 1825 and the Rideau in 1826. The Rideau Canal is a series of 49 locks scattered over the 126 miles of river and lake that stretch between Kingston at the mouth of the Cataraqui and Ottawa at the mouth of the Rideau. It was planned by British engineers and built at the expense of the British government, who desired it as a military inland highway.

The immediate supervision fell to

THE CURVED DAM AT SAND LAKE, JONES' FALLS

This is the largest of several large dams on the Rideau Canal System. This photograph shows one face, ninety feet high, built of solid granite blocks about six feet long, four feet wide and two feet thick. The mottled appearance of the face of the wall is caused by weeds growing out of little crevices

Colonel By, R.E., after whom Bytown, now Ottawa, was named. To-day on the Rideau there is an old-fashioned tug doing its best to perpetuate the name of "Colonel By." The Colonel really deserves a better memorial, for he did his work in a way that makes present-day government engineers look like ward politicians. He connected these 126 miles of water by 16½ miles of canal; he built 49 locks,* 134 feet long, 33 feet wide, with an average depth of about fifteen feet and five feet of water on the sill; he built several of the finest dams in the country; he built a blockhouse to guard each set of locks; he dredged and cut so as to make everything navigable; and the whole cost to the British government was less than five million dollars. A Canadian engineer to-day would require at least ten million, and if he were a past deputy minister, he would probably require fifteen.

The particulars of these dams are decidedly interesting. That at Jones' Falls is the largest and most impressive. There is a waggon road on top of it, with a green sward between the driveway and the water. That gives some idea of its width. You may stand at the incurving edge upon great granite slabs about six feet long and two feet wide and look down the side of a granite wall, ninety feet in height. This wall is said to be 301 feet thick at the base; I cannot vouch for it, but I quite believe that it is the largest piece of solid masonry in Canada, and that it is worth going some distance to see. This dam was built to hold up the waters of Sand Lake and prevent them tumbling down a precipice, over which they had gone for a million years perhaps. The dam is curved to resist the great pressure of the water in the lake, and to-day after seventy-five years of steady resistance it seems as solid, as stolid, and as immovable as the British Empire itself.

But this is not the only dam to the credit of Colonel By and his assistants. At Kingston Mills it was found necessary to raise the water six or eight feet and thus make a navigable channel for several miles above the locks. This was accomplished by a dam fourteen feet high and 6,000 feet in length. The water was raised and the "Drowned Lands" were the result. This dam is only five miles by the road from the city of Kingston and can be seen from the passing Grand Trunk trains.

Down towards Ottawa, through Rideau Lake with its two hundred islands, on through Rideau River, Poonamalie Cut, and Burritt's Rapids, one comes to Long Island. Here the locks lower the boats 28 feet, if they are going to Ottawa, and dams are necessary to bottle up the water for the work. Two immense stone dams are required. One is 740 feet long and 10 feet high; the other is 330 feet long and 30 feet high. Just a little farther on, at Black Rapids, is a third dam 300 feet long and ten feet high. Nearer to Ottawa is another splendid piece of stone work, 320 feet long and 45 feet high. Colonel By must have known a bit about dams when he finished his work in 1832. He had no steam cranes, no steam locomotives nor flat-cars, no steam-shovels, no dredges. He had small crude steam-engines probably, and a small steamer or two; but practically all his work had to be done in much the same way as the Egyptians builded the pyramids and Solomon his temple.

The British government got its military highway in 1832, and it was not thereafter possible for troops at Kingston to be bottled up there by any United States army crossing the St. Lawrence between there and Montreal.

From 1832 to 1854, the lock-masters wore the uniform of the British army and drew British pay. British soldiers occupied the block-houses, and occasionally pushed their rifles down the slits in the walls at imaginary foes who never became real. Since 1854, the canal has been in the hands of that prosaic institution, the Government of Canada, and plain blue-coated, blue-capped overseers are in authority. The block-houses are uninhabited for the most part, and some are tumbling to ruins. The canal is still navigated by a few old-fashioned tugs and lumber scows, and a multitude of steam and gasoline launches. The lakes, islands and rivers are frequented by a band of pleasure-loving tourists and fishermen who are slightly less picturesque perhaps than were the lumberman, the river-driver and the military lock-tender.

*Statistical Year Book, 1904, p. 494.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS
A Department For Business Men.

OUR PELAGIC SEALING RIGHTS

A PARAGRAPH in the Ottawa correspondence of the Toronto *Globe* reads as if it were intended to prepare the public for the surrender of Canada's interest in the fur seal resources of Behring Sea. In the paragraph in question it is recalled that the American members of the Joint High Commission proposed to extinguish by a money payment Canadians' common right to take seal on the high sea. This bargain would have involved the purchase of the British Columbia sealing fleet.

Suppose, in years to come, the herd, driven from the Pribyloff Islands by the butchery of the corporation in control there, should find a suitable habitat on Canadian islands off the northern coast of British Columbia. Would Americans in their pelagic operations have any regard for the fact that the breeding-ground of the animals was Canadian territory? Assuredly not. Canada needs a seafaring people on its Pacific coast, and in so far as seal hunting conduces to the making of sailors and the fitting of men for naval service, it is of too much national value to be exchanged for American gold.—Toronto *Mail and Empire*.

WESTERN URBAN GROWTH

THE quinquennial census of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, has now been completed so as to show the population of cities and towns in the Northwest Provinces in 1901 and 1906 respectively. The figures are:

MANITOBA

	1901.	1906.
Brandon	5,620	10,409
Carman	1,439	1,530
Dauphin	1,135	1,671
Gladstone	731	828
Gretna	666	646
Killarney	585	1,117
Manitou	617	716
Minnedosa	1,052	1,300
Morden	1,522	1,438
Neepawa	1,418	1,895
Pilot Mound	446	589
Portage la Prairie	3,901	4,985
St. Boniface	2,019	5 120
Souris	838	1,413

THE BLOCK-HOUSE AT JONES' FALLS

At every set of locks on the Rideau Canal System between Kingston and Ottawa, there was a block-house similar to this. One or two are used as homes, but most of them have passed away or are falling to pieces. They were built about 1826 by the British Government

MANITOBA—Continued	1901.	1906.
Stonewall	589	1,074
Winnipeg	42,340	90,216
Totals	64,918	124,947
Increase in five years		60,029
SASKATCHEWAN		
Alameda	104	333
Arcola	129	652
Carnduff	190	491
Davidson	...	520
Indian Head	768	1,545
Moose Jaw	1,558	6,250
Oxbow	230	530
Qu'Appelle	434	778
Regina	2,249	6,217
Saskatoon	113	3,031
Wapella	397	459
Whitewood	359	501
Wolseley	409	835
Totals	6,940	22,142
Increase in five years		15,202
ALBERTA		
Calgary	4,091	11,937
Cardston	639	1,002
Edmonton	2,626	11,534
Fort Saskatchewan	306	586
Lacombe	499	1,015
Leduc	112	391
Lethbridge-Stafford	2,072	...
Lethbridge	...	2,325
Stafford	...	623
MacLeod	796	1,144
Ponoka	151	473
Red Deer	323	1,420
Strathcona	1,550	2,927
Wetaskiwin	550	1,648
Totals	13,715	37,025
Increase in five years		23,310

SOURCE OF NICKEL

NICKEL is an element the use of which in conjunction with steel has revolutionised the manufacture of ordinance and armour-plate. Scattered deposits occur over wide areas throughout the world, but there are only two extensive deposits known. One of these is in Canada, and the other is in the French colony of New Caledonia at the Antipodes. Nearly all the nickel used on this continent comes from the Ontario deposits located near Sudbury. The average annual output from this source is over ten million pounds.

MINING MEERSCHAUM

MEERSCHAUM, although the name means "sea foam," is not a marine product, but is a soft soap-like stone which is mined just as coal is mined. Asia Minor is the principal seat of the industry. In its crude state, meerschaum is yellowish-white in colour, and a red clay coat or skin envelops the blocks taken from the mine. These blocks bring from $35.00 to $200.00 a carload. They are soft enough to be cut with a knife. After being dried under the open sun in summer, or in a warm room in winter, the blocks are sorted into different grades. They are then wrapped in cotton and packed in cases for the market. The bulk of the product goes to Vienna, where the best pipe-makers are found. In the estimation of the connoisseur, meerschaum makes the lightest, cleanest smoking outfit.

DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.

AN ABANDONED AND DESERTED GOVERNMENT HOUSE

The Province of New Brunswick in a spell of "reform" decided to abandon the official residence, at Fredericton, for its lieutenant-governors.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
VOL. XXVII TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1906 No. 6

The Old Government House

Fredericton, N.B.

By MARY ROBINSON

RESTORATION of the Government House in Fredericton, New Brunswick, is a work undertaken by the Local Council of Women of that city, not altogether for the sake of the historical interest attached to the house itself, but that the people of the Province may again be able to feel a proper pride in the knowledge that they provide a suitable residence for their lieutenant-governors.

Picture to yourselves a beautiful old English Manor House, of stone, standing on the bank of the broad St. John, the garden and river overlooked by the rear windows and balconies, while those in the front of the house look beyond the stately entrance portico, lawns, avenue and gateway, across a pretty park, to the forest-covered hills surrounding the Capital City. In beauty of situation, in architectural design, in dignity of line and feature, this grand old mansion stands unsurpassed by any in Canada, while in point of historic interest it vies with all others of its kind.

It was erected by Sir Howard Douglas in 1827, on the exact site of the former wooden structure which was burned in 1825, the year of the terrible Miramichi fire, when falling cinders from a conflagration many miles away set fire, first to Government House, in September of that year, and then to fully half of Fredericton in October, a month later.

After Sir Howard had obtained relief for the suffering that ensued, and the town had begun to recover from its losses, he commenced the rebuilding of his house. He had lost nearly all the beautiful furniture brought by him and his predecessors from England, as well as many other articles of value. He was away from home at the time of the fire, and Lady Douglas had been able to save the family papers only.

By the last of the year, he had built sufficiently to open the house by a grand ball on New Year's Eve, 1828, but did not complete the work until December of that year, living with his family in the house since owned and occupied by Sir John Allen. This festivity is said to have been most imposing, each of His Majesty's Colonies in America contributing its share

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRESENT BUILDING

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON, FROM THE REAR

of rank and wealth, youth and beauty to make the occasion gay and memorable.

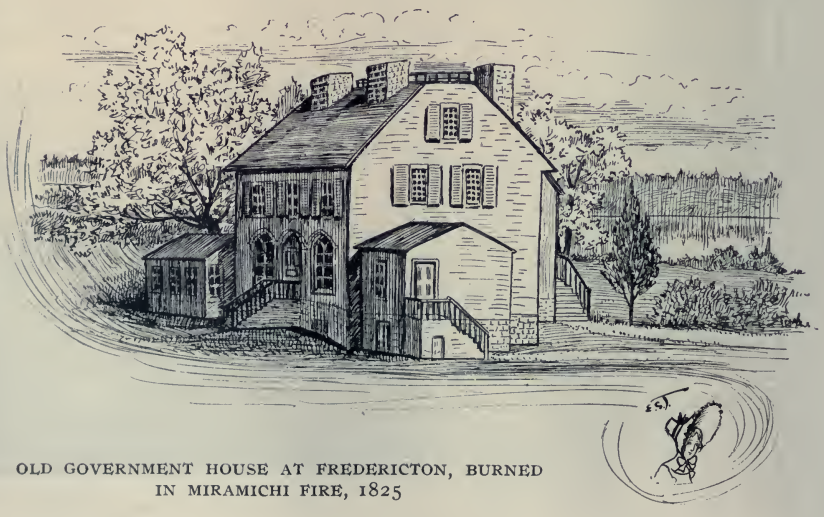
Sir Howard Douglas, no doubt realising that the whole Province must always take its tone from its head official at Government House, strove to make the headquarters of the governor a model of style and beauty. He personally superintended its construction, giving to it, for a time, all the care of his unusually brilliant mind.

Anxious to avoid all unnecessary expense to the Province, he had the stone brought from a quarry near Fredericton, while Barrack-master Woodford drew up the plans under the guidance of Sir Howard, who knew from his experience in New Brunswick, the necessities of provincial life, as well as requirements in the life of a provincial governor.

That he succeeded may be judged by the fact that the Prince of Wales (now King Edward), at the time of his visit there, was much interested in the building itself, saying that this Government House was more like an English house than any he had seen since coming. This view was also held by a visitor of later years, who says it surpasses in beauty and suitability all other Government Houses in the Dominion, even Rideau Hall. New Brunswick has much to thank Sir Howard Douglas for, and in those days, at least, she recognised her good fortune. When he was recalled to England to assist in the settlement of the boundary dispute between Maine and New Brunswick, the news of his resignation was received with universal sorrow, which partly found expression in the presentation of a service of plate and an address.

From Sir Howard's resignation in 1829 to the arrival of Sir Archibald Campbell in 1831, Government House was occupied by Hon. William Black, who acted as President of the Executive Council in the interval.

Sir Archibald Campbell seems to have been of a stiff-necked generation. He refused to sign the papers giving the provincial government control of the casual and territorial revenue. He was therefore recalled to England, and Sir John



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT FREDERICTON, BURNED IN MIRAMICHI FIRE, 1825

SIR ARTHUR GORDON
Governor in 1861

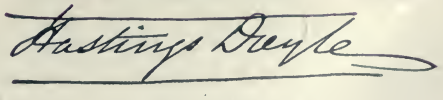
Harvey was sent to take his place. The canny Scot, Sir Archibald, is said to have kept the keys of office in his possession until he was past the borders of the Province, even out beyond Partridge Island, preventing his successor from being sworn in for fully a week. Thus he made matters as hard for those who opposed him as any other descendant of a determined race could possibly wish to do.

Sir John Harvey was a Governor who must have given no end of satisfaction to the people of New Brunswick. Two facts prove this. As soon as he was made Governor, he called Parliament together, and had the much desired bill passed. Whenever Parliament was in session, he gave three dinners every week and a ball every fortnight. Of course the citizens of Fredericton followed suit, and the Capital became almost as gay as we should like to see it now.

The Boundary Dispute was still raging, and Sir John, having removed his forces from the border without waiting for the order of his Commander-in-Chief, Lord Sydenham, was ordered home. When he stated his views to the Home Government, they were confirmed, and he was sent back as Governor of Nova Scotia.

Sir John Harvey was one of the greatest men we have ever had on this side the water. By his wise foresight and consummate tact, his prompt action in emergency, and his perfect honesty of purpose, he carried New Brunswick through a difficult time in her history. It is considered that he saved the whole country from a war with the United States during the winter of 1839-40. He lived in Government House in greater splendour than any succeeding Governor, his progress to Church always being a most gorgeous affair, with soldiers and military band, state carriage, and magnificence of all descriptions.

The time of the Queen's Coronation was observed by him with many shows to please the people; among others he gave a great feast to the Indians, a whole ox being roasted in the Barrack Square. He also gave the Indians a feast and dance at Government House on each New Year's



SIR HASTINGS DOYLE
Governor in 1864

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, IN 1836

Day, a custom which was kept up by other Governors.

Lady Harvey was well beloved by the people, her kindness of heart and courtesy to all dependents being spoken of frequently in old letters of the day.

Sir William Colebrooke was Sir John's successor in New Brunswick, coming from the West Indies in 1841 to take his place. His rule never gave satisfaction. He began with the family preference idea, wishing to give his secretary and son-in-law, Mr. Reade, the position of Provincial Secretary, a measure which was promptly put down by the Assembly. Being finally laid up in St. John with a scalded foot, he ordered the members of the Assembly to come to St. John to be prorogued. For this he was recalled, leaving as his only pleasant memory those acts merely which he could not avoid making agreeable. One was laying the corner-stone of Christ Church Cathedral on October 15th, 1845, and that of the Parish Church of St. Ann's on May 30th of the same year.

Sir Edmund Head became the next governor in a year memorable to Fredericton, being the year of the town's incorporation as a city, in 1848, with John Simpson, Queen's Printer, as its first Mayor. Sir Edmund and Lady Head made many friends by their great kindness and their consideration for the tender feelings of a young and growing country.

The Hon. Manners-Sutton succeeded Sir Edmund in 1854. It was in his time that Government House was so highly honoured as to have a visit from King Edward, then the young Prince of Wales. This visit was made in the summer of 1860, and was, in New Brunswick as everywhere else, made the occasion of a round of social events, of which we have had many descriptions. One trivial happening is not so well known, not being dwelt upon at any length by the good people of Fredericton, for reasons presently to be made obvious. A new park had been laid out in the city, and the Prince was to open it, the most impressive part of that ceremony being the turning of a faucet which would connect pipes leading to a fountain, and cause a fine jet of water to rise, sparkling in the sunshine, and fall in crystal drops within a large natural basin, there to form a miniature lake. This sight was to be witnessed by a large number of people, the children especially being anxious to see so pleasing a promise of future amusement for them. When the moment came, the Prince advanced; with one turn of the regal hand the deed was done, and a fountain *one foot* in height rose in the air, to the

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, IN 1906

accompaniment of much laughter, which increased somewhat when the long faces of the city officials were noticed. One can imagine the amusement of the young Prince—he was not much more than a boy—indeed the accounts of his escapades given afterwards by the Manners-Sutton lads made him seem very young indeed.

The Indians of the village over the river from Fredericton came to Government House in their canoes to see their future King. They were attired in the picturesque fashion of the Indians, with blankets, feathers and paint, and while they entertained the grown-up people, the young folk slipped away to the canoes on the beach, and paddled off to the Indian Village to inspect primitive life there. The boys told of one old squaw who laid her hand timidly on the Prince's arm, saying, "Oh, Mr. Prince, please let me touch you." This was all very interesting for the royal youth, but made an anxious time for the Duke of Newcastle, his tutor, who accompanied him. The Duke was rather straight-laced about Court etiquette, and was much shocked when some kindly New Brunswick ladies, mindful of the Prince's youth, wished to give him as partner in the dance at the Parliament Buildings, a young and pretty sister of the partner prescribed by etiquette. Although the older sister was willing to give up her rights in the matter, His Grace would not allow the exchange to be made.

Perhaps the most impressive of the public events connected with the Prince's visit to New Brunswick, was the occasion when he attended Divine Service at the Cathedral in Fredericton. Bishop Medley, then Lord Bishop of Fredericton, a venerable man, and full of honours, came to the great west door to meet his future King, and escorted him to his seat while the full choir sang the National Anthem.

The room in Government House occupied by our King was long a show room for visitors. It had been completely refitted for him, together with some other rooms, his bed being made especially for the occasion. Its four tall posts were surmounted by carvings representing the Prince of Wales' feathers, and the bed itself is as broad as it is long, its length being great. This historic but ugly piece of furniture is now owned by a Fredericton lady, but the feathers are

SIR S. LEONARD TILLEY
Twice Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

gone, having disappeared about the time that all the fine old mahogany furniture was sold, and when many acts of vandalism are said to have taken place. Many people in New Brunswick, it would seem, possess one or more of these valuable pieces. It is to be hoped that they may be redeemed at some future time.

The Hon. Manners-Sutton, his wife and large family, seem to have been very popular in the Province. The only child born at Government House was theirs, and by its birth and early death helped to consecrate the old place, as these sacred domestic events alone can do. A broken column standing in our oldest cemetery marks the last resting-place of this little child.

Many scenes of joy and happiness took place in this term as well, to give the other side of life its share in endowing the House with human interest. One event memorable to the young people of the day was the ball at which the young daughter of the Governor "came out." It is chiefly remembered as the time when they were taught an entirely new dance called "Pop Goes the Weasel." They also gave "lovely children's parties," and always a Christmas Tree party for the little ones. No wonder they were popular.

In 1861, Sir Arthur Gordon, a secretary of Hon. W. E. Gladstone, was sent to be Governor of New Brunswick. He came a bachelor, but later brought his bride to Government House. She was Miss Shaw of England, daughter of the Speaker of the House of Lords, and was greatly beloved by all. Some idea of the reason for this, and also of the life of the day, is given by Mrs. Ewing, a frequent guest at Government House at this time, her husband, Major Ewing, being in charge of the Commissariat Department of the regiment then in the place. To many the thought that this lovable and gifted woman, Juliana Horatia Ewing, was often in that House, lends it a deeper interest than the visits of people distinguished only by their birth.

In 1862 the Duke of Edinburgh, the Sailor Prince, visited at Government House. Many remember the sermon preached by Bishop Medley at the time —or, rather, they remember the text, "They who go down to the sea in ships" —and many more wonder how often Prince Alfred had to listen to sermons from that text. Lord Haddo, afterwards Earl of Aberdeen, and uncle of Governor Gordon, was also a guest at this time.

Sir Arthur was not in favour of Confederation. He was called home to give his reasons for this state of mind, but failing to satisfy the Home Government, was sent back with instructions to support the movement. Naturally, he soon accepted another post, that of Governor of one of the Fiji Islands, and Sir Hastings Doyle, another bachelor, and an Irishman, came from Halifax to administer in his place, as Governor Gordon had not resigned his office.

Sir Hastings seems to be remembered chiefly for his love of old china, and his collection of china tea-pots. He was barely two years in Government House when he was replaced by Lieut.-Colonel Harding, who, on Confederation Day, July 1st, 1867, was duly appointed governor until such time as the choice of a native governor could be made.

On July 1st, 1868, Hon. Lemuel Allan

SIR JOHN HARVEY

Governor of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick during the "Rebellion" period.

From a Lithograph in the Toronto Public Library.

Wilmot was sworn in Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and went to Government House to begin the first regular term, with the first installation of a Canadian in that distinguished position.

In 1869 another royal guest came to visit New Brunswick, and was entertained by Governor Wilmot in Government House—Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught. He was received with the same honours as other members of his family. Many were invited to come up the river in the steamer bringing him, although he did not appear except at luncheon. All were presented to him at Government House in the evening, however.

Governor Wilmot also entertained the Earl of Dufferin, when as Governor-General of Canada he visited the various Provinces. In Fredericton he made one of his clever after-dinner speeches, the occasion being a picnic up the Nashwaak River on the C.E. Line of Railway, then half built. His reference to Mr. Gibson's enterprise in connection with this railway in which he suggested that the desert had been made to blossom as a rose, was in his usual happy vein.

In 1873 Hon. S. L. Tilley became Lieutenant-Governor. In his time many distinguished people were entertained at Government House, among them being Sir John and Lady Macdonald, who came to the opening of the C.E. Railway. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, the Earl

and Lady Derby, and also Prince Jerome Bonaparte, came after the closing of Government House in Sir Leonard's second term. A remark made by Prince Jerome when a large reception was given for him at Carleton House, Sir Leonard's residence in St. John, may give point to the ideas of some of our loyal people, who think that an official residence is necessary for our Governors. He said: "This is a very nice house, indeed, but, oh! not suitable for the Governor of a large Province like this—why is it so?" It must have been a question hard to answer.

In 1878 came Hon. Edward B. Chandler, who in 1879 entertained the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne. We can many of us remember the occasion of this royal visit, and it is needless to dwell upon the ordinary festivities of so recent an event. It adds one more to the long list of distinguished guests who have visited our Province, thus increasing the knowledge of Canada, and her beauty and resources, in the minds of those who may some time be in a position to give material assistance to us, by their possession of that knowledge.

Governor Chandler died in office in the year 1880, and was succeeded by Hon. Robert Duncan Wilmot, who, with his family, lived in Government House till his term expired in 1885.

In that year Sir Leonard Tilley was again appointed Governor, and was the last of our Governors to live in Government House.

The long list of distinguished people who have been entertained in our Government House, and including many not mentioned in this short sketch, serves to show how necessary it is to a province to have such a residence for its governor, and to support it. Other facts show this as well; for instance, while Lord Lansdowne was here he had to live in his own special car, near the railway station; Lord Aberdeen in the residence of a private citizen of Fredericton; Lord Minto at the Queen Hotel; while the Duke and Duchess of York, now Prince and Princess of Wales, never came to the Capital at all, but accepted instead the hospitality of a family in private life in St. John.

At the time of Confederation it was rightly thought to be almost as necessary to have a house for the governor as a house for the members of Parliament. It may have often been inconvenient for the newly appointed governor to leave his home and go to live in Government House, but it was one of the duties of the position, and was always cheerfully accepted as such. Governor L. A. Wilmot gave up for the five years his house in the same city, and Governor R. D. Wilmot his lovely residence of "Belmont," a few miles below Fredericton, and Governor Chandler his home in Dorchester, to take up their duties to the people in Government House.

Perhaps the greatest benefit which has come to the people of the north and west of New Brunswick, through the residence in the Capital City of the Governors of the Province, is the erection of Victoria Hospital. It is to Lady Tilley's good offices and executive ability that the people of New Brunswick owe this great work, with its far-reaching influence for good, and it is doubtful whether a Governor's wife would feel so keen an interest in the Capital City, if she were not a resident of it. The good which is done in such a way as this, is not only to the city or country in which such a public blessing is instituted, but to the whole Province.

The beautiful Government House which I have described is standing empty, but is in a state of sound repair and of wonderfully good preservation. A master-builder of Fredericton went over it a few months ago, at the request of the Fredericton Local Council of Women, and made an approximate estimate of the cost of restoration. He found the whole place in good condition, to his great astonishment, walls, doors, windows, woodwork, foundation—all firm and solid. Even the basement, with its three foot stone walls, had no sign of damp or mould anywhere.

Do you wonder that the people of New Brunswick are trying to restore to their Province this grand old home of the past as the most suitable and desirable residence that could be provided for the Official Head of the Province—her Lieutenant-Governor?

MISS AGNES MAULE MACHAR
From a photograph taken when her first book was published

Canadian Celebrities

No. 73—AGNES MAULE MACHAR (FIDELIS)

"Miss Machar's 'Gray Day Among The Islands' is very good."

THE quotation is from a criticism of the annual exhibition of the Kingston branch of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, which appeared in the columns of the Kingston *Whig*. I paused as I read it, reflecting on the wonderful versatility of this gifted woman. Agnes Maule Machar is well known in Canada as a novelist and a poetess, but few know her as an artist. This is not because she has failed to produce work worthy of notice, but because of her innate sense of modesty in exhibiting any of her sketches in public. A number of very pretty pictures, which adorn the walls of her literary retreat, are credited to her brush.

A delicate sensitiveness regarding publicity has marked all her life. Her earlier works were anonymous, and many such contributions to the *Globe* and other Canadian papers, touching questions of political and national moment, provoked spirited comment from leading writers and statesmen who little imagined that it was the product of a woman's pen which they were criticising. To this same spirit of reserve may be credited the fact that she has written, almost ex-

clusively, under the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis." She chose this pseudonym because, to use her own words: "Faithfulness is the quality I most value and care most to possess."

From the days of childhood Miss Machar has shown a love for letters. Her education, received from private teachers, was always superintended by her father, the late Rev. John Machar, D.D., an able preacher and an accomplished scholar, who was at one time incumbent of St. Andrew's church and for ten years principal of Queen's University, Kingston. With him "Fidelis" studied Greek and Latin before she was ten, and by the time she was fifteen she had made great progress in French, Italian, and German, besides mathematics, drawing and music. It was a proud day for him, when about her twelfth year, she presented him with a rhymed translation from Ovid, enclosed in an illuminated and illustrated cover of her own execution.

Since then she has been an untiring worker in the field of letters. Like Roberts, she loves her country fervently, and the true ring of a Canadian patriotism is the keynote of many of her best efforts.

"The one thing I have tried to do," she once told the writer, "is to cultivate a spirit of Canadianism and a deeper love of Canada in the hearts of her own people."

And no one can say that she has not succeeded. In her one published book of poems, "Lays of the 'True North' and Other Canadian Poems" (Elliot Stock, London), the following lines are found:

"Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,
Or strikes the lyre of poesy—
Where'er Canadian hearts awake
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war
Against each lurking ill and strife
That weakens now our growing life,
No line keep hand from clasping hand—
One is our young Canadian land.
McGee and Howe she counts her own;
Hers all her eastern singers' bays:
Frèchette is hers, and in her crown
Ontario every laurel lays;
Let CANADA our watchword be,
While lesser names we know no more;
One nation spread from sea to sea,
And fused by love from shore to shore;
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland."

Such lines cannot fail in their mission to kindle in the heart of every Canadian a deeper love of country and a more earnest desire to serve faithfully and well the land of his nativity or adoption, as the case may be.

Miss Machar is best known, however, not as a poetess, but as a novelist. One of her first prose works, "Katie Johnston's Cross," written in six weeks, won the first prize offered by Messrs. Campbell & Son, Toronto. For "For King and Country," a remarkably well-written story of the time of 1812, she was awarded the first prize offered by the *Canadian Monthly* for the best Canadian story sent in. Among her other published works are: "Lost and Won," a Canadian Romance; "Roland Graeme, Knight" (Wm. Drysdale & Co., Montreal); "Marjorie's Canadian Winter" (Lothrop & Co., Boston); "Stories of New France," in two series, the first by "Fidelis," the second by Mr. T. G. Marquis; "Portions of Picturesque Canada"; "Heir of Fairmount Grange" (Digby, Long & Co., London), and others.

Besides this "Fidelis" has been a liberal contributor to such periodicals as THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, *Canadian Monthly*, *Canada Presbyterian* and *Presbyterian Review*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *Cross Magazine*, *Andover Review*, *Westminster Review*, *Catholic Presbyterian*, *Christian Union*, *Wide Awake*, etc., etc.

Miss Machar is a native of Kingston, where her winters are still spent. In her beautiful summer home, "Ferncliff," near Gananoque and among the Thousand Islands,—which, by the way, has been visited by Alfred Russell Wallace, the late Dr. J. G. Holland, Lyman Abbott, and many prominent Canadians, and which was picturesquely described by the late Grant Allen in *Longman's Magazine*—the occupation of writing divides her time with that of sketching and painting, for she is an enthusiast in art scarcely less than in literature. A

sister of Grant Allen was the wife of "Fidelis'" only brother, the late J. Maule Machar, Q.C., and Master of Chancery, Kingston—a man of high culture and an able lawyer, and one always deeply interested in questions of social reform affecting the welfare of the masses, whose premature death was widely regretted.

Miss Machar's education is very broad. There is no question that attracts attention which is not interesting to her, and which she cannot discuss with ease and clearness. Her pen is constantly employed in the elaboration of thoughts and principles which affect the masses and make for their abiding good. Recent patriotic events have specially enlivened her muse.

To usefulness she was trained from her youth. From a sainted father and mother she inherited the love of humanity which has prompted her to unlimited and unwearying service. During all her busy career she has had an ear which has been exceedingly sensitive to the cry of distress, and so she has laboured for the poor, the sick, the needy, and with a devotion that knows no abatement. She has been identified with every benevolent movement in the city, and has been its most enthusiastic supporter. Perhaps she labours too assiduously for the comfort of others, but it is a tribute to her fidelity, her anxiety, her care, that she could not enjoy comfort and know that some one lacked it and suffered in consequence.

A characteristic of this talented woman is her steadfastness to what she deems her duty. Others may become discouraged; she becomes simply heroic in her attitude, and will serve and act at any cost. The qualities that are hers are rare, and because they are so she is what she is. *Leman A. Guild*

No. 74—MRS. HERBERT CHAMBERLAIN

THE extraordinary manifestation of spontaneous enthusiasm with which the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain was greeted recently by his own city of Birmingham on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, may be taken not merely as a tribute to his personal popularity, but also as indicating how strongly the idea of British Imperialism has taken hold of the popular mind. Just how much the popularity of the Imperial idea owes to the trend of the time, and how much to individual advocacy, however powerful, it may not be easy to exactly determine. Among the ladies who have been prominently connected with the movement, perhaps no one has shown a deeper interest in the various phases of the work than Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain, whose husband was a younger brother of the famous ex-Secretary for the Colonies.

A sketch of Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain is practically a review of her work in the different Imperial organisations with which her name is associated. A Canadian by birth, Mrs. Chamberlain is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Williams,* of Port Hope, Ontario. Col.

*To Lieutenant-Colonel Worsnop, of the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, Vancouver, I am indebted for the following reminiscence:

"The lamented Lieut.-Col. Williams died on board the steamer *North-West* on the North Saskatchewan River, early in July, 1885. The hardships of the campaign had told upon him, but he stuck to his post. One Sunday morning at the beginning of July, when General Middleton's column was at Fort Pitt, a church parade of the whole force was ordered. The day was extremely hot, and we were exposed to the full force of the sun's scorching rays. After parade poor Colonel Williams complained of his head, and the next morning it was reported that he was suffering from brain fever. He was carried on board the steamer *North-West*, and every care and attention paid him by the medical staff, unfortunately in vain. On the arrival of the boats at Battleford, the funeral took place, the entire force not on duty attending. The spectacle was one of the most impressive I have ever seen. The body was sent overland from Battleford to Swift Current, and thence by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Port Hope. I cannot tell you how we mourned his loss, nor how deeply we esteemed and honoured him."

Williams was among the first to volunteer to go to the front in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, cheerfully enduring the hardships of the campaign. After leading his men at Batoche, it was observed that the rigours of the campaign told upon his health, and early in July, 1885, he succumbed to brain fever, adding another name to the honourable roll of those whose "sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies." It may be that the privations endured by the Canadian veterans of 1885, and the imperfect arrangements for supplying them with necessaries and comforts, may partly explain the unselfish readiness with which Mrs. Chamberlain gave time, strength and energy to the work of sending out supplies to the soldiers in South Africa. Certainly the committee interested in promoting the welfare of the men at the front, had no more active member than this daughter of a Canadian soldier.

Her interest has not been limited to military matters. In the different political and social organisations, her name is prominent. She is chairman of the Women's Association of the Tariff Reform League, the object of which is primarily educational, an effort being made by means of lectures, meetings, discussions, and the distribution of literature compiled from governmental reports, to enable women to take a more intelligent interest in the work of fiscal reform. To strengthen the bonds between Great Britain and her Colonies, and to develop and consolidate the resources of the Empire, are also the aims of the Association.

Another organisation which claims her sympathy is the Victoria League, formed in the year 1901, with the aim of binding together more closely the Imperial organisations of Great Britain and her Colonies. The League grew out of an earnestly expressed wish of the South African "Guild of Loyal Women" to establish in London some institution in affiliation with the "Guild," which has its Canadian counterpart in the "Daughters of the Empire." The time was favourable for the formation of such an organisation. Imperialism was in the air, the patriotic feeling required but a suggestion to be translated into action, and an influential executive committee was formed with the Countess of Jersey as chairman. The lamented Lady Tweedmouth, the Honourable Mrs. Albert Lyttelton, and Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain, were among the most enthusiastic workers. The League soon found many opportunities for the employment of its activities, one of the matters in which the members interested themselves being the caring for the graves of the soldiers who sleep their last sleep on the South African veldt.

Another development from the League, and one with which it is in close touch, is the Ladies' Empire Club, formed with the object of enabling the British members of the club to meet in friendly intercourse, ladies from the Colonies who may be sojourning in London. Of this club Mrs. Chamberlain is chairman, and to this work, which is by no means light, she devotes herself with absolute enjoyment. One feature of the work of the committee is the arranging with well-known London hostesses to receive and entertain visitors from the Colonies, and to strengthen by every means in their power the ties of personal friendship between the British at home and the British beyond the seas.

The work of the Victoria League has its educational side also. There is naturally a dearth of knowledge of the Colonies, even among cultured folk in the Old Land. To overcome that lack of knowledge, and to stimulate an interest in Greater Britain and her people, at the suggestion of Sir Gilbert Parker and the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton, a Sub-Educational Committee was formed with the object of providing an incentive to the British schools to acquire something more than a merely superficial knowledge of the British dominions beyond the seas. In order to attain this object prizes are offered for competition among the pupils in the subjects of colonial History and Geography, and also for the best essays on colonial subjects. An effort is made to reach the older people by arranging popular Lantern Lectures, illustrating the customs and mode of

MRS. HERBERT CHAMBERLAIN

life prevailing in the different dependencies of the Empire.

A branch of the League's work in which Mrs. Chamberlain is peculiarly interested is the assisting of British women emigrating to the Colonies, more especially such as may be alone in the world. Members of the League take a kindly personal interest in these women, communicating with the colonial Guilds, who extend a welcoming hand to these strangers from the home land, and by helping them in numberless ways, encourage them to struggle onward and upward with a stout heart. This freemasonry of women working unselfishly for the common good, cannot but be a boon to the whole Empire.

With all Mrs. Chamberlain's public work she finds time to dispense a charming hospitality at her beautiful London home. Energetic, tactful, and with a magnetic personality, she is always a striking figure at the many functions where Canada is represented. To her three children she is a devoted mother, and to her many friends a friend indeed. Her husband, Mr. Herbert Chamberlain, who was in keen sympathy with his wife's public work, died on the 18th of May, 1904, and in Mrs. Chamberlain's great sorrow, many hearts who knew her only through the good that she has done, went out to her in tender sympathy.

Margaret Eadie Henderson.

OPENING THE TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY, OCTOBER, 1869

This party of Torontonians accompanied Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald to Cannington, where he turned the first sod on the new road. The names, reading from left to right are: Edmund Wragge, Chief Engineer Toronto and Nipissing Railway; J. C. Fitch, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; George Laidlaw, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Joseph Gould, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Hon. John Beverly Robinson, President Northern Railway; Robert Elliot, President Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald, Premier of Ontario; James E. Smith, Ex-Mayor of Toronto, Vice-President Toronto and Nipissing Railway; John Leys, Solicitor Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Hon. G. W. Allan, Chairman of Trustees Toronto and Nipissing Railway; Captain W. F. McMaster, Director Toronto and Nipissing Railway; J. Brethour, Trustee Toronto and Nipissing Railway; James Graham, Secretary-Treasurer Toronto and Nipissing Railway.

From Contemporary Photo now in Ontario Archives Department

The Passing of the Poet

A Reply to Professor Leacock

By SUSAN E. CAMERON

IN the far away summer of the year of grace 1579 there was issued from the publishing house of Master Thomas Woodcocke, London, a slim pamphlet bearing a portentous title:

"The Schoole of Abuse, Containing a *pleasant invective* against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters and such-like *Caterpillers of a Commonwelth:* setting up a flagge of Defiance to their mischievous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason and Common experience."

It was furthermore stated on the title page that the chapters following contained "a discourse as pleasant for Gentlemen that favour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue." To which modest advertisement was appended the author's name—Stephen Gosson, Stud. Oxon.

So lengthy is the title of the little book that one hardly need go further to understand its contents. It was an invective against poetry, not by an outsider, but by one of the studious academic band, whose daily and nightly readings supposedly testified to their reverence for the poets' lore. The poets were wounded in the house of their friends.

History repeats itself. The present year of grace saw the appearance in a prominent modern magazine (CANADIAN MAGAZINE, May, 1906) of an article entitled "The Passing of the Poet," a paper, modestly described as a sketch, by Stephen Leacock, a gentleman, who as all Canadian scholars know, might describe himself as Student, Don, Preceptor, nay Doctor (*magna cum laude*) of more than one great university—in short an academic person of distinction. Once more Learning is girding at Poetry—and why? On what meat have they fed, these Stephens of the Sixteenth Century and the Twentieth, that they have grown so intolerant of the pleasant food of their youth. For there is no manner of doubt that they are abusing that which once was daily bread. Stephen Gosson was an actor after he left Oxford and conned many lines of verse, not to mention those of his own composing, which he and his brother actors ranted upon the stage. His latter-day namesake has a record as lecturer, raconteur and man of letters. Have his discourses never been lightened by rhythmical flashes from the poets' storehouse? And what of those original lines, where rhyme and metre have not been despised as aids to point the wit and wisdom of a fluent pen? Decidedly there is something outrageous in the attitude of these two poet-revilers; killers of the prophets, one might well name them. He who keeps their name ablaze on the roll of the saints suffered martyrdom by stoning. Why should these his namesakes so reverse the rôle and occupy themselves with this ignoble business of stone-casting?

One must not suppose, however, that the line taken by the two is identical. Gosson plainly supposed that poets were dangerous, and set up his "flagge of defiance" against them. Dr. Leacock regards them as futile creatures, tolerated in earlier, sillier generations than ours, and destined to become extinct as the race becomes full grown. He does not, he professes, wish or require to accelerate their extinction—it will come about of itself in the fulness of time. His little article is apparently merely a metaphorical spurning of a limping dog over the threshold of the new civilisation. It is very significant that the mysterious brotherhood whom the Greeks and Romans in their time, and the Italians of the Renaissance, regarded as seers, prophets and the truest of creators* should in an age of nascent

*NOTE—Italian and English writers of the period were fond of quoting Tasso's line: "Non merita nome di Creatore, se non Iddio ed il poeta"—None merits the name of Creator save God and the Poet.

puritanism be abused as immoral, and in an age of full-grown materialism be condemned as useless.

It is a consoling reflection that while each of our authors represents truly enough one phase of the opinion of his time, he is far from expressing its dominant thought. Gosson's article is remembered now chiefly because it was the immediate cause which produced one of the most splendid prose utterances of one of the greatest English writers of his day, Sidney's immortal "Defence of Poesie," the crushing answer to Gosson's insignificant challenge. Dr. Leacock's article is many times wittier than Gosson's; if it should evoke an answer proportionately greater than Sidney's, it certainly has not been written in vain. But in the interval between Gosson's book and Sidney's, slighter protests appeared, such as the "Defence" of Thomas Lodge. Even so the present writer, while waiting for the adequate reply, ventures to throw down a modest handful of disapproval.

Dr. Leacock levels his first dart at the antiquity of poetry. This might be turned, it was by Sidney, into an argument for its continuance; but our modern writer, his ideas guided by the doctrine of evolution, regards it as one of the former things destined to pass away. He might have proceeded on the same lines to the conclusion of yet higher developments of poetry, more various differentiations. Speech is also a fairly ancient possession of the race. Is it destined to disappear, or shall we not look for purer forms of speech, not more simple—the gibber of the primeval ape was surely less complex than Dr. Leacock's writing—but richer, more varied, more poetical, in short?

Poetry has always been with us because certain things could always be expressed in poetry better than in prose, and even in this latter day, when our conceptions of the suitability of forms have changed so much, there are still certain ideas which clothe themselves naturally in verse and are unfitly clad in any worse garment. Much harm has doubtless been done by the poetaster, he who dons the poetic weed, not having the stature required for it. Dr. Leacock, like Macaulay before him, hits the poetaster very hard, with a vigour quite out of proportion to the occasion. The poetaster is such a silly person—why should one bother with him? The gentleman of the old school who wrote laboured lines to "fair Edith" would have been equally lame in prose, and the labour expended was at least as much of a compliment to his fair one as are the slangy notes of his grandson to the object of his equally uninspired admiration.

It is a little hard to see, too, why a widespread taste for poetry should be so mercilessly descried. "Parents read poetry to their children," writes Dr. Leacock of the former sentimental ages; "children recited poetry to their parents." One wonders what they read and recite now which is so much better—physiology perhaps, or political economy. But knowledge of these subjects does not seem to approach universality as nearly as one could wish in this unpoetical and well-informed generation.

As for Dr. Leacock's parallel passages in verse and prose, one must simply beg leave to say they are not parallel at all and hence not valuable as illustrations to the subject in hand. A quotation from Gray has been made to stand beside one from Huxley, "precisely similar in thought, though different in form," and the reader is called upon to admire "the more modern presentation" of the idea by the great scientist. Now, in the first place, the two passages are by no means similar in thought; in the second, the one is as modern as the other, because it is a universal sentiment, the particular possession of no age at all, and thirdly, it was grossly unfair to make Huxley serve so ungracious a position towards poetry. For Huxley, like most great scientists, was by no means antagonistic to poetry; on the contrary, he read it, as we learn from his son, much and appreciatively. He loved Keats, most poetic of all poets; he revered Tennyson, not only as a friend, a great contemporary in the world of letters, but as a poet. On his way back from Tennyson's funeral, he not only indulged in reflections fatally sentimental from our critic's point of view, but also he allowed some of these reflections to crystallise into a set of memorial verses! (See *Nineteenth Century* for Nov., 1892). No one was more aware

than Huxley that many things besides the beating of the heart cease when a man dies. He was speaking, in the article quoted, of the one which at the moment happened to be his subject. Gray, with equal justification, was reflecting upon others; so was Huxley in his memorial verses, and his reflections, like Gray's, fell naturally into a poetical shape. The real prose parallel for Huxley's lines is in the final paragraph of Raleigh's History of the World, that wonderful passage which rings in the ears of many of us innocent of familiarity with the stupendous book itself, the sounding lines beginning: "O eloquent, just and mighty Death, whom none hath advised, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done," and so on, a paragraph of noble prose which lingers in the memory because it is so very like poetry.

There is indeed no very hard and fast line between fine prose and fine verse, granting that each is expressing a great enough idea. Given a strong enough stimulus and a mind tuned to it, poetry follows inevitably, nor must one be dogmatic as to the nature of the stimulating subject. It varies in different ages. Dr. Leacock complains that the poets of the past sang too much of stars, flowers and other natural phenomena. A natural complaint perhaps for a son of this age of electricity. Kipling pined for a poet "to sing the praise of steam" and succeeded in doing it pretty well himself. McAndrew's Hymn is a production which any locomotive might be proud to have inspired! Hazlitt, in the early nineteenth century, delved deep into the secret of the origin of poetry and expressed the result of his investigations in an essay too good to be shown in scraps by quotation, a few words of which must, however, be quoted here: "Wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power or harmony, as in a motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower that 'spreads its sweet leaves to the air, and dedicates its beauty to the sun', there is poetry in its birth." And Dryden, his greater predecessor, goes still nearer to the root of the matter with his:

> From harmony, from heavenly harmony
> This universal frame began.

The present unpopularity of poetry may be due to the fact that this is a very noisy age. We are all living by machinery and the noise of it drowns all sorts of harmonies, but the brooks "with their obstinate, all but hushed voices," still murmur, "persistent and low," and one day when machinery has advanced still further and become silent, we shall hear them again, and other harmonious sounds as well—the music of the spheres perhaps. And when we hear them we shall copy them again. Or perhaps we shall follow Kipling and make poetry out of machinery. The development of new forces should stimulate fuller expression. At all events we shall surely, certainly, inevitably, have poetry again. Poetry to-day is like Arthur after the dispersal of the Table Round, fighting now its "last weird battle in the West." Like Arthur might the Angel of Poetry cry, "I perish by this people that I made," and like Arthur again declare with magnificent assurance, "I pass, but cannot die."

But these are rather heavy weapons with which to attack so nimble and graceful an adversary. Dr. Leacock's delightful *jeu d'esprit* should not have provoked a sermon, though its author certainly merited punishment of some kind. He ought to be reminded, as Mr. Birrell reminds his readers in one of his inimitable essays, that it is not well to cavil at genius "for we have none ourselves; but we are so constituted that we cannot live without it." Perhaps we had better leave him with Sidney's final words by way of farewell: "Then, though I will not wish unto you the Asses ears of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a poets verses (as Bubonax was) to hang himself, nor to be rimed to deathe, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalfe of all Poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a *Sonnet;* and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an *Epitaph*."

Civil Service Reform in Wisconsin

By HON. ERNEST N. WARNER, author of the Wisconsin Civil Service Act

FOR the past decade there has been going on in Wisconsin, under the leadership of Robert M. La Follette, former Governor, now United States Senator, a vigorous and determined contest to restore and safeguard to the people of this commonwealth the right of representative government. Barriers found in the way of that movement have been grappled with and removed. The principle has been announced that we live under a republican form of government, and that each individual in the state is entitled to an equal voice in the affairs of that government. The end sought in these contests is a more perfect democracy, bringing with it greater political equality and a fairer distribution of the burdens of government.

At the very outset of this campaign for better things in Wisconsin, an attack upon the political "system" was inaugurated. This "system" had for its main support the political machine, the very organisation and method of which could but obscure principles and dwarf individuals. Candidates for elective public offices were placed in nomination by conventions of delegates who were selected either by delegates elected from the various precincts directly to the convention, or by delegates selected by other conventions, made up of delegates sent from precincts to such primary conventions. Principles involved in the campaigns were obscured by the personal contests for the local or precinct endorsement. The man who could be sent from his locality as a delegate to a convention secured some political prestige, and great was the activity and effort for this little personal endorsement of neighbours.

This endorsement secured, his next step was to become a local overlord or boss, not in a large way, but in a small way; he became the leader of his precinct to whom all matters of patronage in that precinct must be referred, which gave him additional lordship over his neighbours. Then if he were sufficiently influential to be elected a delegate by his neighbours, and if he could determine the persons within his precinct who could hold public office, whether by election or appointment, he could command the respect of special interests. He made his demands for free transportation, and the pass and the frank came for the asking. Boss rule was then complete. Interchange of favours between the machine and special interests, mostly corporate interests, placed the people of the state at the mercy of the combination.

In order to shake off this "system," an attack was first successfully made against the issuance of passes to public officials and party committeemen. That political perquisite was taken away after a bitter, hard, continuous contest. Not only did the legislature pass stringent laws against the practice, but the people wrote the prohibition into the fundamental law of the state.

The next attack upon the "system" was made against the method of nominating candidates for public office. After repeated failure of effort the people finally secured in 1903 the enactment of a most sweeping law abolishing the delegate system of nominating candidates for public office, and substituting in its place direct primaries, so that in the selection of all candidates for elective offices, each voter has an equal voice with every other to determine who shall be his nominee.

In this way another political perquisite was eliminated. Instead of the primary contests being mere scrambles among a few persons to secure a personal endorsement as delegate, the attention of the voter is now centered upon issues.

The legislature of 1905 was significantly composed of earnest, sincere, reasonable men, a majority of whom in each house acknowledged their commission to represent solely the people. They were anxious to take any further step necessary to safe-

guard all the rights of the people. Of the perquisites of the boss there remained but the power to dictate appointments to office.

In his message to the legislature of 1905, Governor La Follette recommended the passage of a Civil Service Act. He said. "This is a government 'of the people, by the people, and for the people.' The government must be administered by servants selected in some manner. The people themselves cannot discharge all the duties and perform all the service required. The fundamental idea of democracy is that all men are equal before the law. What proposition is plainer than that every citizen should have an equal opportunity to aspire to serve the public, and that when he does so aspire the only test applied should be that of merit? Any other test is undemocratic. To say that the test of party service should be applied is just as undemocratic as it would be to apply the test of birth or wealth or religion. I quote the words of that eminent publicist, Hon. Carl Schurz, as expressive of the views which I believe ought to be embodied in a law pertaining to the public service:

"'Is not this the equality of opportunity which forms the very life element of true democracy? On the one side the aristocracy of influence which grants or withholds as a favor what merit may claim as a right. On the other hand, the democracy of equal opportunity which recognises in all citizens alike the right of merit by giving the best men the best chance.'"

No demand in the columns of the press, no platform promise, no considerable public discussion had preceded this recommendation. It was the expression of conviction on the part of the leaders in this cause of good government in Wisconsin, that it was a necessary step to be taken in that cause.

This was the first public demand for the enactment of a State Civil Service Law. Prior to this time there had been in successful operation for some years, Civil Service Acts applicable to the police and fire departments of the cities of the state having a population of ten thousand and over, and to all the departments of the city of Milwaukee, the Metropolis of the State. These laws had been initiated and enacted by men in public life, and without the intervention or demand of any Civil Service Reform League or other organisation to promote the cause of Civil Service Reform.

Many years ago there was organised in Wisconsin a Civil Service Reform League, but no legislation along the line of Civil Service Reform in this state can be attributed directly to the influence of that league. It was not active at the time of the passage of the civil service acts relating to the municipalities. When it became noised abroad shortly before the meeting of the legislature of 1905, that the Governor in his message to the legislature might recommend the passage of a State Civil Service Act, new life was suddenly breathed into the almost extinct body of the State Civil Service Reform League. Reorganisation was effected, and in the preparation of the bill and the discussion of the measure valuable aid was contributed by the State and National Civil Service Reform Leagues.

The Civil Service Bill was introduced in the assembly early in the legislative session. It sought to apply the merit test to appointments throughout the state service, the excepted positions being confined quite closely to such subordinates as necessarily sustained confidential relations with their superiors.

When the bill was offered it was confidently asserted that not one-seventh of the members of the assembly would support it. To many of the members the subject was entirely new, and their opposition was due to their conservatism, and to their feeling that the subject was something on which the people had not passed, and that the safe thing to do was to vote against it on general principles as being something new, untried, and unnecessary. There was the opposition of the successful politicians, members of the party in power, who were jealous of the spoils that come with victory. It was not easy voluntarily to surrender these spoils. They asked, "What is there in it for us? Are we not in? What is there in it for us to take away the spoils of office and put the offices upon the merit basis?"

There were those, however, even among the politicians of the party in power who said: "The vitality of our organisation demands that we ourselves shall take this next step. That we purge the pay rolls of the state of the incompetent and the superfluous, leaving only those persons upon the rolls who are meritorious, and provide that after the passage of this act such persons only shall be appointed to office who shall by competitive tests secure their positions upon the merit list." There was a nucleus, particularly of the business men in the legislature, who looked upon the measure as a business proposition; they said: "This is right; the business of the state should be transacted on business principles, and the state ought to have the benefit of the service of her best equipped citizens irrespective of politics."

A public hearing upon the bill was had during the session at which those opposed as well as those favourable to it were invited to present their views and criticisms; civil service experts were present who offered valuable suggestions for the improvement of the bill. This public hearing was of great value. It afforded an opportunity to discuss publicly the benefits of the merit system. It served a large purpose in satisfying the people of the state that the bill was offered in good faith for the public weal. It brought out some weaknesses in the original bill. Every suggestion made for the improvement of the bill was entertained by those in charge of it. The greatest opposition to the particular measure came from those in charge of the state charitable, reformatory and penal institutions. Wisconsin has for many years ranked high among the states of the Union in her treatment and care of her unfortunates and her criminals. Well directed and largely successful efforts have been made for many years to keep politics out of these institutions, and to establish the merit principle within them. Those in charge of these institutions felt that such a law would be unnecessary as applied to them, that in many respects the strictures provided in the bill upon the employment, discipline and discharge of officials would be seriously detrimental to the welfare of these institutions. Holding fast to the contention that all positions in the state service should be brought by law upon the merit basis, certain modifications were made in the bill as applied to the state institutions. They did not vitally affect the application of the merit principle, and the law is a better law and a more workable one in the state institutions as modified.

The Civil Service Bill gained friends as the principles embodied in it became better understood. Every test vote showed increased support. There was no disposition to force the measure. All possible latitude for consideration and discussion was given, and it was well toward the end of an unusually long session of the legislature that the bill finally passed both houses by substantially a two-thirds majority, was signed by the Governor, and became law.

The Wisconsin Act was modelled after the most approved provisions of Civil Service Acts in force in other states, notably New York and Massachusetts, and in the Federal Service. It goes much further than these laws in that there are incorporated in the body of the act itself many provisions that are found in the rules and regulations. Thus, the Civil Service Act itself is largely self-operative, and the Wisconsin Commission has found it unnecessary to frame many rules and regulations. The Wisconsin Act is unique in that it requires of all employees at present in the State Service (except those in the reformatory, charitable and penal institutions) a non-competitive or pass examination as a condition of continuing in the state service for a longer period than six months after the act went into operation.

This act took most advanced grounds on the subject of removals. The appointing officer has the absolute power of removal, subject only to the limitation that removals shall "be for just cause, which shall not be religious or political. In all cases of removal the appointing officer shall, at the time of such action, furnish to the subordinate his reasons for the same, and allow him a reasonable time within which to make

an explanation. The reasons for removal and the answer thereto shall be filed in writing with the Commission." The appeal by the person removed, if after his hearing by the appointing officer he still feels that he has a grievance, must be to the courts, and not to the Commission, which has no power to interfere with removals. The function of the Civil Service Commission is to prepare eligible lists and to see that the service is regular and not padded, and that the spirit of the merit system is fully respected.

The Wisconsin Act exempts certain positions in the classified service from the operations of the Act. It then provides that the Commission may, only after a public hearing, exempt other positions, and in certain instances exempt certain persons in case of recognised professional or technical attainments. In each case the reasons for any such exemption shall be stated in the public reports. These provisions safeguard the merit system, and are believed to close successfully the loop-hole that has operated in many instances in defeating the merit principle.

In addition to penalties provided in the act for violation of its provisions a self-enforcing provision was incorporated which requires that pay rolls of all employees under the Act shall be certified by the Civil Service Commission, and that any sums paid without such certification may be recovered from the officer making such appointment or causing such payment to be made.

The purpose of Civil Service legislation being to eliminate the political and personal equation in making appointments, the Wisconsin Act defines as bribery the promise by a candidate for office or of a person holding office, of political appointment, or the promise of official authority or influence to obtain such appointment in return for aid in securing political preferment.

The law provides that employees shall not be compelled to engage involuntarily in political work, or to submit to political assessments. Suitable penalties are provided for the violation of either of the above provisions.

A feature of the Wisconsin law which tended to win for it many friends, is the provision that examinations shall be held simultaneously at a convenient point in each of the assembly districts of the state, and in case of assembly districts embracing more than one county, at each county seat therein. This requires examinations to be held at the same time in one hundred and eleven different places in the state. No provision is made in the law for carrying out this direction. The Commission conceived the plan of selecting local boards to hold these examinations. They invited each member of the lower house to recommend five leading citizens without regard to politics, one of whom should be a person familiar with examination methods. The members of the legislature cheerfully complied with this request. From these names suggested the Commission selected three persons at each examining centre who hold the examinations in their locality pursuant to directions, and upon tests sent out from the office of the Commission. These examining boards are made up of leading citizens of the state who serve without compensation. This plan not only provides the machinery for carrying out the provision of the law that at first was thought to be somewhat burdensome, but it has the added advantage of enlisting throughout the state, the co-operation and support of a large number of influential people in the support of the merit principle. It is doubtful if any provision of the act served so largely to popularise it with the members as this provision, that the examinations shall be brought close home to their constituents, where at small expense any person desiring to serve the state can submit to the test with the assurance that the best man will win no matter from what part of the state he hails. The state likewise by this means will doubtless secure the applications of many persons of high merit who would not be willing to make application if required to be at large expense of time and money in travelling to some distant point to take the examination.

In drafting the Wisconsin Act, a pro-

vision was inserted placing legislative employees in the classified service, but inasmuch as their tenure is only for a short term, once in two years, the main provisions of the act were scarcely applicable to this particular class, and a separate act was passed applying the merit system to legislative positions, this being the first time in the history of civil service legislation that the merit test had been applied by law to legislative employees. The law covering this subject was passed subsequent to the passage of the main act, and it only serves to show what a deep hold the merit principle had taken on the Wisconsin legislature when once the subject was before them. This act reduces the number of employees, requires full hours of service, permits employment of men only, and places the preparation of eligible lists for the positions in the hands of the civil service commission. This law will prove a great relief to members of the legislature whose time in the early part of the session has heretofore been largely engrossed with solicitations for positions by applicants for office.

It will be seen that Wisconsin stands well in the forefront in applying the merit principle to appointments in the public service. Persons high in authority declare the Wisconsin State Civil Service Act to be the most comprehensive and complete statute on the subject that has yet been enacted. Its passage was made possible at this time in Wisconsin, because of a contest that has been going on for many years in this state for better government. It was a natural step in that movement. It was enacted by the dominant party without pressure from the outside, because of the conviction that spoils of office are a weakness rather than a strength to party organisation, and because of the conviction that the merit principle is essentially democratic, and in a democracy is right.

The Prodigal

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

"And when he came to himself—"

CAME to himself—and looked upon his soul
With startled eyes from which the mists had cleared;
Gazing and shuddering, yet gazing still,
Alone he looked upon his soul and feared.

This was his soul, this soiled and sodden thing!
This violated shrine with long dead fire,
Deserted of its tendant ministers—
Youth, hope and every high and pure desire.

Out to the night he fled, and wandered far,
Lost in the mazes of this new despair
And anguished by remembrance; and the stars,
Blazing above, mocked through the empty air.

Then came the tender mystery that morn
Knows ere the dewdrop, sun-kissed, disappears;
And in his blackened heart, perchance some spring
Welled up to overflow in cleansing tears.

And, as the sudden sun leapt glorious forth,
Flashing his promise down the barren slope,
Perchance, before the wonder of the dawn
He looked upon his soul—and dared to hope!

La Bonne Ste. Anne

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

"TELL me what he said," repeated Segert with gentle insistence.

Lawry Dayre, editor of the Montreal *Advance*, an obscure periodical which persisted in running its indomitable chief and itself to the ground financially, still gazed stolidly into the grate. For half an hour he had striven for that mask of petrified composure; and should it fall before the first whisper of a gentle, golden-headed, velvet-robed girl? Even in its unnatural rigidity Lawry Dayre's face was good to look on. His dark, dreamy eyes gave expression to an intensely idealistic and poetic nature. In profile his features were tender, sensitive, refined, rather than strong; but when he pushed the mass of black hair off his forehead and looked you squarely in the eye, there was strength too. When standing in careless repose, you deemed him a tall figure, straight and graceful; you looked twice before you saw that he bore his full weight upon one leg, and that the other was artificial. He was exceedingly sensitive about his deformity, and with the aid of a cane bore himself so well that people had long since ceased to turn their heads after him when he walked in the streets. Segert St. Lin was so accustomed to his shambling gait, that she appeared to have forgotten all about it. That is why Dayre lingered perilously long at her fireside.

"I would rather not tell you what your father said, Segert!" he exclaimed, biting his lip weakly. "And yet, having commenced, I must finish. He only gave me a description of myself. It was all as true as if he had set a mirror before me, and bade me look into it. And then he described you, and I never saw before how great a difference there was between us—the more fool I. I think he mentioned all my misfortunes; he even spoke of this," and, with a gesture of bitterness, he laid his hand upon the stiffly-bent knee.

Segert did not speak, but she crept closer, and put her hand inside his, which immediately closed over it.

"The son of the Hon. Eustace Sheaffe had been there pleading his case, and I think your father jumped on me because I am always hanging about the house obstructing the progress of more influential suitors. 'Who are you,' he cried, 'to aspire to my daughter? What credentials do you bring? What is your family name worth? What is your business worth? Have you enough to keep the girl from starving in the streets? Segert is not penniless. She has, from her mother, enough for both, if she decides to take a man to keep.'"

The strong voice broke, like the running down of a violin string, and one hasty tear ran unbidden from his swimming eyes, and dashed upon Segert's hand.

"'Make a thousand dollars,' he cried, 'a paltry thousand within the year, and assure me that you can make it every year, and then it will be time to consider the question. Man, you are clever enough to gull the public in some shape, and that's what getting rich means.'"

"What answer did you make father?" inquired the girl.

I took him up—with my usual idiocy. What means have I, a weakling, of fulfilling the requirements? What right have I to ask Segert St. Lin, the sought-after, the flattered, the adored, to wait for a penniless *cripple*, until he has earned enough to keep her?"

"I will wait for you until a year from to-day," said Segert simply, "and if you do not come then, I will wait another year."

"Darling!" he exclaimed, folding her to his heart, "do not tempt me; I am weak enough to-day to be glad at the thought of your immolation. Help me to leave you."

She ignored his words utterly. "There are some quick ways of getting rich," she mused. "You are clever. You can devise any scheme you wish. Go somewhere, away from your old life, where you

feel that you can do your best, and I will wait here."

"O Segert, I haven't it in me to tempt fortune further. Let me tie my misfortunes like a stone about my neck and sink into oblivion."

His calm despair was hard to cope with. Segert's head went down. "You have never loved me," she said, so low that he could scarcely hear.

He straightened up. "I am strong. I am going. I will find something. Since Segert St. Lin loves me, I will go out and have another battle with fortune. Good-by, sweet girl, good-by. If I win, it will be because someone believed in me, when I didn't believe in myself."

The only impression which remained with Segert of those few last minutes was that her face was scorched by Lawry Dayre's hot lips and burning eyes, while she, like a blind and deaf mute, struggled frantically, but vainly, to express herself in speech. When she came to herself she was alone in the dimly-lighted room, stretching out weak hands to vacancy.

"Yours to go and mine to stay," she murmured, dropping her golden head on her uplifted arms. "O, do not think, Lawry, that you have the hardest lot!" A moment later she composed herself into her usual erect dignity, and calmly prepared for tea, for she heard her father and Eustace Sheaffe in the dining-room.

Segert was pre-eminently a dutiful daughter, else in the miserable days that followed, she would surely have learned to hate the querulous old man, who was exacting more than a daughter's duty. The girl remembered no other parent. Her Swedish mother, a gentle creature with a golden head like herself, had died before Segert's remembrance, leaving the only child to the care of her business-engrossed father, who loved her tremendously in his way, but who concealed it so well under a grouchy exterior, that no one guessed it—Segert least of all. Yet she loved him in a daughterly fashion, and though he was putting the testing weight on her affection, she failed not to give him his accustomed dues. In fact, he looked so worn of late, and passed so many sleepless nights with his rheumatic hip, that her heart smote her whenever an unkind thought of him found lodgment there.

In two respects only she resisted the combined forces of his will and lawful authority. She utterly refused to consider Eustace Sheaffe as a suitor. He who was commonly spoken of as the son of Hon. Eustace Sheaffe, because he had not characteristics enough of his own to mark him as a separate individual, had inspired Segert's intensest scorn, in spite of his vast wealth. Also, she positively refused to open the piano, so that for the entire year the voice that had made cheer and merriment in the house, was given up wholly to prayer. In these two respects she was disobedient.

Nightly they sat in silent grandeur, she with her eyes wandering over a book, he nursing his pains by the heat. Sheaffe's name had gradually been dropped from their conversation, as also had another and dearer name by tacit consent. Yet the thoughts of both were with the wanderer, and each knew that their thoughts touched, and fitted into one another like revolving cog-wheels, which always get back to the same point though they be constantly turning in opposite directions. He missed, as well as she, the genial flow of conversation and the refined, literary atmosphere that Lawry Dayre had brought into the house, but what he missed most of all was Segert's smile.

She never walked abroad but that she feared to meet Lawry Dayre somewhere. Yes, feared it, as well as desired it, for she knew he must be sadly changed by the great struggle he was undergoing. Could he, in his shattered condition, earn the one thousand dollars honestly? Would he not rather gain it by disreputable but speedy means? She had heard him say once, that there was money in hotel-keeping, but could not imagine him filling the place of the usual stout, self-satisfied bartender. She oftener pictured his dark, eager face bent over the gaming table. One night she had a vivid dream that he had successfully robbed the Bank of Montreal and, laying many thousands of dollars in her lap, had looked to her for approval of his dishonourable act. And so

in vague conjecture and surmising her wretched winter glided away.

Before spring had fully dawned all Segert's fears and dreads, longings and surmises, were swallowed up in one gigantic fear that stalked before her vision to the exclusion of everything else. That fear was that her father was going to die. His features were shrunken to the size of a child's from pure pain; his querulousness was hard to bear. Instead of going to his office at daybreak he crawled down a few hours after dinner, and this to Segert seemed an intimation that the worst was not far off. Many eminent physicians were called, and they unanimously diagnosed Mr. St. Lin's case as one of hopeless rheumatism, tedious, but not fatal. The danger, they agreed, lay in the action of his indomitable will, that in confinement goaded him to the verge of insanity.

Mr. St. Lin's only spiritual adviser during his weary illness was Father Goyt, a venerable Roman Catholic priest. This holy man's patience was the more in evidence because sharply contrasted with St. Lin's ravings. He meekly bore the sick man's insults because he knew that St. Lin regarded him with toleration, and inquired after him when he absented himself beyond his usual period. One day, when St. Lin was irritable beyond all reason, the priest turned to him sharply with the words: "You vile sinner! How can you expect to be healed?"

"Father," inquired the sick man, strangely subdued by the sudden electricity in the little priest's eyes, "is sin the cause of this hellish torture?"

Father Goyt was never more in earnest than when he replied, true to his ascetic training: "Pain is always the result of sin. On your soul is something black, which the holy God refuses to overlook."

"Is the sin mine or my daughter's?" said St. Lin, indicating the faithful Segert who stood near, for it was his pet hypothesis to ascribe his illness to his daughter's disobedience, in refusing to make him happy by marrying the son of the Hon. Eustace Sheaffe.

The priest gazed steadily into the girl's lily face, and then his eyes came back to St. Lin. "The sin is yours."

"Then pray what is it?"

"I do not know. But surely in the recesses of your soul you see some hidden crime against Deity."

"I do not!" roared St. Lin.

"The crime is, in all probability, conceit," muttered Father Goyt, for which speech St. Lin threw his tea-cup and its contents at the little man's head. Segert had to follow him out into the hall, and beg him to come the next day as usual, for her father was always worse when the holy man's prayer was not said over him.

A week later, during which time her father had lain in swoon-like silence, refusing food and drink, he suddenly opened his eyes with a rapt expression that alarmed Segert, and made her instantly telephone for the doctor and Father Goyt.

"I am going to Ste. Anne," he announced.

"Do you mean to her shrine at Beaupré?" cried Segert aghast.

"I do. I have been talking to the sweet healer of diseases all these days. You must carry me to her shrine, and lay me at her blessed feet. She will reveal my sin, and heal both body and soul."

"Now indeed he is dying," moaned Segert.

But the doctor, after a hasty examination, pronounced St. Lin in an improved condition, and Father Goyt encouraged him in his desire to visit the shrine in a few weeks.

It was not without trepidation that Segert prepared her father for his proposed trip to the shrine of healing, for there is little doubt that, secretly, she favoured the Lutheran Church of her Swedish ancestors. However, her father's rigid enforcement of his religion upon her, and Father Goyt's patient ministrations, had left her mind in a sad confusion of Protestantism and Popery. To her intensely religious temperament, much of the imagery and superstition of her father's Church appealed, so much so, that nightly, before laying her golden head on the pillow, she prayed to all the saints for fear of offending some; but in the morning, when her pretty head was clearer, and the sun was shining brightly, she prayed to God only.

It was the first day of June before Mr.

Lin was able to accomplish his heart's desire. The clocks were striking seven in the city, and the sunset glow was on St. James' dome, as the steamer *Quebec* glided out of port for her nightly run of a hundred and eighty miles down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The invalid chained to his chair, and the sweet devoted girl who attended him, made a picture on which many eyes lingered. The sick man was not in the least companionable, for his eyes were lifted in unceasing devotion, until at eight o'clock he retired to his stateroom. Restlessly, Segert wandered about the deck, watching the sunset tints fade from the river, fascinated by the endless string of buoy lights in midstream, mistaking the lights of each approaching steamer for the town of Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu, a spot she had visited with Lawry Dayre in happier days. Then out into broad St. Peter's lake glided the boat, and still she gazed in fascination upon the shrouded mystery into which she and her father were being lured. It seemed to her a most foolhardy adventure on which they were embarked. She could see those broad, ultra-Protestant shoulders of Lawry Dayre go up in their inimitable shrug when he heard the news.

Lawry Dayre! It was now almost a year since he had dropped suddenly and mysteriously out of her world, and her father's reason in choosing June for their pilgrimage was quite apparent to Segert. If Lawry went to the house on Sherbrooke Street and found it deserted, what his next step would be she dared not think. "It may be that a few days will suffice, father, and we will be home again in time," she consoled herself, "and oh, it may be, he will not come at all!"

She did not realise how long she stood at the prow facing the sharp night air until a crew hand passing, turned and looked at her sharply, as though he feared she had suicidal designs. Then she went in to find the salon deserted, and everyone asleep.

Beaupré! The Abbé Ferland says, "If you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré you neither know Canada nor the Canadians." Certainly it is typical of a large section of French Canada. The St. Lins reached this quaint spot, twenty miles below Quebec, by trolley, early one June morning. Segert gazed about her in as great surprise as if she had suddenly been set down in the country of the antediluvians. Here had the hand of Time stood still, and left the "habitans" at their ancient customs. On the road an ox-cart rumbled sedately along, while heavy, squat-figured women, in blue petticoats and wooden shoes, loaded hay on vehicles that looked like stoneboats.

"Father," cried Segert, "are the 'habitans' afraid of wheels?"

"The more wheels the more tires to set," growled St. Lin.

"Father," broke out Segert again, in an irrepressible flow of spirits, "I'm sure they could spade their farms. See, in one acre they have a crop of hay, oats, wheat, a pasture, and a garden."

In speechless interest she turned her face to the car window, studying the quaint houses whose dormer windows seemed to lean out and peer down into the street, until of a sudden, rising like a giant among the pigmy dwellings, the church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré hove into view.

Segert paused a moment contemplating the pretty yard, then with a quiver of expectancy she boldly wheeled her father's chair across the portal, and into the sanctuary, where annually one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims pay their devotions. There, both paused in deep reverence, the scene indeed being one to induce respect in the breast of a skeptic. Far in the dim distance, before an altar decorated with purple and white flowers, a priest was intonating mass. The swinging censers made the air heavily sweet with incense. Segert, on the alert for the relics which Father Goyt had told her were there, thought she recognised the altar piece by Le Brun, and the facsimile of the miraculous portrait of our Lady of Perpetual Help, presented by Pius IX, and found herself vaguely wondering where they kept the bone of Ste. Anne's finger. In the centre aisle was a statue of the benign healer on a high pedestal, and around her feet cast-off crutches were grouped suggestively. Also, just where they were standing at the door, rose two immense pyramids of dusty crutches,

trusses, bandages, and spectacles to attest the miraculous cures worked by faith and power.

"Ste. Anne! La Bonne Ste. Anne!" cried the sick man, stretching out his hands to the smiling marble; and in that cry went out the measure of his great suffering, and his sure expectancy of relief. The bowed worshippers turned in their seats, as the stricken sufferer was wheeled up the aisle; but Segert, heedless of curious glances, dropped on her knees before the sweet grandmother of Christ, and clasped the cold feet.

There she remained, until her poor head could think of no more prayers to say. The holy Anne was still smiling, but Segert thought she detected a subtle cruelty in her calm gaze.

"Child, let us go," whispered the bowed sufferer, and Segert almost resentfully grasped the chair and pushed it out. She had so wanted to see the cure at once, that they might get home in time.

Just outside the door in booths and stalls, dwelt many poor folk, who made their living by selling crucifixes, amulets, and relics. Segert lingered curiously, turning over their wares with her hand on her purse.

"Child, if you intend buying anything, purchase it of yonder creature who sits in the dust. Poor wretch, he has suffered," said St. Lin, strangely sympathetic, as his own pain gnawed in his bones.

She had drawn back in alarm, but at her father's words she came forward with less of aversion and more of pity in her glance. At sight of her pity the beggar's eyes filled with tears, seeing which, Segert made no effort to restrain her own.

He was, indeed, one of the most unfortunate of God's creatures. He was an elderly man with long, grey hair, and a beard which fell in matted luxuriance on his breast. It was, however, in his lower limbs that a pitiable deformity existed. One leg came forward regularly enough, but the other went backward, the joints seeming to work in the opposite direction.

"Can you walk?" asked St. Lin.

For answer the man endeavoured to raise himself, but fell back with a groan. Then he pointed to a small peasant boy at work in the rear of the stall. "Jean," he said in good French, "is feet for me."

"Why don't you pray to Ste. Anne?" inquired Segert rather cynically, for she was bitter against the stone-deaf saint.

"Ah, lady!" said the beggar, "good Ste. Anne cannot give a new leg, and nothing less would do me."

"She can lengthen short ones," avowed Segert in the same skeptical tone, "for I saw boots with soles two inches thick in the dusty pile at the door."

"You have not always begged," said St. Lin, noting a quaint refinement in the fellow's manner.

"Alas, no! I am here for my crimes."

Scenting a mystery, Segert gave him the narrowest attention.

"I am a murderer," said the dreadful man calmly. "Only God and one priest know it. I stay here until I have saved one thousand dollars, for which sum my soul may be shrived."

"Blessed Anne!" cried the sick man, whose attention was again claimed by the statue in the yard; and completely forgetting to make any purchase of the wistful-eyed beggar, Segert wheeled her father out of the yard, up the hill, past the cross-covered slope called "Le Chemin de la Croix," to a quaint wee house where they were guests until such time as a cure might be effected.

That night, Segert, in a wilful mood, and at variance with all the saints for various reasons, prayed only to God and uttered but one sentence. It was this: "If he comes while I am away, help him not to give up till he finds me."

She was glad to learn that the small boy Jean lived next door, for she could make out nearly half of what he said, and found his provincial stories the best antidote for a homesick heart. While Mr. St. Lin prayed the hours away, Segert roamed Beaupré with Jean, whenever the kind-hearted beggar would lend him, uneasy, rebellious, irritable, heart-sick with hope deferred—she had been tried too far.

"Father," she said one morning, after he had passed a painful night, "Ste. Anne is deaf as well as blind. Let us go home."

"I go to the shrine this morning to spend

the entire day in fasting and prayer," was the resolute response.

"Father," she said again, preparing to brush his hair, and otherwise finish his toilet, "the beggar—my beggar you know, has amulets with mottoes on them, and he says they often explain the secret sin that keeps the afflicted from being healed. He says they are wonderfully effective."

"The secret sin," frowned St. Lin. "Father Goyt's strain—the secret sin."

"Yes," chattered Segert gaily; "the beggar says everybody has one, and when I asked him what his was, that was so black as to put healing out of the question, he replied that he had cut out a woman's heart and left her body still alive. Murderer, indeed! He is a lunatic."

St. Lin had not been listening; nevertheless, when Segert stopped before the beggar's stand, he mechanically reached out his hand to take one of the smooth, deeply inscribed stones with chains attached.

"You must shut your eyes," advised the beggar, "and the good saint will direct your hand to the one suited to your case."

St. Lin drew. The enigmatical inscription the little stone bore was this: "Fling seed to the winds; and the same winds will return to you laden with the perfume of the flowers that grew."

Segert pressed into the beggar's hand a coin which she mistook for a quarter, but the moment it left her hand she knew it was the rare piece Lawry Dayre had given her years ago, and which she always kept in her purse for luck. She was about to ask it back, when the look on the beggar's face as he handled the coin, rooted her to the spot with amazement. What meaning had the old coin to him? In his eyes had blazed up a blue light like the flame of a bed of anthracite, but while Segert gasped and blindly groped for support, it died down, and the beggar was saying humbly, as he rang the coin on the table: "This is not good, lady; I would rather have another."

St. Lin, with his hand closed fondly over the amulet, said petulantly: "Hurry, Segert! We are wasting time," and interpreting the imploring look from two dark eyes as best she might, the girl was hurried with the usual stream of worshippers into the church.

Ste. Anne was still smiling down upon a crowd of helpless folk, as Segert boldly pushed in and fell before the pedestal. Once again she prayed vehemently. No words came, yet to her very finger-tips she prayed. Noon came and went; the priests performed their duties before the altar; but unheeding all, the golden head lay at the blessed feet of our Lady of Perpetual Help, and the hot blood throbbed its passion into the lifeless stone.

It was the thrill in her father's voice that made her look up at last, to behold his face shining as though he had seen an angel.

"My eyes are opened! Blessed be Anne who has made me see my sin! Avarice, greed, selfishness—call it what you will. In my pride of life, when did I help the poor? When did I seek the unfortunate? When did I give to the church? And, child," he whispered with a quiver in his voice, "how long have I been pushing from your lips the cup of happiness? Forgive me, even as one infinitely holier and higher than thou, the great Anne, has forgiven me."

"I do, father, I do," cried Segert, greatly touched by the allusion to her own sorrow.

"Fling seed to the winds; and the same winds will return to you, laden with the perfume of the flowers that grew. Lo, here do I begin my scattering; may God perfect the flowers. Take this to the beggar, the most unfortunate wretch in all the world. It will pay his debt. Bid him haste to be shriven. Tell me if he seems happy."

A one thousand dollar note. Segert fingered it like a live coal. A one thousand note for the beggar! What expression would come into his eyes now?

Across the yard she fled, and stood before him like a maniac, laughing, panting, sobbing. "Take it!" she cried, pushing it into his hand.

"Segert, Segert," he said gently.

And then little Jean was amazed to see the lily-faced lady taken into two great arms and kissed repeatedly.

"She has fainted," he said by way of

explanation, as if kissing was the best cure for fainting known to the medical art; and with amazing nimbleness he carried her into the little back room.

When Segert awoke and found Lawry Dayre bending over her, she gave a little scream. It was as if he had sprung out of the earth. She studied his eyes, his hair, his hands, to make sure he was there in the flesh. "O, I knew it was you all the time!" she exclaimed. "But how did you get to look like this so soon? I thought it would take years to get you back to your old self."

"You were unconscious for twenty minutes, during which time I was not idle," he smiled, pointing to the powdered locks of hair on the floor, which the razor had sacrificed. "A good wash, and the readjustment of this," laying his hand on the artificial knee, "has completed the cure."

Still speechless she feasted her eyes on him.

"Do not despise me, Segert," he pleaded. "I did it for your sake."

She shook her head vigorously.

"It was the cleverest plan my poor dull head could devise for raising the money in the given time. Pilgrims have been very kind. Some days I have earned as much as seven dollars. As for this," he said pointing to the note, "I cannot accept it. I will keep it if you like until we impress your father with my wealth, then it is yours; or we leave it here for the good saint who has helped us both. Why don't you speak, Segert?"

"I am too happy."

"Then are you listening?"

She nodded.

"The best of all is that I can keep you now, dear. I am often ashamed of the narrowness and lowness of my views of human nature a year ago. No wonder I was a failure as a writer. But since that time, I have seen a great train of suffering, hope, despair, exultation, piety. I have laid my hand on the pulse of humanity. I have been writing from experience and, Segert, I have succeeded beyond my dreams. In short, I believe I may say that my literary standing is assured."

"Let us go to father," she said simply. "I believe he will be glad to see you."

They found the holy place in an uproar. Priests were rushing about wildly. People leaped over the seats. "La Bonne Ste. Anne!" shouted the crowd. "Healer! Miracle-worker!"

The man and the girl pressed closer, and finally stood on a seat to see. There, in the midst of admiring priests, stood St. Lin, erect, exultant, healed. At his feet lay his two crutches broken in pieces. "La Bonne Ste. Anne!" shrieked the crowd, as the sometime sick man was walked around by the priests to better display the miracle.

Lawry Dayre never knew how he managed it, whether he carried Segert, or Segert carried him, but a moment later they were at the side of Mr. St. Lin. Anne was smiling still, but Segert no longer saw craft in her face. La Bonne Ste. Anne!" she sobbed with the crowd, and showered kisses on the cold feet. Even Lawry Dayre, broad-minded Protestant though he was, looked up where the rosy light flushed Anne's face, and fancied she breathed.

When the crowd divided, St. Lin, coming back to things earthly, saw Lawry Dayre hovering near Segert's side. "My children," he cried, grasping a hand of both, "rejoice with me!"

Dayre saw that he was a forgiven and accepted son, but he could not resist the temptation to say proudly: "I have fulfilled the requirements, sir."

"How did you work it?" inquired St. Lin.

"I took your advice and learned how to work on gullible persons."

As they were thus grouped, with Segert between her father and her lover, to both of whom she had been equally true, the subdued sunlight fell on her golden head, and kindled her face and her white dress into the brightness of an angel. Little wonder that the small boy Jean was regarding her with open eyes and mouth.

"The beggar is gone," he whispered, gazing at the lily-faced lady with grave awe. "What have you done with him? You—you have spirited him away."

"Ah, the beggar!" exclaimed St. Lin, "was he happy?"

"He is gone," persisted Jean.

"Ah, my little man," said Dayre, giving him a coin, "I'm afraid you will never

see your master again. I saw him disappear like lightning."

"So did I," cried Jean, "but where?"

"He has started on his quest for happiness," said Mr. St. Lin complacently. "Run fast, Jean, you may find him at the station. The car does not leave for half an hour."

Harvest Home

BY EVELYN GUNNE

HOME from the harvest fields,
Through shade and high-light,
Steeped in the wistful charm
Of the August twilight.

Home from the harvest fields,
And the long day's labour,
Slowly we homeward pass,
I, and my neighbour.

Bravely the golden-rod
Our pathway brushes;
Cleaving a line of gold
Through velvet hushes.

Birds to the wayside trees
Come softly winging;
Beautiful dreams of rest,
In their low, late singing.

Homeward from pastures green
The herds are going,
While whiffs from their fragrant breaths
Warm winds are blowing.

Farm windows, glowing red,
Gleam out before us;
And frogs in the reedy pools
Sleepily chorus.

Great is the joy of work,
And vivid living,
But sweeter the earned reward
The night is giving.

Thus, when the greater eve
The west is rosing,
Soft may the twilight hush
Enfold its closing.

And may the Good Man lead
At the end of labour,
Home through the fragrant dusk,
Me, and my neighbour.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE THE BISHOP OF SELKIRK PREACHES—THE CHURCH STANDS TO THE LEFT OF THE BRIDGE

A Bishop of the Arctic*

An Impression

By FRANCES EBBS-CANAVAN

With Photographs by the Author

A RAILWAY bridge over Lake Bennett, a long line of track between a red painted station and an hotel, a store, a few scattered log-houses and tents among the sandhills, and you have passed through Carcross on the way from Skagway to White Horse.

A small and uninteresting settlement, will be your verdict; a quiet, insignificant spot despite the occasional glimpses of grandeur among the surrounding peaks; and yet here in the very stillness, close to the heart of Nature, is being enacted a tragedy so intense that one who has not seen can form no conception of the sacrifice now nearing completion.

Far to the left across the lake, floats the Canadian flag, its brilliant red more vividly displayed by the rare clearness of the atmosphere. "The Indian Reserve," they will tell you. "That log building is the school, then the church, and the other log-house is where the Bishop and his wife live."

The Bishop and his wife. Ah—

It is Sunday evening and the little church door stands open. A few people are approaching in twos and threes, slowly picking their steps across the ties of the bridge and plodding through the rough, loose sand along the lake shore.

Within, at the lectern, stands an old man. One hand supports his head. Occasionally he looks up and his sharp, clear-cut features reveal the nobility of soul and steadfastness of purpose which have gone with him through the forty long years of his missionary life.

At the left of the chancel, presiding at

*Bishop Bompas, the subject of this sketch, died in June of this year at the age of seventy-eight. He had recently given up active direction of the work in Selkirk which is now in charge of Bishop Stringer.

THE BISHOP AND THE INDIAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN

the organ, is his exact counterpart, his devoted wife. Delicate, old and frail, yet hers is a courage and spirit that many a younger woman might envy.

And now it is seven o'clock. The Bishop walks down the aisle erect and stately, his splendid physique still bearing testimony to the powerful man that was, and loosing the bell cord he tolls the summons to Evensong.

Then the Indians begin to arrive. Already the first seats are filled by the little pupils of the school, and the choir is occupied by several more under the leadership of their teacher, and presently the Bishop in his robes emerges from the vestry and the beautiful service of the Church of England begins. The Bishop's wife leads the hymns in a high, clear voice, which trembles and quivers and dies away and starts up again with a shadowy sweetness lurking in its notes, and an evidence of splendid culture.

What could be more pathetic than the sight of these two old people, whose lives are nearly spent, working together day after day far from the luxuries and refinements of civilisation, far even from the comforts which seem to us a necessity! When the Bishop prays, her voice leads all the rest and follows faithfully with a profound reverence and an earnest supplication not often heard in our churches. And all through the service the Indians still continue to come. Now a mother and her little child, again some awkward youths—for all of these a pretty half-breed girl finds the places in their hymn books and then hurries back to her seat near the organ. The sermon, which the Bishop reads, is in most beautiful Scriptural language, and deals with our constant rebellion against the will of God. Do these "Children of the Forest" appreciate his words? Do they realise what is being relinquished for their good?

The last amen has been uttered and the small congregation dwindles away, but how many have felt the beauty, the prayerful earnestness and the infinite pathos of it all!

Monday afternoon and the Bishop's wife comes across the bridge to the store; for a woman of her years the crossing of that tie bridge must be no mean undertaking. She asks if there are any guests at the hotel—she has seen some strangers

in the church—and then for the visiting ladies comes a rare treat, a little formal call from the Bishop's wife.

We had intended going to see her, and she begs we will still do so. The manner of an English lady envelops her and clothes her with a dignity mere garments could never give. She asks about our trip so far, of our final destination. She is gentleness and kindness itself, and when she is gone it seems a long time until evening when the acquaintance can be renewed.

A number of Indian girls stand about the doorway of the Bishop's house. The Bishop is at the school, but Mrs. Bompas is at home. May we see her?

There is no hesitation. We are ushered in and the dear old lady comes forward to greet us with her rare smile and cordial hand-clasp. She introduces the young assistant teacher, Miss Ward, and tells us that the matron of the school is preparing to go away for a short holiday. The little girl who passed the hymn books comes in and asks for some paper—an Indian woman wants her to write a letter. "This is Minnie, our eldest girl," Mrs. Bompas says, handing her the paper, and Minnie leaves us again.

THE BISHOP AND THE INDIAN MAID

Then follows a delightful half hour with Mrs. Bompas; the music of her educated voice lends a charm to all she tells us.

"I have been gardening all day," she says. 'I have enclosed forty feet and I have planted carrots, potatoes, cabbages and lettuce; you see I am very practical—and then for the sentimental part, there is mignonette and sweet peas, those sweet old English flowers that seem to thrive everywhere; but the soil is so sandy that it absorbs the moisture immediately, and we have organised a water brigade which is doing valiant work."

"A new system of irrigation has been discovered," announces one of the visitors.

"Ah, do tell me!" cries Mrs. Bompas eagerly, and she bends forward to listen.

"It was first tried in a very dry belt where the farmers were in despair. They were planting onions and potatoes in great numbers, and at last they hit upon a plan, and instead of putting them in different plots they planted them in alternate rows, onions and potatoes. The strength of the onions then brought tears to the eyes of the potatoes, irrigating the land in a most satisfactory manner."

Mrs. Bompas laughs heartily. "It would not do here," she says, shaking her head, "for onions refuse to grow at all, and it is a pity, for they are such wonderful preventatives of scurvy—that most dread disease of the North. The Bishop contracted it once, and once contracted it always returns. He was travelling, and a white man gave him some fish instead of his fresh meat, and every time he ate that fish he felt very ill and miserable. At that time I was coming back from a visit to England, and I had my ticket right to Forty Mile, but when I got to Fort Yukon I found it impossible

to go further. I was three hundred miles from where the Bishop was, and there were no dog teams to be had for less than $300, and nobody would consent to go with me except at that price.

"I could get no word from the Bishop, nor could I send him any messages, and for eight long months I was detained there. At last came an Indian who had seen him and who would take me to him, but when I asked how the Bishop was, he told me, 'Oh, he is very sick; he is nearly dead!' Yet when one knows the Indians, it is not always such bad news, for they invariably speak so of anyone who is ill," and Mrs. Bompas smiles. But what an awful strain those eight months must have been upon the patient endurance of that wonderful little woman!

"Have you seen that new book, 'The Magnetic North?' It is surely written by one who has been through it all. Ah! you must read it," she says enthusiastically. "I have only just finished and lent it to a friend who has gone away. There is one thrilling description of two men who have been partners. They are in a camp with several others, and provisions have grown scarce, so scarce that the partners decide to leave the camp, reducing the number of mouths. That is always the great question with us in the far North, the number of mouths. They go away, and soon they are wandering aimlessly without food; they are weak and nearly dead with hunger. And then to one comes the terrible thought, what if he should kill his partner and eat him," her beautiful voice is lowered to a tragic whisper which makes it seem very real to us all, "but he resists the thought, and afterwards, when they are once more in prosperous ways, he confesses to his partner the agony of the temptation. Oh, it is most touching!"

Then she speaks of the early days in Dawson, of the noble life of Father Judge, of the wonderful change in men's natures when they cross the summit, and are in the GREAT MAGNETIC NORTH. "They throw off a great deal," she says sadly; "they throw off a great deal which they never seem to take up again."

"I had an experience once which illustrates that remark, Mrs. Bompas," says one of her guests, who had known Bishop Bompas at the mouth of Forty Mile, eight years before. "I was going in a canoe from Bennett to Dawson and overtook a party in another boat; they were new to the ways of the North. One had just shot a moose, and I helped him drag it out of the water, and showed him how to skin it and how to cut it up. Then without a word of thanks, he began piling it into his canoe.

"'Here,' I said, 'I think I have a right to some of that meat.'

"'Well,' he replied slowly, 'it ought to be worth about forty cents a pound in this country.'

"'No, my young man,' I answered, 'I won't take it at that price, but I promise it will cost you more than that by the time you get to Dawson,' and I paddled on.

"It did cost him more than he ever expected, for I told the story to the first man I met and he in turn passed it on till, when the would-be financier arrived, everyone in the camp knew the little tale and he was charged just three prices by everyone for anything he wanted."

"It quite served him right," says the old lady, voicing the sentiments of all her guests.

She walked with us to the church that we might take a picture of the interior, and she played a soft little prelude that some who had not been there the night before might hear the tone of the little organ.

"In winter time," she said, "I am obliged to have a hot water bottle laid across the keys for some time before service, otherwise the keys would make my fingers so cold and stiff that I could not play."

And then we took another picture of the exterior of the church, and Mrs. Bompas and Miss Ward accompanied us a part of the way to the bridge. Walking became a little rough, so the old lady bade us good-night and good-bye. She wished us a pleasant summer, and hoped to see us in the fall, and she gave us a most cordial invitation to visit the Bishop in school the next morning. Later in the evening we had the pleasure of

meeting the matron, Miss Ellis.

And when morning came we found the children busy with their lessons and the Bishop at the door gathering kindling. He put down the sticks at our approach to shake hands with us and, thanking us for our visit, asked if we cared to see the children at their work.

The school-house was formerly the North-West Mounted Police headquarters, and at a table in the centre of a large room are seated eleven children reading their Scripture lesson. They all rise as we enter, and then resume their tasks, apparently quite oblivious of our presence—all save the baby, a bright-eyed child of three, whose pretty smiling face is turned towards us during all our visit. The Bishop talks of the improvements they are making in the school, and then we go out with him. We are anxious to have a photo of the school but most of all a picture of Bishop Bompas himself, and we are speaking of photography and trying to lead up to the subject, when Miss Ward comes to the door and tells us that Miss Ellis wondered if we would take a picture of the children.

A GROUP IN FRONT OF THE BISHOP'S CHURCH

Blessings be upon Miss Ward! "Yes," and out they come trooping.

In a moment there is a little group with the Bishop in the background. We snap that twice, and then:

"Would we take one of baby alone with a stick of wood in her arms?"

"With a stick, with a stick," repeat all the children eagerly. So baby, standing quite still with a small log of wood clasped in her chubby arms, faces the kodak, and we fervently hope for good results. Then at a word from Miss Ward, the children scurry up the steps and into the school-room, and we are alone again with the aged Bishop.

"I shall not be in Atlin this year," he says, in reply to our enquiry, "but you will remember me to Mr. Stevenson; we are very old friends." We promise to send him some of the pictures when finished, and we shake hands, hoping to meet in the fall.

A little way down the path, and we look back and see him gathering up his kindling again—he to whom the Synod had offered the Primacy of all Canada—and so ends our interview with the most noted character in the North.

"What a life!" will be the exclamation of those who have so often contended that the Indians are better when left to themselves, that an Indian is never really converted at heart—and yet, when one stands in the presence of these two old people, it seems that lives of such rigorous self-sacrifice must bear fruit, must surely be of some avail in God's great plan where nothing is ever wasted.

AN ARTISTIC AND WELL-CONSTRUCTED MODERN FACTORY

Purity in Domestic Products

By ANNE MORRIS

THE changes made during a century remarkable for mechanical progress have been more conspicuous in the field of man's endeavour than in domestic affairs. The reaper and the threshing-machine have made more noise and therefore attracted more attention than the sewing-machine and the wringer. But the evolution in the industrial world has affected the home to a degree not easily realised unless we consider pioneer conditions in contrast with those of to-day. The comfort and ease brought to the farmer by modern inventions have been frequently considered, but the lightening of the "white woman's burden" has not been so apparent.

There is the sentimental pessimist who declares that the world is all wrong because we have forsaken the methods of our grandparents, and who dwells fondly upon the "old oaken bucket," which was

in reality a most unhealthy and unsavoury study in moss and microbes. All honour to the Makers of Canada who hewed their homes out of the wilderness and toiled in field and at the spinning-wheel when our Confederation was as yet undreamed of; but the woman who considers the modern manufactures,which form the basis of home comfort, is thankful that she belongs to the twentieth century.

The name of the first maker of soap has not come down to us, but the earliest "batch" was probably produced in the days "when Adam delved and Eve span." In the time of our foremothers soap-making was an arduous undertaking, to be entered upon only at the right time of the moon. All scraps of grease were thrown into a barrel until the necessary quantity for an extensive "boiling" was in readiness. The lye was obtained from the hardwood ashes, the leach usually being a permanent feature in the equipment of the back-yard. It was sometimes a length of a hollow basswood log. Another primitive style was made of a bottomless barrel placed upon a board, raised and tilted so as to carry off the lye, by a groove in the latter, into a crock, kettle or pail placed underneath. In the leach was placed a layer of straw, then the ashes, upon which the water was poured, dissolving the alkaline salt. The soap-making was usually an all-day operation, and a ketleful of soap was something to be proud of.

To appreciate the ease and superiority of modern methods, it is necessary to see the most up-to-date lye manufactory. There, in a cool and well-lighted basement, the work is done for countless homes that was formerly laboriously accomplished in the backyard of farm or village home. Huge casks, each weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, contain the caustic soda which is to be broken up, crushed by ponderous machines, and mixed with other chemicals until it becomes the "hundred per cent." perfumed and powdered lye. This is deftly packed and prepared for shipping, while the observer is wondering how our grandparents managed without the ready-made article.

MANIFOLD USES OF LYE

Of course the purpose which first suggests itself in connection with modern lye, of which Gillett's may be taken as a superior type, is the making of soap. It becomes a matter of surprise that the modern housewife should send most of the grease refuse to the garbage barrel, when by half an hour's work, with the aid of this prepared lye, she might have a satisfactory quantity of creamy soap, quite as attractive in appearance as the white castile. Both in quality and economy the homemade family soap is to be preferred to most of the factory-made soaps, and the labour involved is so slight as to be negligible. But there are other uses of lye which are less popularly known. Its value in softening water when used with other ingredients to form the Chinese Washing Fluid, should make it a boon to the city housekeeper who complains frequently of the difficulty of obtaining water properly softened for laundry purposes. If there is one household operation more deadening and unattractive than another it will be voted

AN ARTISTIC DOORWAY
Main Entrance to Gillett Co.'s Factory

UP-TO-DATE SHIPPING FACILITIES—ROOFED DRIVEWAY

by most women the washing of dishes; but a very small quantity of lye renders this three-times-a-day exercise only half as tedious as usual. As a disinfectant its use is most effective. In fact, in all cases where a strong cleansing agent is required, this preparation has a place which the capable and far-seeing housewife will readily yield. In a country so pre-eminently agricultural as Canada, where cheese has taken a foremost place among our products, the value of lye for cleaning and sweetening milk cans, pans and cheese utensils has long been recognised. It obtains the maximum of cleanliness with the minimum of labour, and hence must be regarded as having a high place in the economy of Nature and manufacture. An old proverb declares that to each of us it is appointed to eat a peck of dirt before we are buried in Mother Earth; but if by providing the household with lye we can induce this preparation to do some vicarious consuming of dirt, the members of the aforesaid household will be all the cleaner and more comfortable.

It is quite impossible to regret the leach of the past when one considers the precise and easy fashion in which modern machinery produces a substance which meant to the last generation of homemakers tired limbs and aching back. Crushed and ground and packed in rooms that fulfil all the modern requirements of cleanliness and order, the lye which came streaky and soiled from the old-fashioned receptacle, is produced now in a form that is a triumph for scientific domestic manufacture.

MODERN DRY YEAST

But if soap is necessary to secure that quality which is next to godliness there is something more ancient still which claims the attention of those interested in pure goods. Bread is still the indispensable feature of the table and it is primitive fare indeed when we find that we go all the way back to the Sanskrit for the root of the word "yeast." The fermenting and

stimulating qualities of the latter substance must have been known in the earliest days and the mate of the cave-dweller probably used it in some crude form. Our grandmothers often shared the precious yeast with their neighbours, and no doubt watched with distrust the change which came over the form of production of this essential ingredient. But dry hop yeast has vindicated the innovations and the modern bread-maker finds them the most convenient form of leavening material.

To appreciate their composition it is necessary to watch the process of manufacture from "mixing" to "packing." In the modern factory the yeast story usually begins in the highest and brightest rooms of the premises where the hops are first treated. The purified liquid is lowered into a tank which communicates by trough with an immense receptacle containing a mealy mixture, from which the dough finally emerges in masses of golden-brown, to be wheeled away on trucks to a trap leading to the floor below. It is caught by the revolving fingers of the yeast machine and is finally transformed into the small cakes, each of which is stamped with a name familiar to housewives. As the dough is pressed into the moulds and in revolving

AN OLD-FASHIONED LEACH

ENGINE ROOM

is stamped with its designation, one sees with what exactness and speed the process is perfected. The cakes emerge on a broad, moving belt at the rate of twelve hundred a minute and are automatically placed on trays which are piled high on trucks and wheeled away to be sent to another floor, where they are eight or nine days in drying.

The materials for baking powder are usually dried in the uppermost floor and then sifted to rooms below where further sifting and mixing take place until the required degree of fineness is attained. In a modern factory, such as that manufacturing "Magic Baking Powder," the best automatic weighers and packers are in use, such as the lightning packer, which receives and weighs the powder, which it then transmits by a funnel into the tin cans. This funnel is so arranged that any quantity of the powder, ranging from enough to fill a small sample tin to the contents of a five-pound can, may be produced by merely pressing the foot upon a treadle. The greatest care is taken to obtain that

ONE PROCESS IN DRY HOP YEAST MANUFACTURE

perfect dryness without which baking powder is a domestic failure.

Cream Tartar still forms a large department in the modern domestic manufactory, showing that its use by those who adhere to old-fashioned housekeeping methods has by no means died out. The material of which it is made comes largely from France. It is indeed a far cry from the vineyards of Bordeaux to the light powder sifted into cans in a Canadian factory. Grapes and cream of tartar seem to be as little alike as the dark coal and the blazing diamond. But there is a romantic side to commerce, as well as to science; and frequently the most everyday material has taken a long and venturous journey before finally reaching our pantry shelves or the cool shelter of the refrigerator.

RELIABLE MANUFACTURERS

With the first changes wrought by invention there was such a rush for manufactured articles that the public did not discriminate wisely, and after some years there was a movement of distrust against certain machine-produced commodities and a partial return to the home-made. But by this time the public is ready to believe that food products which are the output of clean factories, are best. Manufacturers are also convinced that only the most favourable conditions can produce high-class goods and the best modern factories are plainly striving towards the ideal in labour environment. For a decade the scientific spirit has been slowly entering into household affairs and the women of the future will take a far more intelligent interest in the articles of domestic manufacture than was possible to those of earlier days.

Millet painted a most depressing picture of unrelieved and besotted drudgery and called it "The Man with the Hoe." He might have painted a companion creature and called her "The Woman and the Wash-tub." The sordid side of woman's life is not pleasant to dwell upon, but we have all seen its manifestation. It is to woman that the subject of manufacture of clean domestic products should appeal, and the house-cleaning sex is more alive than ever before to the process which results in such commodities as have been described. Women are essentially conservative in articles of household use, and will usually refuse with scorn whatever they are told is "just as good" as their favourite soap, baking-powder or perfume. They have recognised that whatever manufacture

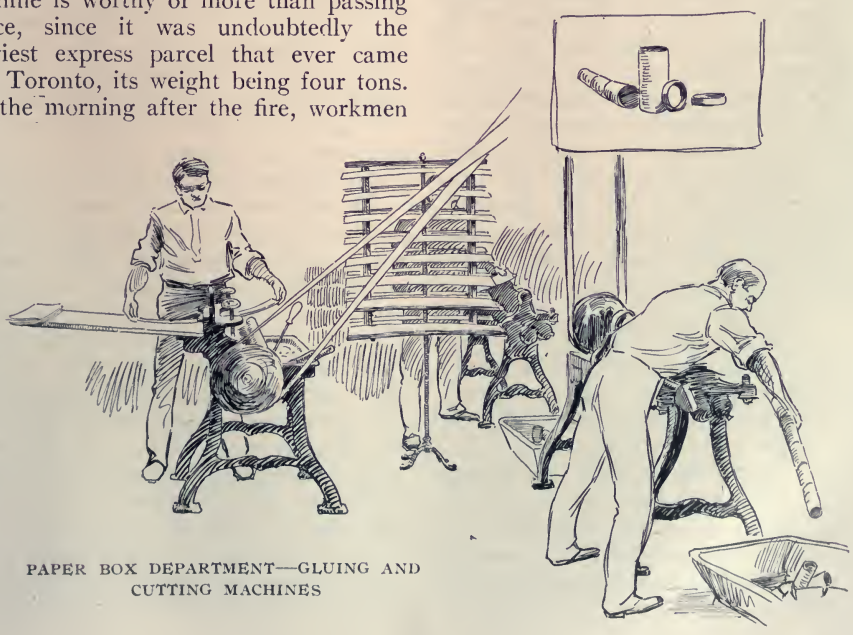
saves their strength and displays the qualities of a first-class product is really a household friend and support, and they act accordingly.

In Canada, although young as a manufacturing country, there are established already institutions that stand for industrial cleanliness and reliability. He is an enviable man whose word is regarded as equal to his bond; and that firm or company has reached a proud position when the labels on its goods are in themselves a guarantee.

AN ENTERPRISING COMPANY

Although it is but a score of years since the Gillett Company started on its manufacturing career in Canada, its reputation for delivering the right class of goods has been safely made. It is only five years since the present company was incorporated, and it had been doing business for less than two years in Toronto when factory, machinery and stock went up in the smoke of the worst fire that ever devastated the wholesale district of the city. The day after, offices were opened on another street, and a week from that disastrous April night, goods with the Gillett Co.'s labels were being shipped once more. The yeast machine is worthy of more than passing notice, since it was undoubtedly the heaviest express parcel that ever came into Toronto, its weight being four tons. On the morning after the fire, workmen were installing in new premises the duplicate set of machinery which a provident manager had held in reserve for just such an emergency. But the duplicate yeast machine had not escaped destruction and so, while the flames were still burning fiercely, the manager telegraphed to Chicago and the new yeast machine was sent as fast as the express service could despatch it.. Before the end of the month of April, 1904, the purchase of the present factory building on the corner of King and Duncan Streets was completed, forming an interesting chapter in the story of Canadian enterprise and resourcefulness. The property forms part of what was once known as the Upper Canada College grounds. It has a frontage of 80 feet by a depth of nearly 300 feet, facing on three streets.

The first feature which impresses itself on the inspecting visitor to the factory is its excellent system of lighting. Brightness of outlook prevails in all the manufacturing and packing rooms, and where the imposing columns of trays filled with drying yeast cakes make darkened corridors, electric lights guide one to the proper turnings and exits. Every provision is made for the safety



PAPER BOX DEPARTMENT—GLUING AND CUTTING MACHINES

GENERAL MANAGER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

of the employees in case of fire, and even that dangerous ascent known as the elevator shaft is walled with brick and otherwise guarded against being a flame-carrier. Ventilation is also taken into scientific consideration, with the happy result that nothing more malodorous than the pungent fragrance of hops is to be detected throughout the building. Of course, in the basement those who come into contact with the substance producing lye are properly protected by rubber garments and masks, and look not a whit worse than the automobilist preparing for a sixty-mile run.

PERFECT CLEANLINESS

Cleanliness in the superlative degree is necessarily characteristic of every department, and no convent walls and floors could present a more spotless appearance. The woodwork is white, adding to the cheerful and unsullied aspect of the rooms in which every effort is made to impress one with the immaculate order and neatness with which each operation is carried on. The conditions of lye manufacture, for instance, are as much superior to the leach of olden days as our waterworks system is to the creaking town-pump. From the white exterior walls to "the last, least lump" of yeast dough, cleanliness is the order of the factory, and gives assurance that soap, bread, and whatsoever cakes that baking powder may lighten will be no source of danger to humanity, but will rather serve to cleanse and nourish.

There is no doubt that neatly labelled and packed goods appeal to the feminine taste, and the makers of Gillett's Goods have taken this predilection into consideration in sending forth their products. There is neither clumsiness nor tawdriness in the manner of their "putting-up," but such qualities of compactness and even picturesqueness as appeal to the best class of consumers. The same good judgment is shown in their form and scope of advertising, which is the most elusive of all the modern arts. The associations that have for many years connected themselves with factory goods—of cheap and unattractive appearance—

E. W. GILLETT CO.'S GENERAL OFFICES

have entirely disappeared in the modern establishment.

There is also found a paper box department, for the up-to-date company makes its own boxes for packing and its own paste, in order to ensure purity and cleanliness in every detail. The latest devices for packing, labelling and weighing are in use and, in less than the twinkling of an eye, an alert little machine has clamped eight nails into a wooden box, which is then lowered to the shipping-room. On inquiring why extra strong wires are being fastened around certain groups of boxes, one is informed that the destination is Newfoundland. So, the trade of the Canadian manufacturer extends not only over his own Dominion, but even into the oldest British colony in America and foreign territory. The small boxes for Royal Yeast contain six cakes and thirty-six of these boxes are packed together. There is such a system of numbering each small box that the date of manufacture can readily be discovered by any representative of the company. The yeast cakes retain their fermenting strength for a year, and even longer, thereby showing their superiority in this point alone to the liquid yeast of long ago. Much of their preservative power is due to the excellent packing conditions.

The drying-rooms of such a factory are one of the most important sections of the establishment. In this instance, they have a capacity of over 15,000,000 cakes and it has been estimated that each batch of yeast will make 2,600,000 loaves of bread. As there are from four to six batches a week, it may readily be seen that Canadians are in no immediate danger of finding this source of pure food inadequate. But it would be difficult for a factory contributing to domestic needs to err at present on the side of over-equipment, as the increase in western trade alone promises to be enormous.

A word might also be said with regard

ROYAL YEAST PACKING DEPARTMENT

to employees, for this is an age when industrial inquiry extends to every phase of factory life. The conditions of work in such an institution as that of the Gillett Company are entirely hygienic and comfortable and the workers in the factory are of the alert, self-respecting class that are to be found to-day in all the most progressive manufacturing concerns. The shabby, unkempt factory girl of tenth-rate fiction and popular melodrama is not to be found in the best workrooms of our cities. The evolution of high ideals in business life has affected the very appearance of the worker, and the factory-girl, as well as the modern business woman, is appreciative of dainty trimness. In keeping with the appearance of those

EMPLOYÉS' LUNCH ROOM
This is a characteristic of up-to-date factories

A DRYING ROOM FOR YEAST CAKES

employed, the lunch rooms present a cleanly cheerfulness conducive to good appetite and healthy digestion. Tea is supplied by the company, and every provision is made for ensuring a wholesome mea' amidst comfortable surroundings. The time allowed at noon is long enough to provide against the dangers of the "quick lunch" and give an opportunity for the social intercourse that explains why the factory is often more attractive than the kitchen.

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

In the equipment of offices, shipping-rooms, and each department of the manufactory, there is manifest a desire to take every advantage of new conveniences and improvements. The industrial firms in the Old Country have sometimes been accused of slowness to adopt methods and means that are "the latest thing." The United States, on the other hand, has been charged with an over-readiness to drop the old and embrace the new. If it were possible in the Dominion to unite Old World stability with New World initiative, we should have attained an industrial blend that would deserve, if not command, success. In this factory, such a union seems to be displayed and will doubtless account for the progress it has already made with such apparent ease.

If we were not aware of Canada's peculiar position during the last ten years such progress might seem almost feverishly unhealthy. But it is of a nature which the needs and new growth of our country readily explain and which is an earnest of what such manufacture shall become. The rapid development and extension of this business have been no less remarkable than its adherence to a quality and fibre that make for an enduring reputation.

There is an especial reason why manufacture of these domestic articles has increasing importance. The tendency of the last few years in woman's education has been to place household matters on the plane of serious study and to investigate every department of household toil,

to see how it may be most effectively and least laboriously accomplished. The searchlight that has been turned upon manufactories of articles for home consumption has revealed much to be deplored in some quarters, but has also shown that purity of production "pays" most abundantly. It is a woman's duty to find out the conditions under which these articles are prepared and to make the best use of the best, whether it be the cheapest or not. The ash-leach, the spinning-wheel and the tallow candle belong to the past; but, even in domestic affairs, we believe that "whate'er of good the old times had is living still," and that whatever is pure and efficient in modern methods and manufacture, should be gladly adopted and retained.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS, YEAST WAS CARRIED HOME IN A STONE JAR

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX

ACROSS THE STRAIT

HIS visitor gone, Wolfe fell back in the chair and collapsed altogether. It was some minutes before Flinders Dick could bring him to, with stimulants and the help, for what it was worth, of the half-breed woman, Mrs. Losada. He made her cook up some broth and fed his mate as though Wolfe had been a child.

"S....st! S....st!" Flinders Dick made a hissing sound expressive of deep concern by drawing a long breath in through the gap in his teeth. "Na-ow.... Steady!....Hold up, mate. Swaller it down—softly does it. What you want, old man, is grub, and plenty of it. Hold up and keep still. Them shakes is not the regular ones; we're not due for them yet. Another dash of brandy—That's so."

Wolfe revived considerably under this treatment. He set his teeth to prevent them from chattering. Presently a little colour came back into his face. "I'm a damned fool, Dick."

"I b'lieve yer, sonny, and I'd gev that girl chyack if I could lay holt on her. It's she thet's done for yer this time—and all for the vally of a few green beads and a devilish Black's charm! But women air a continooal botheration when they're out of their proper place."

"And what's your idea of women's proper place, Dick, old man?"

"Not on a raft in the middle of Torres Straits fer certain, no mor'n putting sharks' teeth and things around a chap's neck and then sendin' another chap to fetch 'em back, like as if they'd been stolen. Na-ow another nip, sonny....I wish I'd thought yesterday when you come out of the fever to lay holt on that champagne and a billyful o' turtle soup. I'll go down to the hotel fer 'em soon as I kin feel safe leavin' yer. I bet the sailor cove 'ud ha' got 'em, if I'd arsked him. Ye knaow he warn't a bad sort....Thet's so....Spoon it up, mate. Yer twigged, didn't yer, that I never let 'im know by so much as a grin when you told 'im yer name was James Robinson. No fear! Well, James Robinson it is, mate, up at Thursday—and James Robinson I b'lieve it 'ud better be after we clear. And turnin' things over in my mind I'm not sure that we hadn't better clear out as soon as we can, and make tracks for my gold-hole."

"Not yet, Dick. I've got something I must do first. I want to go over to Cape York—Mr. Aisbet's place."

"Well, na-ow! What do you want to do at Aisbet's, Mr. James Robinson? I heard yesterday Aisbet had gone out with his pearling fleet."

Wolfe seemed to be considering. "What's the day of the week, Dick?" he asked.

"It's a Toosday, I b'lieve."

"Then I've got to get strong enough to be there on Thursday. We'd better start Wednesday night."

Dick shook his head determinedly. "Not if I know it, mate."

"I tell you I'm going," exclaimed Wolfe in fretful exasperation. "Find out where we can hire a boat and some Kanakas who know where Aisbet's jetty lies."

"Then, tell me what you want over there, Jem?" asked Flinders Dick again. Wolfe did not answer for a minute.

"Make a clean breast, old man. No fear that I shall give away your show."

"It's a secret, Dick. There's a lady concerned in it. Can I trust you?"

"I reckon yer can," replied Flinders Dick with rough tenderness.

"Well, it is necessary that I should see

the lady to whom that necklace belongs. You don't know anything about her, and mind I'm not going to answer questions."

"There's no call fer me to arsk 'em," returned Dick with his drawling laugh, now a trifle unsteady. "I've heard enough by this time about that young lady fer me to make a pretty good guess at what she'd look like if we was ever to see each other in the street. Why, you've been ravin' about nothin' else all the time you had the fever on you since I've been here. Sea-Witch, you called her. And she'd got green eyes. And she was puttin' a spell on you, and a lot more bletherin' stuff that 'ud sorter pop you inter Woogaroo if you warn't keerful. An' na-ow, ye're mad to go and put yourself inter that spell agen!"

Flinders Dick put on a pathetic, injured air. "What's the good of me tryin' all I can to keep yer outer trouble and make yer fortune fer yer? I bet she fixed a meetin' unbeknownst to the sailor chap—who's a straight cove an' an orficer an' a gentleman. An' you're plannin' ter hang round in a boat with me and two woolly-headed niggers till yer can ketch her on the sly! Nice state yer in to ketch a poddied lamb, let alone a woman! There—that's the hang of it, and it's no good to tell me otherways."

"You're right, Dick. Roughly speaking, that's about the hang of it. But I'm not going to hear anything more of this kind, for it doesn't please me."

"It don't please me to see my mate runnin' a close shave of gettin' into a row," said Flinders Dick darkly. "Look here, Jem; it's no go. You carn't manage it."

"Why! man, a sail under the stars will do me pounds of good. I'm as weak as a mouse just at present, but twelve hours' feeding and a bottle or two of good champagne—I've got a sick fancy for that champagne, Jem, and you must go and get it for me—that, with a determined mind and—something else, will turn me into a lion. Afterwards, we'll make for your gold-hole and dig out the fortune you seem so sure of—though I've heard too much of those gold-holes to put much faith in them. But there are just two things I must do first."

"Two things! Jiminy! What's the other thing, mate?"

"It's just the keeping of a promise I made to go back for a day to the station I was on up in the Narra country."

"S....st! Thet's bad! Is thet there promise likeways to a woman? Yah! I know it is. Yer needn't tell me, Jem, I can see it in yer face. Well, all I can say is you must gev up that plan same as this one."

"There can be no question of my giving up either, and I'm hanged if I'll stand this interference from you, Dick," said Wolfe with his former querulousness. "I shall keep my promise, if for no other reason, because it's made to a woman. You've got to learn that there's something else a gentleman can't do, Dick. He must keep his word at any cost when he has pledged it to a woman."

"My oath! As like as not it's a blank cheque you'll be drawing fer them women," growled Flinders Dick. "Damn women! I say. I used ter think sometimes when the moon was shinin' and the damper had got burned and the salt junk had let itself boil in the pot as hard as an old strip o' green hide, that I'd rather like to have a wife I could cuddle when I felt a bit soft, one who'd fry up the meat and bake me a soda loaf, and keep the humpey tidy. But, my word! when I see the blanked fools some chaps will make o' themselves over a girl—and I guess I might be as big a one as any of 'em—why, it's enough to turn a cove against all females whatsumever."

Flinders Dick subsided on the ledge of the verandah, and picking up a stone from a little heap he had collected during Brian's conversation with Wolfe, shied it viciously at one of the crows. Then he refilled his pipe, but instead of lighting it he let it lie idly in his hand, while for several minutes the pair maintained a significant silence. At last Dick got slowly on to his legs again, and slouching uneasily against the verandah post he addressed his companion in a portentous manner.

"Jem, old chap, I got something ter tell yer. I thought I'd wait till I'd seen Flash Sam agen, and you were a bit fitter, but I reckon I'd best spit it out na-ow. You've got to chuck courtin' girls, whether it's to the

green-eyed one or t'other up Narra way. You'd be playin' it too low down on any girl to tie her on to yer with the off chance of Judge Flannigan passin' a stiff sentence on yer. 'Twas a bad job when you lost your temper and threw that bloomin' tommyhawk at poor Harry the Blower. You've got to be prepared for seein' that business through."

The little colour which food and drink had brought into Wolfe's face turned to a deathly pallor.

"Dick, you've seen Flash Sam?" he gasped. "It's true then? I did kill Harry the Blower?"

Dick nodded gravely. "It's true enough, Jem, I'm dashed sorry to say," and then he told Wolfe the substance of his interview with Flash Sam. Wolfe scarcely spoke, but it was plain to Flinders Dick that he was deeply affected—more so than would have seemed likely to either of them when they had been living in the lawless atmosphere of Coolibah Gully. But a man's moral perceptions are apt to become blunted in the conditions in which Wolfe had previously existed—one of an isolated band of prospectors who had no stake in the world save that which they had laid down in a last desperate game with fate, and with nothing in their surroundings to enforce law and order. For police magistrate, commissioner and trooper had enough occupation upon the big payable gold-field in the same district apart from such outside work as that of spying out the iniquities of a set of brawling fossickers. And when drought is on the land and many a tracksman disappears from ken till enquiry is raised by the finding of a mummified corpse or a handful of dry bones under a gum-tree, it seems to the average understanding that one kind of accident is as good or as bad as another and life and death alike are but of small account in the tragic total.

But now it was evident that the sense of blood-guiltiness racked Wolfe's soul, and when Flinders Dick left him in search of the champagne for which he had craved, the man laid himself upon his bunk and turned his face to the wall, groaning in sickness of spirit. Nevertheless, he ate and drank—as Oora in like condition had eaten and drunk—out of a fierce determination to strengthen himself for the object he had in view.

His mate soon saw that he would not be thwarted in the accomplishment of his double purpose, to go first to Acobarra, and then to Narrawan. The very reasons that Flinders Dick put forward in opposition only fortified Wolfe's resolve. He must keep his tryst with the sea-witch who had put her spell upon him, if it were only to say farewell for ever, and above all, he was bound in honour by his promise to return to Narrawan for a last explanation with Susan.

So Flinders Dick, realising the uselessness of protesting, objected no further and agreed to make the necessary arrangements. Then, noticing that Wolfe was excited and in danger of being thrown back by a wakeful night, the good fellow went off again and got a chemist to make up a prescription for a soporific which the doctor had given in case of need. Of this, he now administered an extra dose. Consequently, Wolfe slept and awoke comparatively strengthened and refreshed.

His will stood him in good stead, so that during the day he made giant strides, and by evening, all was ready for the expedition—which would have seemed a smaller matter to anyone in health. Flinders Dick got him conveyed to a pearling lugger he had hired and laid him on blankets in the stern. The night was perfectly clear, and although the wind was not a fair one, and the passage longer in consequence, there was no rough weather. The sea, closed in by many islands, looked like a lake, with phosphorescent gleams where it rippled, and above, the Southern Cross, mounting from the horizon, appeared almost as near and brilliant as some of the beacon lights which shone against the blue. Flinders Dick had laid in a supply of nourishing food and stimulant, and the sick man, instead of being exhausted by the little voyage, seemed to breathe in new life and energy, for Nature and Love are indeed the most powerful health restorers.

At dawn they put into an islet near the mouth of Endeavour Strait where there was a beche-de-mer fishery and a camp at which the owner of the lugger had business. Here they breakfasted and rested before making for the mainland.

The double rock of Evans Point sloping down from Mount Bremer was a conspicuous landmark, while southeastward stretched the sandy bend of Evans Bay between Evans and Ida Points with Ida Island screening it beyond. The boatmen steered for the inner bend of the promontory within which Acobarra lay, leaving eastward the cone-shaped hill, brown and barren, with its long rocky point, like the snout of some primeval monster, stretching into the sea. This was Cape York, the northern extremity of Australia.

Meantime, Brian had fulfilled his mission in happy ignorance of its impending results, and having given Oora back her chain, had gone off that morning to rejoin his ship. His thoughts reverted continually to the man called James Robinson, whom he had been to see at the Settlement, for he could not forget the impression made upon him by that startling reflection in the stranger's face of his uncle the late Lord Ellan's grim look, but he little guessed that the pearling lugger he sighted in the Straits from the quarter-deck of the *Clytie* contained the same individual bound for Acobarra.

And Brian had plenty of other and pleasanter things to think of. He was far less unhappy than might have been supposed at saying good-bye to his lady love. Susan had not anticipated that the *Clytie* would return so soon after Brian's leave expired and was taken aback by his abrupt departure. So much so that she was betrayed into some show of emotion; Brian, encouraged by this, had recklessly extracted a promise from her to reconsider his proposal, and to give him a fresh and more definite answer to it at Narrawan, if his skipper would permit him to go up there a little later. He had gained some ground for the hope that her answer would not be unsatisfactory, for the truth was that Susan felt considerably piqued by, as she imagined, the transfer of his attentions to her sister. Though innocent of diplomacy in this Brian had compelled her to realise that he counted for not a little in her life. Moreover, Susan was beginning to ask herself whether even if Wolfe should come back within the two months he had named as the limit of his absence and which had now very nearly run out, she could bring herself readily to forgive him for the pain, anxiety, and humiliation he had made her suffer.

The steamer south would leave Thursday Island on the following Monday, and it was decided on the morning Brian left Acobarra that as Oora was so extraordinarily better, the Galbraiths should take their passages to Townsville in her, and that if the *Clytie* were still in port, Brian should see them off. Thus he had the consoling prospect of spending an hour or two more with Susan before this Torres Straits interlude, with all its tragic incident, should have come to an end.

Susan and Patsy were full of plans for that Thursday—Patsy having her packing to think of and Susan an excursion she had promised to make on horseback with Mr. Meiklejohn to a picturesque part of the coast. Nobody, therefore, gainsaid Oora when she peremptorily insisted upon being allowed to spend that afternoon, without molestation by anyone, in her shelter near the beach. If Oora insisted on anything, it was useless, Patsy well knew, to oppose her desire. Besides, Patsy was accustomed to Oora's independent ways and solitary roamings about the bush. She was afraid also to provoke the wayward girl, being quite ready to believe Oora's assurance that she would be able and willing to sail from Thursday Island on the Monday if she were left at present to spend as much time as she chose by herself on the seashore, but that if she were interfered with, Patsy might as well write at once and countermand their berths.

It must be said to Oora's credit—small as this was—that she did not often indulge in such fractious tempers; and that notwithstanding her naughty wilfulness, she possessed persuasive methods of getting her own way that few people could resist. Just now, however, she was too eager and anxious about the success of her own plan to trouble particularly about being pleasant, and neither Susan nor Patsy were sorry to leave her alone that day.

All the morning Oora watched En-

deavour Strait through her glasses from the verandah at Acobarra, for she had calculated that the strange man, as she called him, would scarcely be able to come before that day. Quite early she spied the little pearling lugger tacking across from the beche-de-mer station and hanging round the islands about the headland. She even thought she could distinguish the face of the man who appeared to be leaning against a heap of rugs in the stern of the boat. She purposely delayed taking up her position in the shelter so that Susan and Meiklejohn might be late in starting for their ride, and thus be unable to get back before sundown. The last few days she had managed the descent without any other assistance than a stick Brian had cut for her use. To-day, however, she pretended, as a great concession, to make use of the support of Mr. Meiklejohn's arm, and purposely detained him so that he could not go back to see after the horses till about three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed for her visitor. Thus she manœuvred elaborately, taking all the means possible to ensure herself full freedom during the latter part of the afternoon and inwardly thanking fate for having played into her hands opportunely by removing Brian from the scene.

And in truth, fate seemed benevolently inclined that day. The jetty was deserted, the tide coming in. No eyes, save Oora's, saw the pearling boat glide round a lower bend of the shore where the sandy beach gave place to a belt of mangroves, their thick growing, slimy roots and pendant suckers lapped by the water which made a gentle wooing sound. The boat disappeared between two glassy tufts of mangrove into a tiny inlet with low grassy banks that afforded a safe landing place three or four hundred yards from the fringe of scrub where Oora awaited the strange man.

Soon, she heard the sound of feet and of subdued voices. There were two people walking quite near among the palms. The step of one was slouching, but firm; that of the other more languid and unsteady. Oora peered through the screen of undergrowth at the edge of the scrub. A little way off, she saw two men —one a tall, loose-jointed bushman, brown, ragged-haired, with his pipe between a gap of broken teeth; his cabbage-tree hat tilted back, and his gentle but alert eyes peering this way and that after the manner of a bushman looking for a lost track. The eyes were so kindly, in spite of an expression of disquietude on his face, that Oora did not mind his coming in the least. She guessed he was a friend of the sick man's and that he had come to take care of his mate. She liked him for his tender solicitude and the unobtrusive attempts he made to render the other's progress more easy—breaking off the end of a branch here, holding back a creeper there, or kicking aside some fallen bough. It was evident to Oora that the stranger she had rescued from the sea resembled herself in that he wished to appear, and indeed perhaps felt, stronger than he really was.

She knew him at once though she had only seen him cramped on the raft, and was unprepared for the height of his lean form looking almost as bony now as a clothed skeleton, but still, she thought, with the carriage of a king. She knew the handsome face with its fateful look that he had held pillowed against her breast; the aristocratic lineaments; the proud mouth; the silky, dark moustache and pointed beard; the tragic grey eyes, which in their hollow orbit seemed more than ever tragic but which had a fierce brightness as they gazed eagerly ahead.

Very softly Oora gave her own bush Coo-ee that he had heard calling her dead over the waste of waters. He stopped short, recognising it instantly. She moved to one side, and he caught the gleam of her white dress and then saw her queer eerie-looking little face, so fateful too, peering at him, framed by the leafage.

He made a hasty forward movement, placing himself between her and the bushman, and she heard his throaty voice husky— but with a velvety huskiness and with a note in it that she would have recognised above the boom of thunder or the roar of waves in a storm.

"Dick, go back and wait for me," he

said. "It's all right now. Wheel round, old man, and you needn't look behind you."

The other turned on his heel with a sort of dog-like obedience. There was a bewildered, uneasy expression on his stolid face. He had caught a glimpse of the girl, and her face seemed to him like that of a witch or of some uncanny thing.

"No fear! But you're sure you're all right, mate?"

"I'm all right. Go!" returned the stranger and the bushman went back with his slouching stride and his eyes fixed steadily in front of him. Presently he was lost to view beyond the edge of the scrub.

CHAPTER XX

ORA came out from behind the concealing bush in a timid, yet rapid manner. So lightly did she move that she might almost have been a fay. Her whole appearance was fay-like. She was so slender, so strange looking. Her small sallow face was bent forward so that he seemed to see at first nothing but great eyes shining from under a cloud of rough black hair, and then the glint of white teeth between full curved lips, of a soft, deep yellowish pink, like the inside of a cowrie shell—lips that were parted in a strange smile. She went close to him, with a swift, noiseless tread, while he gazed at her intently as if he beheld a supernatural vision.

"Sea-Witch," he murmured; and at the words, her features quivered and the sea-shell pink of her lips spread to her cheeks, while a curious softness transfigured the sharp, little, irregular face that a minute before might have been considered almost unattractive and yet now seemed beautiful.

She put out her right hand—he noticed that the left was bandaged across the middle—and took his left one.

"Come," she said, scarcely above a whisper, "I have found a place quite near, where we can talk and no one will disturb us."

She led him through the screen of low vegetation at the edge of the scrub and along a twisting track further within, where the palms grew closer and there were large-stemmed trees. In a minute or two they had come to a small open space covered with couch grass, on the west side of which a great Leichardt tree spread out its branches, and beneath which the ground falling away made a mossy ledge, supported by a long lichenous root. It was a tropical dell which, near as it was to the head station, looked as though it had never been disturbed by the foot of man. Upon the bank grew ferns of an odd coppery and silvery hue, and climbing up the trees were lovely creeping ferns and rope-like vines with broad, fleshy leaves which intertwined and hung down in long withes, making, as it seemed, an impenetrable barrier between them and the world. Small orchids and jungle lilies showed here and there amidst the greenery, and tree parasites threw out grotesque, fleshy suckers. The wildness of the spot was all in harmony with the wildness of this girl, and seemed a fitting background to her peculiar charm in the mind of the stranger to whom she had given her heart in such madly impetuous fashion. She led him to the mossy seat. There was restrained tenderness in her manner.

"You are tired; you are weak. I have brought you too quickly. Sit there and presently we will talk. No, do not speak yet. Take off your hat and rest. You must do exactly as I tell you."

She made him place himself so that he could lean his back against the trunk of the tree, she herself still standing and looking down upon him, always with the same strange smile upon her lips, like a cowrie-shell, and the green glow in her eyes—her little sallow face with its small pointed chin pushed forward.

As she stood so, the sunshine filtering through the foliage of the Leichardt tree bathed her in a light like the transparent luminosity of a sea wave, and made her white dress take a greenish tint which was heightened by a green ribbon with falling ends that she wore round her waist.

He gazed at her with melancholy ardour and something of bewilderment. He could not have described his feelings towards her. It was almost as though

he were still in the half delirium of fever, or under the influence of the opium which the doctor had then given him. This was not the world he had known—this world of green luminosity—of fantastic forest growth where the wind made a curious s..s..sur..ging sound in the tops of the palms and through the intertwined creeper withes and branches of the trees. It was a sound something like the noise of the sea—if one could imagine one's self far down below the crests of the waves and hearing them break as they swept along to an enchanted shore. It was a world enclosed with fantasy. And the sprite woman was part of the fantasy with her sea-shell lips and her strange eyes and her alluring smile.

He could not speak at first. At last he said:

"*Who* are you? *What* are you?"

"I am a sea-witch," she answered. "That is what you called me. Do you not remember? Have you forgotten me in the time that we have been parted?"

"We do not seem to have been parted," he answered simply. "I have been through a long night in which I have dreamed strange dreams. But you were always part of my dream."

"And I too have been through a long night, and I have dreamed strange dreams. And you were always part of my dream," she answered. She crouched down on the grass at his feet, leaning one elbow on the bank and looked at him earnestly.

"No, we have never been really parted," she said slowly. "We were together—even though to you it seemed only a dream."

"It was a dream more real than life itself!" he exclaimed. "And you are no witch of the sea, but the truest, bravest, sweetest of women."

She laughed in soft gladness.

"Ah! but I *am* a sea-witch. I wish you to think so, for then you will understand me better. Listen! Do you know that the Blacks believe we are made of three parts—the Bunna which turns to dust, the Wunda which is our nature-soul, and the Tohi, our immortal spirit. Well, my Wunda is the child of the sea, and of the bush, and if I am wild and strange and unlike other girls, as I am told I am—it is because my nature-soul is made of a different combination of elements from theirs, and I must feel and do according to its kind. Do you know what I mean?"

"I only know that *my* nature-soul, as you call it, must be made of elements that by some law, of opposition perhaps, are attracted to yours. I know that you fascinate me in a way that is inexplicable by ordinary reasoning. You haunt me. You have put a spell upon me from which I cannot escape."

"Do you wish to escape from it?" she said, and her eyes became mournful and the expression of her face changed as that of the sea when a cloud passes over it. "I gave you your chance to do so. I sent to you for my charm back again."

"Why did you do that?" he asked sharply.

"Because I wanted you to have that chance of escape—if you wished. And because I could think of no better way of letting you know where I was—if you should care to come to me."

"You didn't let me know *who* you are!"

"I don't wish you to know—yet. It's my perversity, I suppose. I want you to think of me as just 'Sea-Witch.' Names are of no consequence at all; they bring things down to such a humdrum level. It's the feelings that matter."

"You are quite right. As things are, it is best that we should not know each other's names."

She gave him a startled look. "What do you mean by 'as things are'?"

He did not answer and she got up from the ground in a deliberate way and stood facing him under the leafy canopy. The sun was lowering now and came more slantingly through the foliage, bathing her slight form still in that mysterious green light, but adding to it a touch of gold.

Her face looked stranger and she herself more eerie. And the various influences of the scene and the hour—the shadows on the grass, the rustle of palm fronds, the peculiar notes of birds and insects beginning to stir at the approach of evening, the serpentine appearance of the creeper withes, the perfume of tree lilies, and of some red flowers with a strong scent, giving an enervating suggestion of poppies—all made her seem less and less of a

flesh and blood woman, an ordinary Australian girl come out to meet a lover, than some mystic being, against whose fascination it were wiser to be on his guard.

With the notion that he must bring himself back to the everyday world, he got up, too, trying to realise that that world lay in reality only just beyond the fringe of scrub which seemed enclosed in this region of fantasy. The boat lay there, and in it the pearling man and the two Kanakas, waiting impatiently to take him back to the Settlement. Flinders Dick too, and only a little farther off was Flash Sam representing the now-old horror of Coolibah Gully. Also, his cousin Brian Cordeaux who might at any moment discover him; his obligations to Susan—in fact, all the ironies and risks of his present complicated situation.

Getting to his feet he tottered slightly, and she impulsively stretched out both her hands. He took them, drawing her towards him while he leaned back against the tree. Clasping the bandaged hand, he noticed that she winced under the pressure of his finger.

"What have you done to your hand—the brave little hand?" he asked anxiously, taking no heed of the question she had put to him.

"It is where the Lascar on the raft slashed me with his knife," she answered. "The place has not healed properly. They say it was blood-poisoned."

"The Lascar slashed at you with his knife!" he exclaimed; and then she told him of her adventure after she had left him and described her despair at having lost him, and how she had floated on her back, had been stranded on a sandbank, and all her delirious fancies throughout the night.

He shuddered at the tale and in an impetuous outburst kissed the bandaged hand over and over again many times. She accepted his caresses without making any response, but with the dawn of a rapturous joy rising in her expressive face. Then with a swift movement of her other hand she unfolded a silk and lace kerchief that swathed her neck, concealing the jade and aperculum chain which was wound round her throat. "See!" she cried, and releasing her fingers from his clasp, she undid the fastening of the necklace and held it out to him. "It is yours—your very own—and you must have it back. I never meant to keep it. My offer to release you was only to be if you wished. You said that I had put a spell upon you. Yet you must know that my desire only was that you should be safe and happy. But now that you have come to claim your property ....." The sentence remained unfinished. Nor did Wolfe answer. Seeing the hesitancy in his downcast face, a cloud came over Oora's happy look. "Will you not take the chain again?" she whispered almost humbly. "Or at least take the charm, if you think the chain too cumbersome to wear."

But he shook his head.

"I have no right to take a pledge from any woman. I owe you my life, and if I might I would lay it down at your feet to do with it as you chose, for it's only value to me would be what *you* might think it worth. But that is impossible. I have not the right to offer it."

Oora's fingers relaxed; the chain dropped to the ground, and she let it lie unheeded. Her hand fell limply to her side. She had become pallid. Her eyes dilated and the colour in them deepened as they drew his gaze to her face.

"Then why are you here?" she asked.

"I came because I could not keep away," he said, stammeringly. "Because I hungered for the sight of you. And because I wanted to make sure what this feeling is that seems so different from anything I ever felt in my life before—whether it is the craze of delirium still, or something real."

"Oh, it is real—it is real," she murmured brokenly.

"But it must not be real for you," he answered in deep, earnest accents. "You must forget these terrible hours that were—oh so sweet—when you and I were alone together on the sea. You must think no more of this inexplicable drawing of our hearts towards each other. Or think of it as only a phase of madness that will pass away—a thing that has nothing to do with sane existence."

She made a movement of passionate denial—almost of disdain.

"And for you?" she asked.

"It does not matter about me—nothing matters about me. How can anything matter beside the fact that there are insuperable obstacles between us."

"What are those obstacles?" she asked. "Tell me," and the quiet determination of her manner compelled from his lips the answer which he had not at first intended to give.

"I have taken a man's life," he replied, in a restrained, hard manner. "I did not do it intentionally, but I am morally responsible for the act because I had been drinking. I struck at the fellow in anger, and I have reason to believe that a charge of murder may be brought against me."

At the first words Oora drew closer and laid both her hands in his again, looking up at him, while he gave her briefly an account of the brawl in Flash Sam's shanty much as he had given it to Susan. She was completely silent, as though she were pondering the matter. Evidently it affected her deeply. But not once during the recital did she withdraw her hands or show the faintest sign of repulsion from him. At its conclusion she said:

"Let me think. I want to be quite certain that my first impulse is the right one." She stood with bent head, while he continued to hold her hands. Soon she looked up again.

"Now, I can tell you definitely," she said, "that what you have told me is of no importance whatever to me—except as it concerns you. Perhaps it is because Nature takes so small account of the destroying of life that it does not weigh in my mind against what seems to me greater things. My feeling for you is one of them. If you were my husband, should I desert you because you had without intending it taken the life of a man who had insulted you? No. Even if it had happened to be my own brother whom you had killed, that would still make no difference at all to me. And it might well have been my brother, just as much as anybody else's brother," she added mournfully, "for I have a brother who went wrong and is wandering somewhere about the diggings."

Wolfe dropped her hands and gave her an eager, searching look. His scrutiny apparently satisfied him, for he drew a breath of relief.

"No, no, it could not have been your brother," he said. "This man was big and fair, and as unlike you as anybody could possibly be."

"It is of no consequence either way," she answered simply. "The idea just flashed through me. I only wanted you to know that if you had committed any crime it could not alter my feeling for you."

"My dear," he said gently, but as though he were trying to convince himself, "these very words are a proof that what we feel for each other is a madness—bewildering, unexplainable. It would be folly to treat such a consideration seriously."

"Very likely," she answered with remarkable calmness. "But we are taking it seriously, nevertheless. That was not the only obstacle you meant, I am sure. What are the others?"

"There are many, but one will suffice." He spoke in a tone of forced restraint. "My first duty lies towards another woman."

Now the girl shrank back as though she had been stung. She drew herself together, shivering. Her face had hardened, but there was an intensely pathetic look in her eyes as she gazed at him.

"Do you mean to marry her?" she asked in a stifled voice.

"How in the circumstances could I bind any woman's lot to mine? But there is no question of marriage. Let me explain something of this. You will think," he went on, "that it is late in the day for melodramatic remorse on my part over that poor fellow whom I murdered. I am miserably conscious of the fact. I can only say that when I did the thing I'd had so many hard knocks that I was simply reckless. I had grown accustomed to the brutalities of the diggings, and I had to a great extent lost the sense of moral responsibility. There wasn't a softening influence in my life, and I was going to the devil as fast as a man can. Then I came across *her*—and she held out her hand to me and made me feel that I was still a gentleman, and ought to be a man of honour. She brought me back to some of the old ideals. *Now* do you understand?"

Oora pushed her hair off her forehead with her little trembling right hand.

"No, I do not," she said breathlessly. "How can I understand yet? Tell me more."

"I've nothing more to say except that when the *Quetta* went down I was on my way to find out whether the blow I'd struck the unfortunate man had proved fatal. I know now that he is dead, and I am going back to tell her. I made her a promise that I would do so as soon as I could ascertain the truth, and I must keep it. Then—" he made a gesture of finality.

"Then!" she repeated, with startled terror in her voice.

"I shall give myself up and let justice take its course. That is the only straightforward plan to pursue, and I should have followed it long ago."

Again she was silent, again she seemed to be thinking deeply. Her next question showed, however, that it was not the chance of his arrest that most occupied her mind.

"So—you are going back—to her?"

"Yes, I am—but only for the purpose I have told you."

"Answer me this." Oora's face was pushed forward agitatedly, and on a sudden she looked eager and soft and oddly enticing. "Tell me which do you love? The other woman," she exclaimed, "or me?"

His lips twitched. He opened his arms as though to embrace her but drew them back with a jerk, and folded them across his chest. Forcing himself to speak calmly, he said:

"Of course, you must see that our relations to each other are outside all the ordinary conventions. Our meeting was a mere accident. What am I? Only a bit of human wreckage that the sea cast in your way and that but for your heroic impulse would have been swept to destruction. Better perhaps had that happened. The salt sea over there drifted us together for a night and a day, but the sea of life has drifted us apart again."

"The sea gave me your life," she sobbed, "and I thought no lesser power could have taken it away. But now the poor Sea-Witch's spell is broken."

She had moved a step or two and as she did so had accidentally trodden on the chain where it lay in two pieces at their feet. Now, with a pitiful, half-contemptuous touch of her shoe she spurred it aside. He looked down at it regretfully, then at the shadowy storm-troubled face of her, and he was deeply moved.

"What is the good of telling you what you must know quite well already?" he asked almost sullenly. Then a rush of words broke from him. "Surely you do not need to be told that I love you? Ah! little Sea-Witch, the spell that you have put upon me is a mystery passing my understanding, but I could not break it, however much I might try. You make me believe in things that I used to think were only poets' fancies. I cannot account for the extraordinary attraction between you and me, unless it is true that there are certain people who, by some hidden law of Nature, are bound to be irresistibly attracted to each other from the first moment of their meeting. It may be that —or it may be because of the strangeness of the circumstances with which we were surrounded and which upset our mental balance—so that truly, as I said, this is a phase of madness from which we shall in time recover. My common sense would have me believe that that is so. But yet the power of the spell remains. For I know, Sea-Witch, that if you bade me follow you and drown myself with you in the straits over there, I should be glad to end it all that way. It would be sweet to sink down with you into the depths of sea—your arms around me, and your lips on mine."

"You would die for me," she cried, "but you will not live for me."

"Because that would be to drag you down to lingering misery. No, dear, no. There can be no explanation. I have nothing more to say. There is nothing for us to do but one thing—to face the tragedy in the least tragic way that is possible. We met on the sea like 'ships that pass in the night'—and like ships bound to different ports we must each go our way beyond the other's ken. You kissed me once, Sea-Witch. Kiss me again for we must bid each other good-bye."

He held out his arms, but she came no nearer.

"I kissed you then in token that we belonged to each other," she said in a strangled tone, "but I will not kiss you good-bye. Besides, I know—something in my heart tells me—that we do belong to each other, and that soon, very soon, perhaps, we shall meet again. If it were not for that how could I bear to let you go?"

"And I must leave you," he said, "Hark!"

While they had been speaking there had twice come an untuneful "Coo-ee," unmistakably the voice of a man, but neither of them listened to it. Now it came again urgently.

"My mate is calling me," he said. "That means that the boatmen want to go out with the tide, and that I must leave you."

Her fortitude almost forsook her. It needed all her confidence in Destiny to enable her to abide by the attitude she had determined to take up. And so changeful is man that he would fain have had her continue to falter her tender entreaties. But she said nothing more. Her strength was beginning to fail. Only her eyes implored him and from them he turned heavily away, shutting out their pain and passion, and muttering blindly:

"I *must* go. It is best that we should be strangers—best that you should not even know my name. I could not in any case tell you the true one and there shall be no lies between you and me. I don't ask yours—or anything of you. It is for your own sake," he added. "Oh, Sea-Witch!—dear, brave, true little Sea-Witch, you must put me out of your life for ever, and although I shall never be able to forget you—try to forget me as soon as you can."

And it was thus that he left her, desolate in the midst of her wild green world, and the plaintive stirrings of the small live creatures in it were the only sounds he heard as he stole away.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Heart of the Storm

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

IN the heart of the swirling storm
When the white winds have their way,
There comes from afar, from afar,
The dream of an earlier day;
And over the surge of years
Spring-time and youth hold sway.

Hope, with his heart of flame,
Walks by our side once more,
Urging us up and on
To the castled heights, and the door
That leads to the dear ideal
Our hearts have hungered for.

Doubt is quenched like a brand
Tossed in the shining deep,
And life looks kind as the eyes
Of a child just come from sleep.
Dream of an earlier day,
Keep us, your captives keep!

The Chalk Horses

A Racing Story

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds"

TO Stotter, the hundred dragon eyes of the Waldorf deviled the rain-splashed asphalt of Thirty-fourth Street into a canal of blood. He turned from it with a shiver, and tramped, with soggy feet, down the thronged corridor and into the billiard room. He ordered a brandy, sitting at a table staring at the humans of wealth that grinned in huge exultation because of their holdings. Unjustly he cursed them, for they had nothing to do with his shortage of fifteen thousand in Morley, the little village in Michigan. Not one of them had fattened off his three lean years of ill-luck.

He shut his eyes and thought bitterly of how insufficient was the three thousand in his pocket. Even that insufficiency was due to the first touch of good luck in three years—the fierce boom in Northern Pacifics. A morbid despondency hyperacuted his mental vision; unreasoningly he saw the shadow of prison bars across his life trail.

The creak of a chair opened his strain-tired eyes to a consciousness of two men about to take the vacant seats.

"Hello! Mr. Stotter of Morley?" one of them queried, and tentatively was thrust forward a hand. "Don't you remember me: Ben Stanton, clerk in the old Washington?"

"Yes, of course I do; though you've changed," Stotter answered.

"This is a friend of mine, Mr. Birch; this gentleman gave me my first start; that was ten years ago. It's a small world, after all, isn't it? Mr. Stotter was the whole show in Morley, Birch. When anybody was down they'd got to go to old Dave the Banker—excuse me, Mr. Stotter—for the coin."

A faint smile hovered about the thin lips of the banker.

"It was a one-man town, Birch; Mr. Stotter had everything cinched tight. I flew my kite for New York; I saw that nobody but he ever got rich in Morley. I'm over in London now, Mr. Stotter, and doing all right. My friend, Mr. Birch, is one of the successful men, like yourself; he's made a barrel of money in London—mines. We were just going to have a quiet bottle; I cleaned up a cool thousand at Morris Park to-day. You see," he added, in explanation, to Stotter, "Mr. Birch, being a rich man of the world, knows everybody; and a friend of his, Cusick, can pick winners with his eyes shut."

"Cusick's hardly a friend, Stanton. I have very little to do with racing men; it's a dangerous game—mines for me."

"Well, anyway, he told me to back Yellow Bird; I had a hundred on at 10 to 1. Say! when that blonde-tailed skate came rolling home all by himself I let a yell out of me. Well, my throat's been dry ever since. Here's to you, gentlemen; this wine'll lubricate."

"You were lucky, Ben," the banker commented wearily.

"Lucky? Luck simply means having the sand to grab a chance when it swats one in the face. A man who plays his luck, piking along with a five-dollar bet on every race will quit a loser, sure. A man ain't 'it' only about once in a full moon, and he wants to play 'em hard when he is. You remember Jim Regan, Mr. Stotter; that's what he used to say, and he's made a million."

"Regan hadn't much when he came to Morley first," Stotter interjected.

"The time he came there with that selling plater, Blackbird, eh? Say, Birch, you'd have thrown a fit. Mr. Stotter had a mare, Jess, three-quarter thoroughbred, quarter Hambletonian trotter, and three-halves grit. She won the trotting race, and when they yanked her out of the old high-wheeled sulky, and slammed a saddle on her back for the steeplechase, Regan grinned. But Jess copped; and Regan

had to borrow money from Mr. Stotter to get away. Ain't that a true bill, sir?"

The banker nodded, and said: "Regan was an honest man. Is he horse racing still, Ben?"

"Rather! You should have seen him at Morris Park to-day; he's got Barry Wall skinned to death on togs. But Regan doesn't hold them over Cusick any on the question of first past the post."

"Yes, Cusick's clever," Birch added. "He's won a fortune on the turf; but he's got the gambler's itch and blows it in at faro."

"Well, gentlemen," Stanton said, "I must go—dinner engagement. Glad I've seen you, Mr. Stotter. Good-bye."

"Great boy, that," Birch remarked, following Stanton's figure with his eyes. "Any man that does him a good turn is a friend at once; he hasn't learned to draw the line yet. I met this Cusick crossing the Atlantic. I did him a little favour, and he's never forgotten it; he's got the regular gambler's code of honour about sticking to a man who helps or trusts him. He told me about Yellow Bird to-day, but I answered that backing horses was too risky for me. After the races he came to me with the darndest scheme I ever heard of. He wanted me to put up a couple of thousand, and he would run it into thirty thousand in a day. He was square enough about it, and could do it; but—well, it wasn't in my line. If I needed the money bad—if I were a cashier short in my accounts, I don't say what I'd have done; but I'm busy with my own good thing, my mine, just now. I'm selling a property in Montana to the Amalgamated people, and I'm full up over business."

"I should have been tempted to take a chance like that," the banker commented presently, as Birch puffed leisurely at a cigar. Then he added, "I've not been so fortunate in mining schemes as you have, sir."

Birch looked at the speaker leisurely through the cigar smoke; then he said: "You wouldn't have touched this—unless it was a case of must have money. Cusick wanted to tap the wire at a pool room on Thirty-sixth Street. I see; you don't understand. I don't either, though Cusick does thoroughly. He's the cleverest wire-tapper in America, I've been told. They say he's won large sums in every pool room in the West. I don't blame him much, for the pool room men are a lot of sharks."

"And he can really do this thing?"

"Yes. The devil—" Birch turned in his chair, saying: "That's Cusick coming now; I hope he hasn't seen me. He's so cursed honest in his friendliness that I can't cut him."

Stotter saw a tall, slender man approaching. His dress was quiet, his face thoughtful and somewhat pallid. He bore no extraneous hall-mark of the gambler. Except a slight chain which traversed his vest there was no visible jewelry. He sauntered leisurely up to the table, and a quiet smile of recognition lighted his clear-cut features as he said, "Good evening, Mr. Birch."

Birch raised his eyes to Cusick's face, then they clearly indicated the chair Stanton had vacated; but their owner's voice was studiously cold as he answered the other's greeting.

Cusick, holding his hat at an apologetic angle, looked inquiringly from Birch to Stotter, and asked, "Am I intruding upon business?"

"Not at all, sir," Stotter answered, and Cusick slipped quietly into a chair.

Birch frowned; then, as if yielding to the inevitable, said, brusquely, "Mr. Stotter—Mr. Cusick."

"We were talking about race horses," the banker said, breaking the awkward silence which Birch seemed unwilling to disturb.

"Ah! most pleasing subject. Are you interested in that noble animal, the thoroughbred?"

Birch answered: "Mr. Stanton was telling this gentleman, who is a very old friend—Mr. Stotter is a wealthy banker in Michigan—about winning a thousand on your advice, and I was saying I had not taken the chance as being too risky."

Cusick shot a narrow-lidded look of inquiry at the speaker; that gentleman's right eye closed almost imperceptibly.

"I'm glad the young fellow won," Cusick declared languidly; "you should have bet a thousand. I want to see you

presently. I'm going to win you some money in spite of yourself—"

"Not to-night." Birch pulled out his watch—"By Jingo! I must go." He turned to Stotter apologetically: "I'm talking mines with an Amalgamated man over dinner to-night." He added, addressing Cusick with a smile: "You might increase Mr. Stotter's wealth, Mr. Cusick. With his bank at your back you ought to break up the bookmakers' ring and swamp the pool rooms. Birch's smile softened to a look of geniality as he said, picking up his hat: "Good night, Mr. Stotter; I shall be glad to give you a spin in my Mercedes to-morrow if you are here. Good night."

At Birch's departure Cusick rose from the table; Stotter pushed back his chair and the two men drifted silently through the bar to the corridor.

"Are you going into the café for dinner, sir?" Cusick asked. "Why not join me? It would be a favour to-night; I'm blue."

Something in this expression of despondency brought a sympathetic response of, "Thank you, I will," from Stotter.

Stotter ate subconsciously. Dimly he had heard Cusick say something about a cassarole chicken—perhaps it was. And something was warming him—perhaps it was the wine his companion had ordered. Cusick's well-modulated voice, dwelling on horses and the big winnings men had made, floated soothingly into his retrospect of the wreck at Morley.

"And what do you suppose happened, Mr. Stotter?"

The concise question woke the banker. "What was that, Mr. Cusick. I missed what you said."

"Why, I bet a hundred on a horse today, as I said just now, and he should have romped in; but the bookmakers had got to the jockey and—" Cusick shrugged his shoulders, and spread his palms outward with French expressiveness.

"Are they that dishonest?"

"They're pirates; lost to all sense of honour! They've robbed me until I'm tired of it. They rob everybody."

He leaned across the table, looked cautiously about, and said, speaking low: "You're a friend of Birch's, and I don't mind telling you that I'm going to get even. I wanted to see Mr. Birch. I'm going to play the bookmakers' own game against them. I wanted Birch to put in a couple of thousand, and I can run that into ten times the amount in one day."

"I don't think Mr. Birch will invest," Stotter said quietly.

Cusick's eyes opened. Even to Stotter himself the words sounded oddly; it was as if another voice had uttered them. Had he made up his mind to take this plunge himself? He had been debating it in an obscure corner of his mind; the temptation had been tinkling like a sheep bell in some distant field—just hearable. But the words? Surely he was closing out the other man from this endeavour that he shrank from.

"Why do you say Mr. Birch won't? He trusts me implicitly."

"He said he wouldn't."

"He has told you? That's hardly like Birch; he's the soul of honour. I know that he wouldn't go into it for the sake of the money; he doesn't need it, but he would help me."

"Never mind, Mr. Cusick. I need fifteen thousand dollars; I've got a little capital—two thousand, say. Now tell me about this. I've dealt squarely by men all my life, and for three years—well, what's the use of talking—I'm bitter. Every man I've trusted has preyed upon me. Go, on, tell me about it."

"I know what you've been up against," declared Cusick. "The men that sit behind the box dealing, whether it's faro, or industrials, or copper, or horses, are pirates. They play with a double zero, and a stop on the wheel that throws the little ball against the sucker public. I've had it thrown into me until I've got to smother down something and play their own game against them."

"Well," said Stotter quietly.

"I'll explain, and you can join in and make your fifteen thousand without any risk, if you wish; just as you feel about it, sir. I've got the cleverest telegraph operator in America in our office across the street from the pool room. His instrument is tapped on the race wire, and he simply keeps back the whole race message

until he has the winner. Then he signals me as I stand in the pool room window. I have a man, Morgan, in the room; he will give you the winner and you can bet. Then Dick lets the message come through. It's simple; that's all there is to it. Morgan will introduce you into the room; he often bets there. We'll bet on two races only, putting all the winnings on the second bet. Then we'll come away and divide, half and half, a small fortune. There's no risk. The Metropolitan handicap is on to-morrow, the fourth race. It will be a big betting race, and we can have the wire in good shape for that. Then we can do one more; we won't be in the room over an hour. What do you say, sir?"

Stotter pondered for a silent minute. Dishonourable? What was the other at Morley? And from that there was no escape—that dishonour of hungry creditors, depositors; perhaps they could prosecute him criminally. Anyway the smash was inevitable unless this glamorous, alluring way of escape was possible. "The sand to grab a chance," Stanton had said was all there was in luck.

"Come here at 10 o'clock to-morrow, Mr. Cusick, and I'll give you an answer; I think I'll try it, but I want to weigh the matter."

"Quite proper; I'll be here at ten. Good night, sir."

As Cusick arose, a man in evening dress checked at the table, looked fixedly at him, and then turned a pair of mild blue eyes upon the banker. "Why Stotter! How are you, Dave?" he said.

"Regan!" Stotter exclaimed, and they shook hands.

Cusick shot a frown of caution and moved leisurely away.

"Know that man? Hope he's not a friend of yours?" the blue-eyed man expressed.

"No; I just met him here casually," the banker said evasively.

"Ah! that's all right; only he's a dangerous man. He's a wire-tapper; take care of yourself in New York, it's not Morley. All well out there?"

Then Regan joined the friend who had come in with him, quite unconscious of the fact that his warning had served its reverse purpose, and was a credential for Cusick.

Stotter went to his room. He paced its floor for an hour, addressing the three thousand he threw on the table as if its insufficiency were an understanding embodiment, a weakling to be blamed for his acceptance of temptation. If Fate had not meant to give him one more chance why had Fate thrust across his path Stanton, and Birch, and Cusick, and even Regan, to testify gratuitously, that Cusick could tap the wire?"

The light streaming through the back of a chair threw a shadow across the floor that was like prison bars. Stotter shuddered, put the money beneath his pillow, turned out the light, and lay wide-eyed for hours questioning darkness for some sign.

In the morning, in the weak hour, he told himself that he couldn't take this chance; better to just let things drift. But at ten o'clock this thing that had veered back and forth in his mind, now for it, now against it, flipped acquiescence from his tongue.

And Cusick said: "Morgan will take you to the pool room in good time for the Metropolitan; he'll show you all about the betting."

There was a suggestion of criminality in the surreptitious entry to the pool room. A knock on the door, and when it opened a burly guard in a little ante-room barred further progress.

"A friend of mine, Mike," Morgan vouched, and, passing another door, Stotter found himself in a large room, thick with tobacco smoke, where a hundred men sat on benches, or walked restlessly about. Something in the nervous, meaningless wanderings of these suggested caged leopards. A few pored over the form sheet of racing papers, others surreptitiously consulted telegrams of advice. Through a wicket Stotter could see the room officials, and hear the intermittent click of a telegraph instrument.

Presently a man issued hurriedly from his office with a paper in his hand, mounted a stool, and wrote on a blackboard the names of fifteen horses.

"The runners for the fourth race, the

Metropolitan," advised Morgan. "We're in nice time."

Stotter saw Cusick leaning listlessly against the window frame, his clean-cut face the only calm one in the room, undefiled of excitement.

A voice from somewhere called, "First betting at the track, gentlemen!" And the writer chalked a row of figures in front of the names.

It was like tapping on a bee-hive. The men swarmed in erratic agitation; they jostled each other in a scramble for blank cards that lay upon a long narrow table. A thin-faced man put a dozen in each pocket. He wrote with nervous fingers a ten-dollar bet on Goldenrod, then he scanned the blackboard intently. His perusal of the chalk horses read him some hidden cryptogramic meaning, for he tore the pasteboard, and threw the fragments to the floor, wagging his head sagely.

Stotter watched this erratic one curiously as he wrote another bet, Goldenrod for third place. Half-a-dozen times he pencilled a card; at last he took his place in the line of bettors that led to the wicket, grasping a card upon which was inscribed a two-dollar bet on King John at 50 to 1.

Presently he came back, snapping his fingers, and Stotter heard him mutter: "Hell! my name's Dennis from the fall of the flag. King John'll run out at the first turn; he always does that on the 'Withers Mile,' and I forgot it. Two simoleons gone to the burning. It's me for the turpentine business in Georgia."

A heavy-faced man stepped in front of the banker and asked: "Say, mister, what weight had Bingo up when he beat Grey Goose in the 'Manhattan'—have you got the dope in your pocket?"

The banker shook his head.

"There's the second betting," Morgan said to Stotter; "here are cards. I'm going to Cusick. When he gets the signal I'll tell you the horse, and you'll have to get your bet down quick. When you shove it through that wicket the man'll call out your number; write it on a duplicate card of the bet."

Someone at Stotter's elbow said: "That's a false price about Pietro, 40 to 1. I see him do a gallop three days ago that burned up the track, a mile in 1.40. And Brown's ridin' him to-day; he'll make that bunch look like sellin' platers. God! if I had a thousand in my pocket I'd make a killin'. Say, d'you know what I did last year at Sheepshead? I run a shoestring into a wad—six thousand, s'elp me I did. I lands at the track wit' two bucks to the good, and in the first race I plays Pinknose at 100 to 1. It was a hunch bet. Goin' down in the car was a nigger sittin' in front of me wit' a pink spot the size of a nickel on his snoot; and when I sees Pinknose in the first race I plunks for him, an' he comes home on the bit. I bets it all back on——"

But a strong voice drowned this tale of good fortune with: "They're at the post, they'll be off in a minute!"

At this warning some last minute bettors rushed to the wicket; and Morgan, slipping quickly through the throng, whispered to Stotter: "Ruffian's won; quick, write your bet; he's six to one. That's right—$12,000 to $2,000, Ruffian. Initial the card. Now shove it in, quick, Dick's holding the wire."

Almost immediately after Stotter's money went in, the wicket was closed with a bang, and the man within said, "All done, no more!" The operator, standing in the office door reading the babbling instrument, cried: "They're off!—with Pietro in the lead!"

A sudden hush fell upon the room; the babel of voices stilled; men craned their necks and watched the chalk horses on the blackboard as if they were animate creatures of volition. Some held their breath; no one even whispered, lest he should disarrange the galloping steeds. On the keyboard the wire that had been singing like a locust, had ceased its irritating click. The banker's nerves were vibrating with the intensity of their stretch; his fingers, moist with the cold perspiration of excitement, were crushing the duplicate card.

An impatient burr from the dominating instrument smote upon the stillness like a tattoo from a snare drum, and the operator's voice gave its message: "Pietro at the quarter—by a length; Bingo second; Mascot third." The call vibrated the heavy stillness of the room that was like

a tropical jungle hushed in awe of a coming storm. Then the Morse tongue babbled again, and the operator drawled: "The same at the half—Pietro two lengths to the good!"

"Say, mister, what did I tell you, what about Pietro now? Gads! an' me without a dollar on him!" The Pinknose man grasped Stotter by the arm, and looked into his face out of eyes that were bloodshot with intensity.

"Pietro at the three-quarters! Mascot a length away; and—"

There was five seconds of a pause, while a hundred men held their breath waiting for the name of the third horse.

"The wire's in trouble," the operator said impatiently, and a groan of dismay went up from many throats.

"Ah! there it comes!" some one exclaimed joyously, as the instrument burred again.

"Pi-e-tro into the stretch——" the inexorable voice of fate bawled. ("What did I tell you!" fairly screamed Pinknose, "they'll never—") "by a head; Irish second; Ruffian third—and coming fast!"

"Come on you Ruffian!" somebody cried. The call loosened other tongues, and the speaker was answered by "Irish 'll win for a hundred."

The blackboard writer slipped quietly along the wall, mounted his stool and waited expectantly.

The clamour of the bettors had died away, the singing wire had ceased its music; Stotter's heart was in his throat, the air of the room, oppressive with silence, was smothering.

"Click-clickety-click-click!" sang the keyboard. "Ruffian wins—*e-e-easy!*" bellowed the operator; and the writer drew a chalk oval about the horse's name. "Irish gets the place; Mascot shows."

"Thank God!" Stotter muttered, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"It's all right," Morgan whispered. "As soon as they write the time of the race on the blackboard, cash in your ticket at that other window."

As they waited for the time to cash in, Stotter looked nervously many times at his ticket, and then at the blackboard. There was a fear in his heart—his luck was so bad—that something would go wrong; not until he actually felt the money in his pocket would he believe in this good fortune.

"They're a long time weighing in, seems to me," Morgan said. "I hope there's no devilish objection; why doesn't that time come up?"

This speech troubled Stotter. Of course there would be an objection, or something; the three lean years had divorced him from hope.

"Ah! there's something coming now," Morgan added, as the writer came from the office. "All right!" he continued cheerfully, "1.38½ for the mile. Gee! they went a cracker—good old Ruffian! Better give me the ticket, I'll get it quicker."

"Thank you, I can manage all right," Stotter objected, and he slipped into the line that was forming in front of the paying wicket.

As the cashier passed him a great sheaf of notes, $14,000, the men in line behind craned their necks, and watched with hungry eyes the yellow-backed symbols of power.

On the blackboard there was a new array of chalk horses.

"These are two-year-olds at four-and-a-half furlongs," Morgan said, "and Gunpowder's favourite at six to four in the first betting. It's raining at Morris Park," he added, pointing to these words written on the blackboard. "That won't make any difference to us. I expect we'll have another bet in this," his voice sank to a whisper, "as they've got the ticker working. Just stand here, I'll get the word from Cusick."

A whisper of Stotter's big win passed through the room, and men eyed him with furtive respect. Perhaps it was Pittsburgh Phil, or Grannan, or Regan. Stotter himself felt a strange exhilaration of superiority. These others were but victims of capricious chance; just as Fate threw the dice they won or lost. But he had the alchemist's secret that made, with certainty, the figures he pencilled on a card just so much money. The immorality of it was smothered by the hot excitement of the experience.

One man, made bold by necessity, came

up to Stotter and said: "Excuse me, mister, that was a nice win you had; I see you cash in. I wish you'd do something for me. I lose a hundred to that last race; I ain't cashed a bet for a week. I tell you straight, mister, God knows I need the money, I'm in a hole. If you've got another like Ruffian up your sleeve, give me the tip. It won't make no difference to you in the odds here."

"I don't know anything about the horses," the banker answered, unguardedly. The man turned away with a curse on his lips.

"It's Gunpowder," Morgan whispered, touching Stotter's arm. "She's been cut to even money. We've lost the best of the betting, shove it in quick—the whole of it. They're holding the wire back."

Even for that strong New York pool room the banker's bet of fourteen thousand even was an unusual one. The official ducked his head and looked through the wicket curiously at the bettor. "Looks like a hayseed, and bets 'em like Phil," he muttered. The operator said something, and he slammed the wicket. Then the operator called: "They're off—Cottage in the lead—something left at the post—looks like Powder."

A half-smothered "Ah-h!" vibrated the room. A man at Stotter's elbow cursed. "Damn a hot favourite, anyway! The bookmakers 'll get to 'em some way or other."

A numbing sensation dulled Stotter's brain for an instant, then he shook it off. It was foolish; the race was already run, and Gunpowder had won. No matter what the wire babbled, he was not like the other foolish ones. He drew a cigar from his pocket and tried to light it; the match burned his fingers, and he threw the cigar away with a shiver of unrest.

"Cottage in the stretch—Alice B. second—Gold Dust third—they're all in a bunch," was the next call.

And again Stotter's mind wavered, his heart beat with rapid, feeble strokes. Was it true? Who had blundered? Cusick's man or the room operator? Twenty-eight thousand dollars and despair or rehabilitation hung on the next word the operator would utter. An intense few seconds, and a cry that was like an echo from the three lean years staggered the banker.

"Alice B. wins—Cottage second—close thing for the show money—they're all in a bunch, heads apart."

Stotter reeled as if he had been struck a heavy blow. He groped his way to the door, he gasped for air, he wanted to get out of the evil-smelling gambling hell into which he had been lured by a foolish trick. The very ease with which he was to acquire this money might have warned him it was a confidence game. As he stood for a second in the hall, the door opened and closed behind him. Turning he saw Cusick. Wrath flared up hot and blinding in Stotter's brain. "You damn hound!" he cried, hurling himself unexpectedly upon Cusick. His strong fingers grasped the slender olive throat as he forced the gambler's head back to the wall. Cusick's hand, clutching feebly at something in his hip pocket, was suddenly grasped at the wrist, and a voice said: "Here—you men! My God! it's you, Stotter—let the man go, I say—you're killing him! Do you hear—it's me, Regan!"

He wedged his body between the men and broke the clinch.

"No—let the hound go," Stotter cried, as Regan clutched at Cusick, who was moving away.

Regan slipped a key in an office door, saying, "Come in here, Stotter. Now sit down, and tell me what's wrong." He put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Go on, Dave," he coaxed, "tell me. You helped me when I was pinched, perhaps I can help you now."

"I've been buncoed, Regan, and—and—it serves me right."

"It always does. Go on, out with it."

"I met that Cusick last night by an evil chance. A man that used to be in Morley introduced me to a rich mining man, Birch—"

"Birch? Mining nothing! unless it was floating a bunco property. He's the head of the gang. He introduced Cusick, eh?"

"Yes; and now I know he's a runner for that thief pool room. I lost two thousand

dollars, and, my God! Regan, I needed the money."

"Why didn't you come to me? I know that thief's game. He told you he had the wire tapped, didn't he? And you thought you had a sure thing?"

The banker hung his head in shamed silence. Then he roused himself to say, "As God is my judge, Regan, I wouldn't have listened if it wasn't to save—Do you know what I was going to do?"

"Yes, I can guess—play the cowardly fool because you'd struck a streak of hard luck. Now, listen to me, while I tell you something, Stotter, and if I didn't know you I'd say it serves you right. In the first place the men that run that room are not thieves; I know—because I'm the man; it's my money, though I don't come here often. The manager doesn't even know Cusick; if he had he'd have thrown him out. And Cusick can't tap any pool room in New York; he used that bait to get you to bet heavy, put up big money, and he'd split the winnings with you. Dave, you were easy. What did you back?"

"Ruffian and Gunpowder; Ruffian won, but Gunpowder was left at the post."

"I thought so. Cusick got you to play two favourites. See this paper? That's Maxim and Gay's tip for two best bets of the day, 'Ruffian and Gunpowder.' Cusick took a chance of their both winning. You were betting your money on the level; you weren't cheating the pool room any. Dave, I'm going to give you that two thousand back. We don't need it; there's a hundred gambling suckers born every minute."

"I won't take it; I'd rather jump in the river."

"We'll see about that. I'm to blame some for this—I helped that crook snare you. Last night I said carelessly that he was a wire tapper; he *has* worked that game out West. That made his play good you see. I backed up his lie. Now, tell me about the trouble in Morley—no, don't do that. How much are you short? Fifteen thousand, eh? That's not much, Dave. Just come with me back to the room."

As they entered Regan glanced carelessly at the blackboard. Then he turned with a curious look in his blue eyes, and said to his companion: "How's this, Stotter, you've won. See that ring around Gunpowder?"

"I've won? What—are you—saying—I've won?"

"Wait a minute." Regan stepped to the wicket, and tapped on the closed window. It opened, and he said: "Hello, Hank, what won this last race?"

"Gunpowder, Mr. Regan. Alice B. come up first, but it was raining at the course, and they made a mistake in the colours. Alice B. wasn't in the money."

"It's all right, Stotter, Gunpowder gets it," Regan said. "As soon as the time comes up you can cash in."

"I won't take the money, Regan; I tried to rob you."

"Yes, you will; you won it on the level. The money doesn't belong to the room, and you've got to take it. My manager here laid nearly all of the bets off; he took ten thousand from the other rooms on our wire. Here, give me your ticket. You hadn't better cash it yourself."

"Cusick—"

"I'll settle with him, damn him! He'll find out that Gunpowder won, and he'll try for this money. He'll get every cent of it if he has to sandbag you. I'm going to settle this in my own way, Dave, and you're going back to Morley to-morrow with pretty near twenty-eight thousand in your pocket, and Cusick is going to be quite satisfied. And never touch horses again so long as you live, Stotter. It's a rotten game—for the public."

When the Dominion Was Young

The Last of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY

THERE is strong temptation in writing these sketches to become discursive and to bring in or refer to scenes and incidents of those early days not yet touched upon which were more or less historic, spectacular or exceptional. The impeachment of Judge Lafontaine, of Aylmer, was one of these —the first and only occasion since Confederation when Parliament began proceedings for the purpose of deposing a judge of a superior court. A committee of great lawyers was struck with John Hilyard Cameron as chairman, Sir John Macdonald, Edward Blake, Lucius S. Huntingdon, and others as members, and I as clerk, made personal service on the judge of the committee's summons. But the judge was superannuated before the remarkable inquiry was concluded.

And there was the memorable battle between Bunster and Cheval in Room 13, when the loud din of the conflict summoned the brother members to break in the locked door and rescue the little Canadian from the clutches of the bearded grizzly of the Pacific Coast—the rescued man still holding in hand a tuft of black beard torn from the chin of his adversary. It was the only actual fight I knew of between members, but there came very near being another at their hotel between Levisconte, a stalwart anti-confederate from Cape Breton, and Col. Ferguson, of Cardwell. It was over that fruitful topic, the Nova Scotia grievance. "We'll send a regiment of our volunteers down to whip you in," said the Colonel. Quick came the retort, "Yes, but perhaps the officers would get sore feet, like a certain Colonel at Ridgeway." In saying this the Nova Scotian unwittingly offended, not knowing that his remark could have a personal application, and when informed on that point he wished to retract the remark. The apology was met with defiance, and was promptly withdrawn. But the seemingly inevitable duel was prevented by mutual friends.

Again there was the interesting occasion when the Honourable William Macdougall "saw a stranger in the gallery," the stranger being none other than Senator Miller, of Nova Scotia. The Speaker promptly ordered the galleries cleared, though the senators were very reluctant to be put out, the first of all, from their special preserve. At length they and the thousand spectators, including wives of cabinet ministers and many other ladies and their escorts, were all out and the doors locked behind them. The newspaper men had enjoyed the scene, counting all men mortal but themselves, when Sergeant-at-Arms McDonnell appeared at their gallery entrance, waving his dress sword in peremptory fashion. At first they would not go; the eyes of all the House were turned upon their gallery and some members cheered their determination to stay. The Sergeant insisted; Joe Rymal roared, "Got to go, boys," and out they went. The Gallery promptly held an indignation meeting, and the pressmen refused to return when requested to do so a little later. There was no Hansard in those days, and the strike of the Gallery caused an almost immediate adjournment of the House.

One might be tempted to tell of Mr. Howe, chafing in the restraints of his cabinet position and the faded glories of his lost anti-confederate leadership, rising sometimes to speak as he loved to do, but perchance now to be pulled down by the coat-tail at the hands of his leader or an officious colleague. Once he delivered a lecture before the Y.M.C.A. of Ottawa, touching upon Canadian relations with the Mother Country. It was printed in pamphlet form before he delivered it, and a few copies had been

mailed abroad. A messenger from Stadacona Hall waited till the reading was finished and then handed Mr. Howe a note. The lecture was suppressed. And some days the Old Man Eloquent paced the walks of Parliament Square with a slow, measured stride, wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts. At length he was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, there, too soon, to die.

Or we might give a passing glance into one of Sir George Cartier's Saturday evening conversaziones, where all was jollity, song and repartee; where we sang in honour of our host his own, "O Canada, Mon Pays Mes Amours," or, in a row of chairs stretched down the long hall, each rower equipped with a snow shovel, "the voices kept tune as the oars kept time" in the swelling strains of the Canadian Boat Song, all the while Sir George passing gaily round among his guests, chatting in two languages, and perchance accosting the member from Wentworth—"Now, Mr. Rymal, you *must* say something funny!"

Or one might tell of a visit, such as many loved to pay, to Alonzo Wright, the hospitable King of the Gatineau, at his home. On one of these occasions, after we had seen much that was rare, or curious, or of historical interest—like the flagstaff erected by the Old Guard of Conservatism in the dark days—he said: "But you have not seen my horses." We went to the barnyard, but no horses were in sight. A little later one appeared on the crest of a hill a good way off. The King held up his hand. Instantly the horse started toward us briskly, and was joined by another and another until there were a dozen or more in the troop, racing at a swift pace down the slope. It seemed they would run over us, but at ten feet distance, with all feet braced forward, they came to a sudden halt. Then they filed singly past their owner, each receiving a caressing touch from his hand, and then strolled away content. Mr. Wright was not a frequent speaker in the House, but he was popular on both sides. Once in each session toward the close, it was his custom to make a speech which was altogether delightful, replete with patriotism, generous sentiments, gentle humour, and garnished with literary gems. There was always a full House and galleries when this annual treat was expected.

So affairs drew on toward the close of the first Parliament. The Intercolonial was building, but it seemed a colossal task, even with the imperial guarantee of three millions sterling, to build the line from Truro to Riviere du Loup—500 miles. And now the Government had undertaken, as the price of bringing in British Columbia, to build another line from Callender in the Ottawa valley to the Pacific Coast; through the desolate wilds north of Superior, across the buffalo plains, through the Rockies and the "sea of mountains" beyond. Our neighbours to the south, with all their enterprise and wealth, had not undertaken a transcontinental railway until they had half a million people on the Pacific Coast. We had not the population of two good counties along the route between Callender and Bute Inlet. Were they mad, these bold Confederate leaders? To some it seemed so. All can now appreciate the fact that they possessed the forecast which is the truest test of statesmanship, and saw with clear vision what few could then see, the great Dominion as it is today, and the greater Dominion of the future, ranking with the mighty empires of history.

Never was there a more momentous election in Canada than that of 1872. Nova Scotia was yet recalcitrant, notwithstanding the Better Terms of 1869, and its local Government was hostile to the Ottawa ministry. Ontario had been captured by the Liberals, and the Sandfield Macdonald Government overthrown. Manitoba was yet unrestful. Some ardent Unionists were in fear that the union compact might yet fail, and to these and to the Fathers it seemed most important that the Government should be sustained, at least until the Dominion was established beyond all fear of disruption.

So the great conflict came with the contending hosts arrayed at the polls, from Cape Breton to Vancouver. When the smoke had cleared from the vast battlefield some chiefs had fallen, and

from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains there was an equal division of Government and Opposition members elected. The Government had in all Canada a bare majority of six, the number returned by the small white population of British Columbia. Sir George Cartier was defeated in Montreal East by over 1,200 votes, and found another seat in Provencher, Manitoba, while Sir Francis Hincks took refuge in far-off Vancouver Island. It was indeed a Pyrrhic victory for the Government. It was an earthquake that again shook the unfinished walls of the great Dominion fabric. For in that structure, though the foundations had been well and truly laid, the mortar was yet too soft to ensure stability. It needed the hardening influence of time.

Parliament met in March, with the Government partially reconstructed, the most important change being the retirement of Sir Francis Hincks from the portfolio of Finance, and the succession of Sir Leonard Tilley thereto. The Opposition were aggressive and confident, led by honest, "granite-faced" Alexander Mackenzie. Early in April, into the dismayed Government ranks fell the Huntingdon charges like a bolt from Heaven, and thereafter for a time politics became tragic.

Huntingdon of the silver tongue, the handsome, gracious presence, the indolent, gifted man, who was wont to sit toying with his watchchain, half oblivious of what was going on in the chamber on ordinary occasions, now transformed into the stern accuser of the mightiest in the land—it seemed a strange rôle for him to play. There followed Sir John's impassioned denial, his dramatic protest, "These hands are clean!" the appointment of a committee of five, Hilyard Cameron, Blanchet, James Macdonald, Blake and Dorion, empowered by special act to take evidence under oath. But the Oaths Bill was disallowed and a Royal Commission was appointed instead of the committee. In the meantime the compromising letters and telegrams, purloined in Montreal, had been published and a storm of commotion swept the land. The Opposition journals rang with fierce denunciations, while some of the Government organs wavered in their defence or became hostile, and across the ocean came the stern commentary of the British press.

After the appointment of the commission the stormy session was ended by a prorogation made against the expressed wishes of a majority of the House in their memorial to Lord Dufferin, and the Usher of the Black Rod entered the Chamber amid a cyclonic outburst of protests in which the dominant note was the robust voice of Luther Hamilton Holton shouting 'Privilege! Privilege!"

In the stress of this commotion in House and country, Prince Edward Island had been brought into the union, completing the Dominion from sea to sea. The six Island members were to take part in the subsequent proceedings. On which side would they rank themselves? was a question of great interest. And in the meantime Cartier had died in London on May 20, and Howe in Halifax on June 1, the once mightiest spirits of Quebec and Nova Scotia.

Parliament reassembled on 23rd October and from the first it was war to the knife in and out of the Chamber. Mackenzie moved his motion of censure as an amendment to the Address. While it was being debated the House and galleries were crowded, the atmosphere electric, and the suspense almost intolerable. Members sat at their desks with rigid features and clenched hands. From long before the opening there had been a vigorous whipping-in of the forces on both sides, and this process was now intensified. There were great speeches on both sides, argumentative, appealing and declamatory, trumpet calls to the hand-to-hand encounter in the last ditch. Outside the House, in their hotels and lodgings, wavering ones were offered their price in thousands, or in offices, not on one side only, but on both, and with the scales so balanced, the buying power of the Opposition is equal to that of the Government. What the leaders did not know of these things some of the lieutenants, at least, knew full well and many of the rank and file also. But votes, if they were, or could have been purchased, were not called for.

In the midst of it all John Heney was

brought to the bar of the House charged by Cunningham of Manitoba with having offered him a round sum to give his vote in support of the Government. The incident will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it—it had its grotesque as well as its serious features—and the effect was depressing to the ministerial cause, although all felt that it was but a partial "lifting of the lid." Some still thought that the Government might score a small majority in the end, and it was expected that the debate would go on for weeks. But, as so often occurs, it was the unexpected that happened. The Government had at last despaired of obtaining a majority, and Sir John was too shrewd a tactician to permit a division to be taken in which the votes of former and probably future supporters would be needlessly recorded against him.

After a week of strenuous debate the House reassembled one day, and before the orders of the day were called, Sir John Macdonald rising in his place very briefly announced that he and his colleagues had tendered their resignations. The words startled the house like a thunderclap, and it was some moments before their full meaning was realised. Then an exultant cheer broke from the Opposition ranks. An instant later the ministers started across the floor, and with equal alacrity the Opposition sprang forward to seize the treasury benches. They passed each other on the way, and in less time than it takes to tell it Sir John was standing behind the desk of the leader of the Opposition, while Holton, Dorion, Smith and others had appropriated the ministerial seats. Mr. Mackenzie was absent with some other leading spirits of his party engaged in forming the new Administration.

There was some confusion as the members struggled for the best seats beside or behind their leaders, and then a sudden change came over the entire spirit and complexion of the House. Now that the worst and best was known, that defeat was admitted on one side and triumph secured on the other, the look of strained suspense passed away from members' faces. The late ministers assumed the jaunty air of boys just let out of school, and, as they were the Opposition now, they began to salute the new occupants of the ministerial seats with jocular defiance. But the scene was short. Mr. Holton, who was temporarily leading the House, moved the adjournment, which was presently carried.

Time teaches many lessons and revises many judgments. It would be unfair to leave at this stage the men who crossed the floor from the seats of power to the cold shades of Opposition in 1873 without recalling that the verdict rendered years later, after mature deliberation, and many times reaffirmed, was different from that recorded in the stormy days of the Pacific scandal. Canada recalled Sir John Macdonald to power in 1878, and steadfastly kept him at the head of affairs till the end of his days. It was not to obscure the lustre of his great achievements that the incident of his temporary downfall is here brought under review. His fame is secure, and history will accord him the foremost place among the statesmen that Canada has yet nurtured. And this last historic scene, so important as it was politically, was unique in being the only instance since Confederation in which a change of ministry took place during a session of Parliament.

THE END

Commerce as a Science

Editorial from the London *Outlook*

IN keeping with the utilitarian spirit of the time there is taking place at our centres of higher education a development which Professor Ashley* discusses in the current number of *Science Progress*. When the new University of Birmingham was founded in 1900, Mr. Chamberlain gave expression to a long-felt want when in the charter of the University he provided for the establishment of a "Faculty of Commerce" side by side with the faculties of Arts, Science and Medicine. Manchester and Leeds have since followed the example of Birmingham, for the new universities at these centres have also established faculties of Commerce. Cambridge, though it still clings to its own nomenclature and calls its new degree course the Economics Tripos, has taken a step in the same direction, and we must apparently expect to see in the future a department of commerce, whether so named or not, forming part of the ordinary machinery at all the newer universities. It is an interesting question as to how far this experiment will carry us, and as to the lines along which we should look to see a fruitful development.

There are at present two rival theories of higher education before us. According to the first theory the great object of education, and especially of higher education, is not so much to provide a technical equipment for the student consistently directed throughout the whole course of his studies towards the business or profession he is afterwards to follow as to equip him with a trained and furnished mind to be afterwards applied to the details of the calling he has chosen. According to the second view a large part of the education of this kind given at our older universities is useless to those who are destined to become business men. The sort of general culture received often tends, it is said, rather towards making business life distasteful to young men. What is really required is higher education certainly, but at the same time higher education of that kind which will help to make a man a competent master of business or commerce. Professor Ashley's view is that whether the first idea of education is wrong or not in principle it has broken down in practice in this country. But that only carries us a stage further in the definition of the problem which is before us. This now becomes, "Granted a serious intention on the part of University authorities to provide a training which shall tend to fit, rather than unfit, men for business life, in what is that training to consist?"

In considering this very serious question, the practical answer to which will certainly have to be provided in the future in our schemes of higher education if this country is to maintain the place to which it is entitled in the international rivalry of trade and commerce, Professor Ashley's opinion is that we should look at it in a frankly utilitarian spirit. "We in England have too long aimed at culture, and hoped that utility would appear as a by-product. The result has been that the great body of the English middle-class has left the culture severely alone. Let us now, for a change, not be ashamed to aim at utility, and let us trust that culture will appear as a by-product." We have no objection to raise on the ground that this proposal may be revolutionary, or because the end aimed at is avowedly utilitarian. Yet it is possible that the reform in a certain type of higher education which Professor Ashley desires will be all the more likely to be attained if we maintain a very strict attitude of reserve to many of the schemes of bread and butter education of which we hear so much at present.

In a scheme of university education for business men, the problem is in reality much simpler than it appears. It is ad-

* Professor Ashley occupied the chair of Political Science in Toronto University for several years.

mitted that we are not dealing with the education of those who are destined to be the subordinates in the industrial army. We are concerned with the education of the young men who are to be afterwards the organisers, the directors and the captains of business undertakings. Now, in relation to these, there is no saying more profoundly true than that which asserts that all first-class ability is the same in kind, however much it may differ in the details to which it is applied. It is the same kind of qualities which makes a great general, a great statesman or a great business man. What is present in all cases is the power of organising facts —the power, that is to say, of seeing that relationship to each other of essentials which is hidden from ordinary men. It is in the last resort the power of sound judgment and incisive action of the kind which carries large enterprises to success. What is the university training which is to give us this result or to develop it in relation to business and commerce where it is already present? Professor Ashley thinks that a course of foreign languages, a strong infusion of science, regulated according to the business which the student is afterwards to enter, Commercial Law and Accounting should form an important element in the training. In addition to these, in the creation of a "science of commerce," he would provide for *private* economics for the business man as distinguished from political or social economy. It should be our aim to teach men to make money "in the sense in which it is the aim of a law school or medical school to teach men to make money as competent lawyers or physicians."

With nearly all that may be said as to the advantages of a course of training in the subjects mentioned we are in agreement. Yet we are not quite sure that it goes far enough. If we are to have at our centres of higher education in this country faculties of commerce which will enable our business men to attain the training they require to enable them to hold their own in the days that are coming in the world, we shall have to include in that training something more than a knowledge of technicalities likely to be useful in their business. The kind of training and equipment for the leaders of commerce and enterprise which we want probably cannot be obtained in an exclusively technical education. What is required is the widest possible knowledge of the forces which have made the world and which are carrying it forward into new development. This kind does not come simply from ability to read a foreign newspaper and from the acquirement of a technical equipment. It is the greatest of mistakes to think that, because we throw overboard the subjects of a higher classical education which locks some men's minds in the classics, we have improved a young man's capacity for the leadership of business enterprise by locking up his mind in technical subjects. The great secret of the world at the present day is that in this the age of specialism the men who rule the world and who will rule the business world to an increasing degree in the future are not, and will not be, the specialists, but the men who have obtained that kind of knowledge and power which enables them to set the specialist to work and to see what the specialist rarely does see—namely, the relationship of the specialisms to each other. This is the virtue of trained knowledge of the larger kind, which carries enterprises to success, which builds up great businesses and which contributes in the highest degree to national development and prosperity. The important fact which those engaged in organising a suitable system of higher education for the men who are to become leaders of business should not lose sight of is that while a few hundred pounds a year will nearly always secure the services of a trained specialist in most departments of technical work, no limit can be put on the value, in its proper surroundings, of the kind of trained mind we have been describing. It is ability of this kind, working through technical education, and not simply technical education alone, as is often supposed, that is creating modern Germany. The German people are leading the world in technical instruction, but the brain of Germany, even in business, as the Germans themselves never forget to impress

on the rising generation, is the brain of a nation of trained thinkers and reasoners. It is not a matter of accident nor of tradition in this country, but one to which we must give weighty consideration, that the classical side in nearly all our public schools still attracts the pick of the young generation, and that, as Sir William Huggins has recently pointed out, a boy who remains late on the classical side will soon overtake and outstrip even in science one who has been trained exclusively on the science side. This is not a fact to be used in defence of a purely classical education. But it is one of many similar facts with a deep and pregnant meaning behind them, which organisers of higher education for our business leaders of the future will have to keep steadily before them.

A Question and a Prayer

BY GEO. E. WINKLER

IF countless worlds revolve in space,
And all have but a single God,
What chance His busy eye will trace
The weary path my feet have trod?

Why should I think He knows the pain
My restless, longing heart endures,
Or notes the baffled, fevered brain,
Whose soaring thought no light insures?

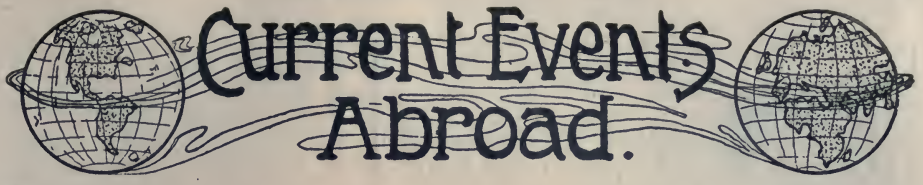
Yet if this life would end to-night,
And I fore'er could cease to be,
Whence come these visions of delight,
And strains of wondrous harmony?

Magician of the starry skies,
Whose flaming spheres recite Thy praise,
Anoint my ears, anoint my eyes,—
Let humble Wisdom guide my days.

I cannot but believe Thee true,
Surpassing strong, surpassing kind;
And loving all earth's motley crew
With deep, unfathomable mind:

Ready to heed and grant the prayer
That asks no earthly power or pelf,
But casting by all meaner care
Seeks but a portion of Thyself.

If I may then petitions dare
For what may live and shine through me,—
Of Love I crave a bounteous share,
Of Truth and Justice large degree.



THE word "abroad" in the title of this department may be taken to include events of colonial importance, even though they occur in Canada. The other day, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, member of the British House of Commons, read a letter at a gathering in Toronto which has aroused considerable comment. This epistle was signed by Mr. Winston Churchill, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and was intended to signalise an historic change of attitude on the part of the Liberal Party in Great Britain.

Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill is a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. His father is said to have been the most brilliant failure in British political life in the nineteenth century. The son promises to be brilliant, whether he is a success or a failure. Though but thirty-two years of age, he is already known throughout the Empire and has been spoken of as a possible premier of Great Britain. He has been a soldier and a journalist, and is now devoting himself to public affairs.

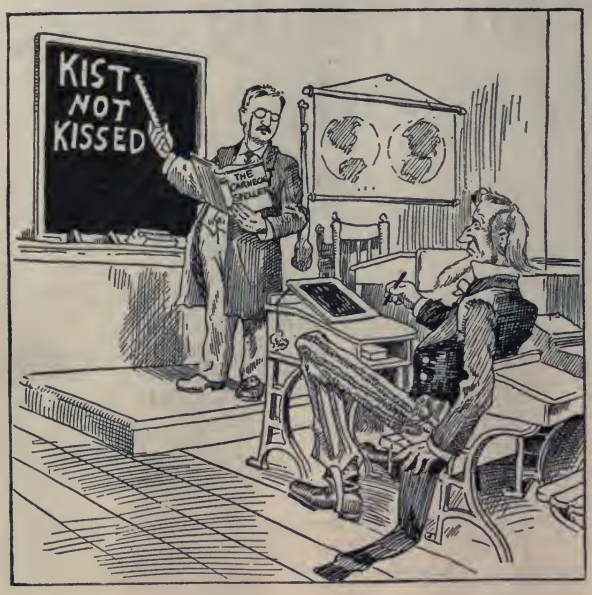
In "Who's Who" for 1905, he is described as Conservative member for Oldham since 1900. History has not yet had time to record that he deserted the fading Conservative ranks and joined the Liberal Party last year. In a bare twelve months he is presuming to act as spokesman for that ancient and honourable body.

This is exceedingly rapid movement, but those who know Mr. Churchill will not be surprised at any burst of speed which he may display. Rapidity is one of his characteristics. When he visited Canada, the rapidity with which he disgusted the leading citizens with whom he came in contact was marvellous. In fact the story is told how a prominent member of the bar, in proposing his health, ended his short address with the pointed remark: "I am sure you will all agree with me in wishing him a safe and speedy return to the land from which he came."

Just now, however, he is attempting to be an Imperialist in the broadest sense of that term. In his letter to Mr. Greenwood, as read by him, he speaks for "Imperial consolidation," and asks Mr. Greenwood to impress upon Canada the change in attitude of the Liberal Party. The latter half of this remarkable letter is as follows:

"What you must try to do, as far as may lie in your power, is to convince your friends and kinsfolk in Canada that this change in England, great and far-reaching though it has been, does not imply any weakening in the affection of the British people towards their kith and kin across the sea, or in the earnest and vigilant efforts of the Colonial Office to render the colonies every legitimate service, military, diplomatic or commercial, that may be in our power. There are new men, there are other principles, there will be different methods; but in the guiding aspirations, in the central impulse, in the ultimate aim, namely, a solid defensive league of free democratic communities, animated by a love of peace and justice under the leadership of the British Crown—in that there is no change, no sign of change, no expectation of change of any kind or sort whatever.

"And what, I should like to know, has the British Empire to fear from Liberal principles? It is one of the oddest things in modern history that there should be any question on this point. It is to Liberal social principles, carried in some ways to far more logical extremes than in this old country, that Canada and Australia and New Zealand ascribe no little share in their progress and prosperity. It is upon Liberal principles of tolerance and trust in racial matters, of freedom and equality in religious matters, that they built their own internal peace. It is by Liberal Imperial principles of colonial autonomy, of a lofty



ROOSEVELT AS A SCHOOLMASTER
—Le Mar in the Philadelpia *Record*

humanity, and above all, of a peaceful foreign policy, that the structural cohesion of the British Empire has alone been achieved and will alone be maintained.

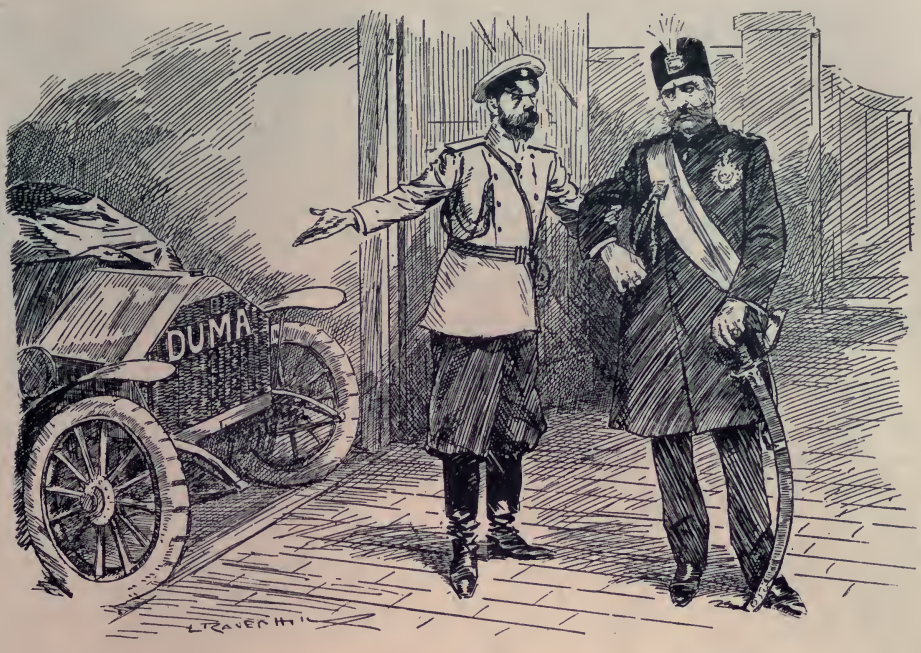
"I do not write this to you because I should like to see the self-governing colonies pin their faith particularly to the Liberal party any more than to the Conservative party. The British Empire must centre upon the British Crown. But in so far as you can make your friends in Canada realise that in a Liberal Ministry in England they will find true comradeship and faithful, unrelaxing service whenever they have need of it, you will be doing good work in a good cause.'

Whatever one may think of Winston Churchill personally, all classes of Canadians will hope that he has not overstated the position of the Liberal Party. If the day of the "Little Englander" is gone, the colonies will be pleased. In so far as Mr. Churchill has been influential in bringing about that change, he will receive due credit.

Britain is attempting to govern ten millions of Egyptians with five thousand soldiers and a liberal policy. Material prosperity has been brought to the country, but there is still a grave danger that some day a religious war will cause the Egyptians to rise and sweep the British from that portion of the world. When the cry comes, "God give victory to Islam," every Moslem will draw his sword. The man on whom the responsibility rests at the present moment is the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid Khan, the over-lord of Egypt, and the head of the Moslem people. On him depends the question of war or peace. If he should order the Khedive of Egypt to cast out the Christians, a serious moment would ensue. It is to be hoped that the religious clash will not come, that the enemies of Great Britain will be unable to convince the Sultan and the Khedive that it would be wise to throw off British rule and guidance, and to reestablish an unfettered Moslem Government.

The passing away of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, wife of the Premier of Great Britain, has been the occasion of sympathetic expressions from all quarters. During the recent trying session, the Premier has "borne the double burden of the most responsible post in the Empire and of daily and nightly attendance upon a dying wife." In his present loneliness and sorrow, he has the sympathy of all the peoples in the Empire. Lady Campbell-Bannerman, though not a society leader, exercised much the same influence over her husband as did the wife of the late Lord Salisbury. She believed in her husband, shared his political opinions, and gave him that moral support which seems to be so necessary to all those male beings who climb the ladder of fame through public service.

William Watson, the popular English poet, has written a poem on that heartless monarch who has so long oppressed the natives of Belgian Central Africa. The poem is as follows:



HELPING THE YOUNG IDEA

SHAH: "I was thinking of getting one of those things for my people."

CZAR: "My dear fellow, take *this* one. (*Aside*) I'm getting another sort, that only goes backward."

[It is announced that the SHAH threatens to give Persia a constitution]—*Punch.*

LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM

Khalifs and Khans have we beheld, who trod
The people as one neck beneath their heel;
Whose revel was the woe they could not feel;
Whose pastime was the dripping scourge and rod;
Who shook swift death on thousands with a nod,
And made mankind as stubble to their steel;
Who slew for Faith and Heaven, in dreadful zeal
To pleasure him whom they mistook for God.

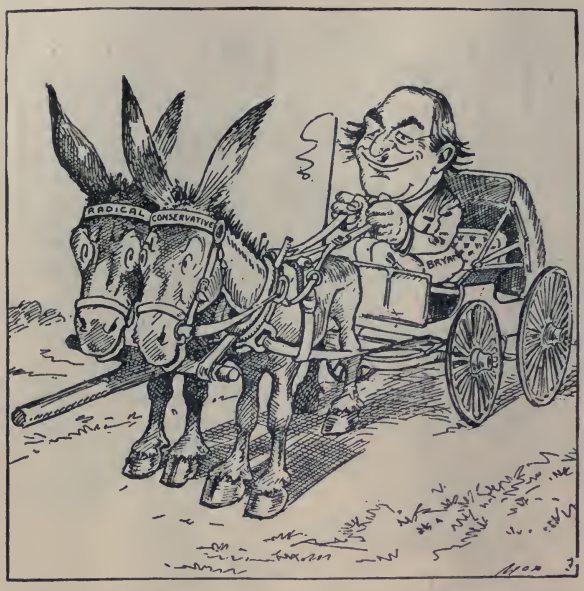
No zeal, no Faith inspired this Leopold,
Nor any madness of half-splendid birth.
Cool-eyed, he loosed the hounds that rend and slay,
Just that his coffers might be gorged with gold.
Embalm him, Time! Forget him not, O Earth!
Trumpet his name, and flood his deeds with day.

—*William Watson.*

The world is still wondering if Russia can avoid a revolution. Will the Czar give such reforms as will win over some of the people? Will the arrangements for the election of a new Duma be announcement in time to stay the hand of those bent upon revolution? The answer apparently can not be given.

Germany and Great Britain are urging Nicholas to the work from which he has so long held back. He and his Grand Dukes seem to hesitate between reform and repression. To-day they lean towards one, to-morrow towards another. In the meantime the terrorists continue their work. Policemen, commandants, governors, and higher officials are slaughtered almost daily. General Minn is dead; Premier Stolypin's house is blown up and he has a narrow escape, though thirty of his friends and followers perish; the catalogue of political assassinations lengthens; the country is deluged in blood.

The best opinion seems to be, that in spite of the terrorists, the power of the



WILLIAM J. BRYAN: "The world said I'd never do it, but I have them hitched together now."

—Morris in the Spokane *Spokesman Review*.

Russian Government is still unshaken. In spite of small mutinies, the mass of the army is loyal and may be depended upon. The Poles and the Finns would welcome a revolution, but the majority of the *mujiks* are not sufficiently imbued with a desire for constitutional government to cause them to persevere in a revolutionary war. They have the Oriental mind which judges by practice rather than theory, and if the hands of Stolypin and Trepoff are not laid too heavily upon them, they will content themselves with mutterings and hopes. The Czar is still able to command the confidence and fidelity of many strong men, and these may succeed in restoring order for a time.

Such events as are happening in Russia, Egypt, and Cuba, must impress on western peoples the value of that education and mind development which enables nations to understand the principles of self-government and the necessity for a reverence for whatever laws may be in force. Political progress comes through education and gradual constitutional reform. Every day the debt we owe to the long line of British agitators, reformers and statesmen from Cromwell down, seems to grow larger and larger. The events in Russia would not be possible in Great Britain, the United States, Canada or Australia. Freedom, liberty, equality, security—the principles of these are ingrained into the Anglo-Saxon mind and make for Anglo-Saxon superiority, opportunity, and responsibility.

King Edward and Emperor William had a meeting recently, but the relations between Great Britain and Germany are still in a difficult position. Ever since Britain and France came to an understanding and settled all their differences, the two nations have been working harmoniously together. This is not very pleasing to the Kaiser. Germany now stands almost alone. Russia, France, England, and some smaller States are united to preserve the peace and *statu quo* of Europe. For the Kaiser there can be no peace except that which he dictates, consequently his attitude has been that of a restless genius. He tried to stir up things in Morocco and was diplomatically beaten. Now his friends are hinting that Great Britain must choose between his friendship and that of France. Britain retorts by saying that the understanding with France is not based on hostility to Germany. So the matter stands. In the meantime, a possible war with Germany is being seriously, though not officially, discussed in Great Britain. One novelist has written a book describing "The Invasion of 1910," and Lord Roberts has advised people to read it.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

IN the month of golden hillsides,
When moons are frosty white,
And the returning Hunter
Looms on the marge of night,
Relieving his brother Arcturus,
Belted, majestic and slow,
To patrol the Arctic watch-fires
And sentry the lands of snow.

A core of fire was kindled
On a hearthstone wide and deep,
Where the great arms of the mountains
Put Folly-of-mind to sleep;
We came without guide or knowledge,
Silver, array or store,
Through the land of purple twilight
To the Lodge of the Open Door.

—*Bliss Carman.*

AT THE EXHIBITIONS

THE "Fall Fair" in various localities may be taken in its "Woman's Department" as indicating the increased variety and quality of domestic and decorative work. No longer are rolls of butter and log-cabin quilts, admirable as these may be, the only products of a woman's skill. The increasing prosperity and consequent luxury of the country may be seen in the display of ceramic art and in the more delicate complexities of lace and embroidery. In connection with the latter, the exhibition of Old Country treasures is decidedly interesting and stimulating. The Irish lace, too little known in Canada, has been sent out in recent years until we become envious of its excellence. The beauty of the Limerick lace has become almost familiar, and this year the specimens of Carrickmacross have proved almost as attractive.

Ruskin has said that no machine work has yet equalled the delicacy of hand-made art. Certainly, in the finer designs of lace, in the daintiest decoration of china, this would seem to be true. Nothing can take the place of individual ingenuity and creation. The pianola can never prove a substitute for Paderewski, and the mechanical product of the factory cannot be as artistic as the frail cobweb of lace that was patiently wrought by human fingers. There is a subtle appeal in a fragment of old lace, carefully handed down in yellowish fragrance from one generation to another, holding in its fragile threads the womanly traditions of the race. Year by year we are coming to understand the beauty of fine and enduring work, and are learning that ornament is not necessarily art. To see how the Canadian woman has progressed in ideals of domestic comfort and adornment it is necessary only to look at the exhibitions of this Autumn and compare them with those of ten or fifteen years ago.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

MANY of her readers thought that Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) was an Englishwoman. But although the greater part of her life was spent in London, she was a New Englander by birth. Her recent death has been matter for general regret, as she was a woman whose ability was becoming more manifest with each succeeding novel or play, and her sudden decease leaves us only to conjecture what the final development might have been. "Some Emotions and A Moral" was her first successful novel, and her latest work was "The Dream and the Business," a serial which was concluded in the September number of

the *Grand Magazine*. In her earlier work there was an epigrammatic brilliance that sometimes was more of tinsel than of real metal. There was also a morbid bitterness that occasionally repelled the healthy-minded reader. But these defects almost vanished in her later and more serious efforts, and we can but deplore that her work has ended so early.

Her latest novel is in her finest style, and will doubtless create an interest for its own sake, as well as for its appearance as the author's final word. It is a story of rare interest and unusual characters. Of these, perhaps the most remarkable is Tessa, Lady Marlesford, of whose death one who had loved her writes: "Now that I am accustomed to the idea of her death, I see that she went at the fitting and beautiful moment. Of how many can that be said with conviction—she was taken from the evil to come? Her education was her salvation. You share my feelings about the Church of Rome, and you won't accuse me of partiality toward it. But it is the one religion for such women as Tessa. As a cloud it protected and enveloped her in a world not ruled by the candid or inhabited by the tender. Her faults were the faults of youth; her spirit belonged to those who may meet men and women for a little while and inspire them for their whole lives.

"Suffering can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature, but, as all other laws of nature, since it must be obeyed, let us at least submit as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ—not as beasts of burden, and as those who believe that all labour is in vain."

There is a pathos, a wistful tenderness in the portrayal of Tessa, and even the self-reliant Sophy Firmalden, that show how the author's sympathies have deepened, how much clearer her vision of life's ironies has grown since the light, sparkling days of "Some Emotions and A Moral." The life of the writer herself had been touched by tragedy and perhaps she would have chosen, had it lain in her power, to go without warning or farewell, in the midst of friendship and success.

CONCERNING JEWELS

THE feminine fondness for precious stones has sometimes been deplored by those who consider it an extravagant taste. There is no question that the woman who sacrifices comfort or disregards honesty, in order to obtain diamonds, is a discredit to her sex. We are all familiar with the story of the Mother of the Gracchi and her juvenile jewels, and the said Cornelia has been patted on the back by preachers and reformers through all the centuries since that worthy Roman matron went to her well-earned rest. But the woman who can resist glancing at a display of gems, or who is absolutely indifferent to the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl" is almost too sensible to be companionable, and the most of us are quite ready to admit that we should wear diamonds, rubies and sapphires if we could but afford them. Hence an article in an English magazine on "Jewels and Their Wearers" is not without interest for the beringed sex.

"When Queen Victoria came to the throne, the Crown jewels included the famous pearl necklace which had belonged to the Consort of George III, but this was successfully claimed by the Duke of Cumberland for his wife, sister of Queen Alexandra. Rather than see the girl-Queen chagrined by the loss of her pearls, the East India Company forthwith subscribed to present her with another set still more gorgeous. Of her personal jewels, next to her wedding-ring, the late Queen most valued an insignificant enamel ring, set with a single diamond, given to her by Prince Albert when she was yet a child, and her betrothal ring, a snake set with the finest emeralds. These three rings were never removed from her hand and were buried with her."

In connection with the present popularity of the amethyst, it is interesting to be informed that it is Queen Alexandra's favourite coloured stone, although her finest jewels are undoubtedly her pearls, of which she has "ropes and ropes." But on Christmas and fête days the Queen

is fond of bestowing on her friends amethysts set in scarf-pins, bangles, chains and hat pins. With dresses of her favourite colour—mauve—the Queen always wears amethysts. The young Duchess of Marlborough possesses the historic pearls that belonged to Marie Antoinette, forming an immensely long necklace.

"It may not be commonly known that pearls found in fresh water are more brightly tinted—are, indeed, at times pink, blue, yellow, green, rose and even brown; black pearls found in fresh water are the most valued of all. Among the finest black pearls known are those worn by Lady Ilchester, of Holland House, which it took Napoleon III ten years to collect in all parts of the world for the Empress Eugénie. Queen Margharita of Italy, Princess Dhuleep Singh, the Duchess of Devonshire and the Duchess of Sutherland, all have magnificent pearls, but it remains for an American woman, Mrs. Mackay, who gives a great share of her attention to collecting pearls, to possess the largest number of these jewels which signify tears. But the most costly single pearl necklace in the world is owned by the Countess Henckel."

The turquoise, although not of the most precious stones, is admired by many for its rich blue tint. The Princess Henry of Pless and the Duchess of Roxburghe have the finest collections, with the exception of certain Russian noblemen. The opal, which undeservedly bears a reputation for ill-luck, is found at its best in Hungarian collections, the finest specimen of this jewel of shifting splendour being found in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna.

Absorbing is the story of many of the great jewels of the world, and it is little wonder that superstition has attached strange values and sinister meanings to them. But of all the stories of their beauty and influence, none is more enthralling than that tale of the East, "The Naulahka," which Kipling and Balestier told us many moons ago.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY OF WALES

The nursery dog "Tourie" originally belonged to Queen Victoria.

A NOVELIST'S PORTRAIT

MISS MARIE CORELLI has published another book, and the world that loves a shilling-shocker is sitting up all night to read "The Treasure of Heaven," which is further called "A Romance of Riches." Any yarn by the fair Marie will be read by the general public, for this skilful scribe mastered long ago the art of writing to the gallery. Every housemaid in the land has read her "Thelma," and had horrible thrills over the ghastliness of "Wormwood." A lady named Mary almost commits suicide in the last chapter of this latest outbreak of Corelli fiction. Otherwise it is not an exciting story; in fact, it is quite inferior to "God's Good Man," of which I read enough to know that the heroine wore a purple velvet riding-habit, trimmed with gold buttons. The horse ran away and threw the heroine off and, really, the poor steed was not to blame. However, to return to our muttons, or rather our Marie! The announcement is made

that "the only authorised portrait of Marie Corelli ever published appears for the first time in this book." Sure enough, there is a sweet picture of the novelist in the very front of the book. She is looking pleasant, and her gown has a fit ever so much better than the garments of literary ladies are supposed to possess. Last year, that entertaining English weekly, *The Tatler*, got into all sorts of trouble by publishing a portrait of Miss Corelli, who, it was said, wished to have her features unphotographed. Her lawyers promptly sought redress, a course which advertised both the *Tatler* and the lady. The latter could hardly be blamed for being angry, as the clumsy photographer had seized the moment when she was descending from a carriage and was displaying a decidedly unshapely foot. She was also smiling more broadly than any camera-fiend demands, and no woman could be expected to endure such a snapshot without protest. But the latest novel vindicates the noted scribbler, and for a wholly insignificant sum her admirers may possess the long-desired portrait, with a nice new story thrown in.

A POPULAR PRODUCT

THERE is one of our products of which Canadians have no doubt —and that is cheese. Denmark may be able to show a better record for butter, but when the subject is cheese Canada knows that it is unmistakably, if not easily, first. But not many of us were aware that the value of our exports in this champion product reached the amazing figure of twenty-four millions. At home we are using cheese in a variety of ways unknown to our grandmothers. Its desirable qualities in any of the dishes known as "savouries" are becoming known, and the demand for all the finer varieties of cheese has increased fourfold in the last ten years. Generally, when one finds an article unusually tempting to the palate, the discovery is made that it is really "not good for you at all," and it is eaten with the feeling that sorrow and indigestion may come before the morning. But cheese is declared an almost perfect food by the highest authorities, and we wonder, as the Turkish guest did about dancing, how anything so delightful can be considered harmless.

A recent article calls upon housewives to rouse to the possibilities of cheese, both as a food and a flavour, and gives a long list of dishes and delicacies of which the foundation is cheese. We all know that Welsh rarebit has been considered as dangerous a midnight dainty as threatens the human digestion. But this is all a sad mistake, an idle prejudice. Properly made, the Welsh rarebit is a thing of deliciousness and a joy forever. Everyone knows that macaroni demands cheese, and that apple pie simply craves such an accompaniment. Celery also is a lonely course without a small jar of delectable cream cheese in the neighbourhood. But tomatoes, especially when baked, are especially enjoyed by many vegetarians if there be just a suspicion of grated cheese. In fact this dairy product is just beginning to come into its culinary own, and is going to find its way into salads, savouries and even soups to an extent undreamed of in the comparatively cheeseless days of the past. There once was a man who wrote a whole book of poems on the cheese of his native town. Some critics smiled at the subject and refused to take the lyrics seriously. But the critics are a poor lot who can seldom afford the delicacy, and therefore cannot understand how a cheese soufflé or a midnight revel of crackers and cheese touched the poet's heart and blossomed into odes and sonnets. The traditions of Cheshire may yet yield to the modern wonders of the Canadian product.

Jean Graham.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MR. GREENWOOD

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD, member of the British House of Commons for the ancient City of York, has been visiting Canada after an absence of eleven years. He went away a penniless youth; he returns Parliamentary Secretary to the Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office. In his own humorous way he describes himself as the Lay Archbishop of York and the political successor of Julius Cæsar. He ascribes his success in Great Britain to the fact that he was born in Canada, where each youth is taught that no matter how humble his origin his future is in his own hands. "Had I been born in England, I would have been an emigrant to Canada; having been born in Canada, I am able to make a success in England."

Mr. Greenwood began as a temperance lecturer in Great Britain, got further experience in lecturing on Canada, and in stump speaking for the Liberal Party. The Liberals in the city of York heard his musical voice, his pithy sentences and his robust humour, and desired him for their own. With true Canadian modesty he accepted the first offer, therein differing from his predecessor, Julius Cæsar. That the constituency had been represented for a generation or two by Conservatives, and that in 1900 two Conservatives had been returned unopposed, did not deter him in the slightest. He started in with an adverse majority of at least 1,500, and for one solid year he struggled to reduce it to the vanishing point. The official result of the polling is as follows:

York City (2) 13,864.
Hamar Greenwood, Lib..... 6,413
George Denison Faber, C.B., Con..6,108
John G. Butcher, K.C., Con.....6,094
J. H. Stuart, Lab.....4,573

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His success in such a constituency entitled him to recognition at the hands of his party, and it came in the shape of an appointment in the Colonial Office, with a salary of £1,500 a year. That Mr. Greenwood can be useful to the Empire in such a position is not inconceivable. That he will be useful his friends thoroughly believe. He is an adherent of the Imperial consolidation idea and his influence in the councils of the Liberal Party will do something to increase the sympathy for those portions of the Empire which are overseas.

CANADIAN CLUBS

PROSPERITY and enthusiasm march hand in hand. Canada is prosperous as never before, and the national enthusiasm

HAMAR GREENWOOD, ESQ., M.P.

GEORGE LYON, THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF CANADA, ON THE LAMBTON GOLF LINKS, TORONTO

is almost unbounded. The latter is partially displayed in the steady growth of the number of Canadian clubs. London has now a healthy club, although its regular meetings are but beginning. Vancouver gave birth to one the other day, a lusty club with fifty charter members. There is now a Canadian Club in nearly every city in Canada, from Montreal west. East of Montreal the national enthusiasm is not so great. Quebec has other ideas, and the Maritime Provinces are still suffering from politicosis.

The idea of all these clubs is to discuss non-politically the national problems, to foster patriotism, to encourage Canadian literature and art, and to provide an opportunity for prominent speakers, resident or passing, to meet an audience of an intelligent and earnest type. The Hamilton Club dates back to the early nineties and is the pioneer. The Toronto Club began in 1896. The others are more recent.

The Toronto Club is perhaps the most flourishing. It has a membership of eleven hundred, and held last season sixteen noon-day and five evening meetings. The average attendance was 275. Among the subjects discussed were Profit Sharing, Taxation of Corporations, Forestry, Railways (Charles M. Hays), Civic Improvement, Place and Power of Music, Education of the Negro (Booker T. Washington), Care of the Mentally Afflicted, The Farmer and the Tariff (by a farmer), Banking and Trade (Hon. James H. Eckles, Chicago). Electrical Smelting, The Criminal's Needs, and Physical Training (Dr. George J. Fisher, New York). Of the speakers, twelve were Canadians, seven were from the United States, and two from England. This club lunches together every Monday from November to April, a half-hour being devoted to the luncheon and a half-hour to an address by an appointed speaker. A similar plan is followed at Ottawa and in others of the larger cities.

A league of Canadian Clubs has been formed and its second meeting was held at Niagara Falls on September 3rd. Clubs in Canada and the United States were represented. The Chairman is a Canadian and the Secretary a resident of the United States. This organisation should do much to preserve the connection between Canadians at home and Canadians abroad.

A SECTION OF ONE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION TRAINS WHICH LEFT MONTREAL FOR THE WEST DURING JULY

If it does this, it will have performed a noble and admirable work.

FILLING UP

CANADA is filling up very fast. To prove this, there is the evidence of the eyes, of loaded trains, of homestead entries, of land sales, of busy merchants and manufacturers. Most accurate of all are the immigration returns.

In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1905, a high record for immigrants was announced. The optimist said, "We will beat that next year"; the pessimist answered, "There were unusual circumstances, beware!" The returns for the year ending June 30th, 1906, are now in and the result gives the honour to the optimist. There were many long years during which the pessimist proved right in his predictions, while the optimist looked regretfully at the slow national progress. To-day the pessimist is unseated, dethroned, ignored.

One hundred thousand immigrants in a single year was a good record. That was in 1905. The tale for 1906 is thirty-one thousand greater. To be strictly accurate the figures are 102,723 and 131,268.

But were they as good, as desirable? This question is as easily and as favourably answered by the figures. The number from England increased by 16,288; from Scotland by 4,102; from Ireland by 1,020; from Wales by 27; and from the United States by 14,253. The continental increase was only 7,108. Therefore the class of immigrants improved.

It is interesting to note that of the 131,000 immigrants, 78,106 were men, and 27,273 were women. The Canadian girl will have plenty of choice when it comes to the matter of a husband. Fifty-one thousand men without wives should seriously increase the competition.

USURY

THE Dominion Parliament did well to pass an Act against usury on small loans. The large borrower is supposed to be able to look after himself. When the amount is under $500, the limit of interest is twelve per cent. per annum, and five per cent. after a judgment has been secured. A money-lender is made guilty of an indictable offence, and is liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year or to a penalty not exceeding $1,000, who lends money at a higher rate than is allowed by the act.

This law is, however, to be credited to the press rather than to Parliament. It was forced through by public sentiment carefully and persistently "worked up" by the daily newspapers.

John A. Cooper.

PRESIDENT DIAZ

PORFIRIO DIAZ, President of the Republic of Mexico, is a man with a history, and that history is graphically told by Mrs. Alec. Tweedie in her volume entitled "The Maker of Modern Mexico."*

The author is a descriptive writer rather than a biographer and has written books on Mexico, Sicily, Iceland, Norway, Finland and Denmark. Because of this, her biography has the defects of her excellences. The details of the life of this President are mixed up with descriptions of scenery, campaigns and events in a somewhat surprising manner. The arrangement may add to the general charm of the work, but it makes it a difficult volume for the student. Probably Mrs. Tweedie would retort that she did not write it for students.

The history of Mexico in the nineteenth century is composed of a series of sanguinary revolutions, of wars occasioned by the aggrandisement of the United States and the attempt by France to set up a French Monarchy in Central America. In that long series of struggles, domestic and foreign, two characters stand out most clearly—Juarez and Diaz. These two men were determined to establish a Mexican nation, with equality, fraternity and liberty as its basis. They overthrew the Spaniards, who believed in class rule; overthrew the church, which desired to dominate both in civil and religious matters; overcame the French invaders, and finally established a peaceful republic. The younger man still rules as President. It was in 1867 that Mexico was restored to the republicans by General Diaz, and the last battle fought for freedom. President Juarez returned and took up the task of reorganisation with Diaz as his leading commander. Juarez was then in his sixty-second year and his third term as President. Like Diaz, he was a native Mexican, and his whole heart was set on establishing a stable, native government. Juarez died in 1872 and was succeeded by Lerdo, another bright patriot. Lerdo's election for four years was due in the main to the refusal of Diaz to compete with him for the office. Eventually Diaz headed a revolution against Lerdo and on November 24th, 1876, marched victorious into the capital. Since then he has been undisputed ruler of a peaceful and prosperous Mexico.

The story is a fascinating one, almost unique in this humdrum age of buying and selling. It is like a tale from the middle ages, although the latter part of it becomes sadly modern and commonplace.

Mrs. Tweedie has done the world a service in giving us the first authentic account of the making of Mexico.

*New York: John Lane Company. Cloth, illustrated, photogravure frontispiece, gilt top, 421 pages and folding map.

FENWICK'S CAREER

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD sees the world with the eye and mind of a philosopher. In that wonderful novel, "Fenwick's Career," she has many passages which are gems of philosophy or observation. These also indicate more or less the nature of the drama which she so steadily and magnificently builds. For example, she describes Fenwick, after ten years as a struggling artist in London, still declaiming against everything and everybody in authority. She says.

"All that litany of mockery and bitterness, which the Comic Spirit kindles afresh on the lips of each rising generation, only to quench it again on the lips of those who 'arrive,' flowed from him copiously. He was the age indeed for 'arrival,' when, as so often happens, the man of middle life, appeased by

success, dismisses the revolts of his youth. But this was still the language—and the fierce language—of revolt!"

Every young man goes through this phase, which is just as certain as that when old he will look back with regret upon the things of his youth. The youth finds the rich intolerable, educated people too refined and too quiescent, society compounded of hollowness and snobbery. As he grows older, as education works its wonders, usage and position mellow him, the age of revolt passes. If success does not come, he breaks down, becomes a pessimist and a dyspeptic and falls out of sight. It is well to see these things as they are, even though it may not prevent the revolt or the quiescence. To see them is to understand them and to allow for them in others—thus making life a bit more pleasant for everybody.

Another phrase of Mrs. Ward's is worth noting. In speaking of Lord Findon, art patron and art lover, she describes him as possessed of "a certain breath of autocracy." Do you know such a man? I know several. One a manager of a large bank, a patron of letters and art, a lover of the beautiful and the æsthetic—acting always as if it were his to lead in conversation, in business, in public movements, in social reform. He is like Lord Findon, never patronising, but always enveloped in "a certain consciousness of power, of vantage-ground: a certain breath of autocracy."

Another phrase, "the fighting life of the mind," is even more subtle. It was this which kept Fenwick out of complications during the long years of separation from his wife. Some minds have more of this quality than others; some men have greater need of it than others. It is one of the signs and one of the qualities of the great man—whether it be in philosophy, in commerce or in statecraft. In Fenwick it alone saved him from his "egotism, arrogance and passion."

This story of Mrs. Ward's is one to read and remember. So many novels are to be read and forgotten, that the opposite is worth mentioning. It is a strong sermon, a great musical composition, a beautiful piece of art, a wonderful composition on canvas—all these rolled into one. It is the expression of herself by a great artist; it is an account of the struggles of a number of souls by a soul that has struggled; it is a page from life by one who has known and felt life in the superlative degree.

PRESIDENT DIAZ, OF MEXICO
From "The Maker of Modern Mexico"

THE FAILURE OF STRINGER

"THE Wire Tappers,"* by Arthur Stringer, is a technical story in the sense that some of Kipling's are technical. The intricacies of the telegraph and the telephone are the basis and around them is built a love story. The characters are criminals, but even criminals have sentiment and passion. Following Mark Twain's criticism, one finds hundreds of expressions such as:

—he asked her, almost hopelessly.
—she answered, with unbetraying evenness of voice.
—she assented, with a touch of weariness.
—he said, earnestly, with his heels well apart.
—she answered, drearily.
—he went on, impetuously.
—he implored, persistently.
—said the girl, hurriedly.
—she asked, miserably.
—he murmured, jubilantly.
Etc., etc., etc.

* Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated by Arthur William Brown.

Mr. Stringer has much to learn about writing before people will take him as seriously as he wishes. In fact, the progress in his art shown in this book is grievously disappointing to those who expected much of him.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S LAST NOVEL

THE death of Mrs. Craigie, John Oliver Hobbes, the day after she had sent her new novel to the publishers, with a letter telling of her plans for future work, is exceedingly pathetic. She was born at Boston in 1867, but was a great-granddaughter of the Hon. Peter Spearwater who represented Shelburne in the Nova Scotia legislature for twenty-five years. She was educated in Boston, London and Paris, and spent most of her life in England. Her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," was issued in 1891, and at least one volume a year ever since.

Several of her plays have done fairly well in London, and her contribution on general subjects have appeared in the leading periodicals.

The dramatic power of her writing was always notable. Even as a girl she possessed that quality, and in her later works it showed gaining strength. Her books were full of epigram, at first used profusely, later in a more sober manner. Her work was always of a high order, on much the same plane as the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Her latest and last book, "The Dream and the Business,"* deals mainly with the mysteries and disappointments of life, the difficulties men and women experience in understanding themselves and each other. Only a very few rules can be laid down to guide us through life. We must pick our way, sometimes going ahead freely, sometimes retracing our steps and taking a fresh start. Mrs. Craigie's characters are all trying to get the best out of life, but in such different ways. The contrasts are remarkable and surprising.

Perhaps a few quotations will give the reader some idea of the author's style. Speaking of society one of her characters says:

"No; but I'd sooner seen any girl I was fond of dead than in society, unless she were born in it. The stage is paradise in comparison—because actresses really work for their living, and work always gives a redeeming touch even to the weakest characters. Art, too, is democratic in the sense that religion is democratic—whereas fashionable society must be plutocratic or it ceases to be fashionable."

Other short extracts speak for themselves:

"This incident was Sophy's first encounter with the form of vulgarity known as social ambition."

"Both look resigned and at the stage in unsatisfactory human relationships when the pair, having exhausted their mutual dislike, were almost attached to each other by a common bond of suffering."

"A belief in the Resurrection won't keep a man from drunkenness, or dishonesty, or lying, or any other vice, nor will it keep him from gout, or consumption, or death. A doubt of the Resurrection is, therefore, no excuse for being human. Let a man stand by his humanity without pretending that he would be an angel if he could but accept the gospels."

"By education, systematised or otherwise, men and women softened, perfected or concealed the qualities which nature gave them; but they of themselves could add nothing to these natural gifts. The pear tree cannot be cultivated into an oak,—and genius cannot be manufactured from the uninspired."

"I have a warning sense that certain people are evil, in spite of all outward appearance to the contrary; and equally a warning sense that certain people are good, in spite of many evident bad signs. This is all I know."

"Man is known to God by his aspirations —not by his lapses."

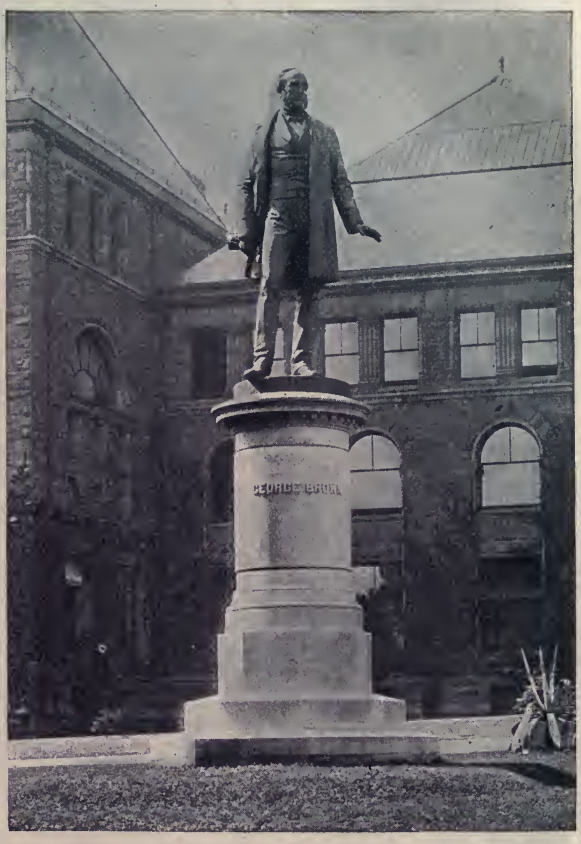
The whole book is full of subtle expressions and clever dissections of character. Sophy is a type whom most men will understand, though it will not be so easy in the case of Lady Marlesford. The Nonconformist ministers, the writer of operas, and the other characters are each worthy in his or her way, only the third-rate actress seems to be overdone, her weaknesses too exaggerated. The story moves steadily and the interest is splendidly maintained. It is a novel which will bear a second reading, and that is true of not more than one per cent. of modern fiction.

*London: T. Fisher Unwin.

NOTES

Elizabeth Roberts McDonald, a valued contributor to this periodical, and a writer who has found the open door to the best New York magazines, has had a volume of her verse published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. It is daintily printed and bound on excellent paper, and will please the æsthetic eye. The contents need little commendation. Mrs. Macdonald's verse has simplicity, nobility and sweetness. One may almost say of her as she says of Juliana Horatia Ewing:

"How many a soul you gladdened as you climbed
With smiles and tears life's difficult rocky height,
And ever, where you passed, some garden sprang,
Set by your slender hands with heart's-delight."



THE STATUE OF GEORGE BROWN IN FRONT OF THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO—A NEW "LIFE" OF THIS STATESMAN, BY JOHN LEWIS, APPEARED RECENTLY

Sir James M. LeMoine, the veteran litterateur of Quebec, has issued his seventh volume of "Maple Leaves," being a collection of articles, addresses and other writings contributed by him to the Royal Society or current periodicals. The opening chapter is Sir James' address to the Royal Society on "The Archives of Canada." His personal recollections of distinguished *litterati* who have visited Quebec is not the least interesting chapter. As this is probably the last volume Canada is likely to receive from this grand old scholar, it is all the more welcome. (Quebec: Frank Carrel. Cloth, 412 pages).

William Le Queux has published a story which has attracted much attention in England. "The Invasion of 1910," with an account of the siege of London, is an attempt to show how easily Germany might invade Great Britain and how unprepared the latter is. In an introductory letter, Lord Roberts recommends the volume "to the perusal of every one who has the welfare of the British Empire at heart." The volume is illustrated with maps of the imaginary campaigns, while the naval chapters are by a naval expert. (London and Toronto: The Macmillan Co.)

That country schools should have a different course of study to that of city schools is a new idea in the world of education. In the United States they are meeting the difficulty of keeping young people on the farm, by making the school life a preparation only for farm life. The newer consolidated schools have manual training and special agricultural studies. They keep the boy a farmer instead of, as Canadian High Schools do, try to make him a lawyer or a doctor. Much light is thrown on this phase of education by Superintendent Kern of Illinois in a

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

Secretary of State for the Colonies, who has written the life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, a statesman known as the most brilliant failure in British politics. He threw up his office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in a pet and incurred the deep displeasure of Queen Victoria because he told the *Times* of this before it was communicated to his Sovereign.

volume entitled "Among Country Schools." (Boston: Ginn & Co., $1.35).

The Rev. W. S. Crockett, not the author of "The Stickit Minister," but of those charming descriptive books, "The Scott .Country," and "Highlands and Islands of Scotland," published in this country by The Macmillan Company of Toronto, is to spend the autumn in Canada, where he will deliver a number of lectures.

"One Thousand Facts About Canada," by Frank Yeigh, is printed in pamphlet form by Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, and will be mailed for eight cents.

"Canadians in the United States," by S. Morley Wickett, is an interesting pamphlet published by Ginn & Co., Boston. This material was partly published in the *University Monthly* and expanded in the *Political Science Quarterly*.

The Department of Education," Toronto, has issued a "Check List" of the Batrachians, Reptiles, Mammals, in the Biological Section of the Provincial Museum. This is compiled by C. W. Nash, Provincial Museum.

The Ontario Library Association has done the country a service in preparing a catalogue of children's books suitable for Canadian consumption. Most of the libraries of this country are filled with United States trash, bad literature badly printed and bound. Moreover, Canadian, United States and British books are not distinguished. Canadian books, at least, should be separated so that younger readers may become familiar with native writers as such. That is the one weakness in this list: the Canadian books are not separated from the general list.

IDLE MOMENTS

CHANGING THE SENTIMENT

A PUBLIC reader is oftentimes at the mercy of the whims and caprices of a cranky audience. At a recent entertainment given to a boys' club near Paisley, under the supervision of some charitable ladies, a reader was to recite Scott's poem "Lochinvar."

His consternation was extreme when the minister's wife, who was president of the temperance society, rushed up to him shortly before the reading of that number and requested him to change the sentiment of the following lines:

And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

to this version:

And now I am come with this beautiful maid,
To tread but one measure, drink one lemonade.

The usual calm and self-possession of the reader was greatly shaken by this

ART STUDENT (engaging rooms): "What is that?"

LANDLADY: "That is a picture of our Church done in wool by my daughter, Sir. She's subject to Art, too."—*Punch.*

VISITOR: "Well, Harold, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

HAROLD: "Oh, I'm going to be a Sailor; but Baby's only going to be just an ordinary Father."—*Punch.*

sudden change, and, fearing he might forget, he said the lines over and over again. When he at last mounted the platform his mind was quite at rest. With thrilling effect he recited the lines, until he reached the climax by saying:

And now I am come with this maiden here,
To tread but one measure, drink one glass of beer.

The shiver that ran down his back communicated itself to the audience, and congealed them into rows of frozen niceties. The awful solemnity was only broken by convulsive giggles and gasps from a group of fair students.—*M.A.P.*

SAFE ANYHOW

THE story is told in Boston of a discussion among the judges as to the choice of a stenographer. Most of them preferred a woman, but one objected.

"Now, why don't you want one?" asked Judge S. "You know they are generally more to be depended on than men."

"That may be all so," replied Judge B.; "but you know that in our cases we often have to be here very late. There are always watchmen and other guards in the corridors. Do you think it would be prudent to have a woman staying with any of the judges as late as might be necessary for a stenographer?"

"Why, what are you afraid of? Couldn't you holler?" questioned Judge S.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A GREATER DIFFICULTY

A GENTLEMAN driving an automobile on a country road, says a writer in a Virginia newspaper, met an old-fashioned high carriage in which was an old-fashioned couple. They jumped to the ground and the automobile came to a halt.

The gentleman of the car stepped forward, and offered to help lead the horse past the machine.

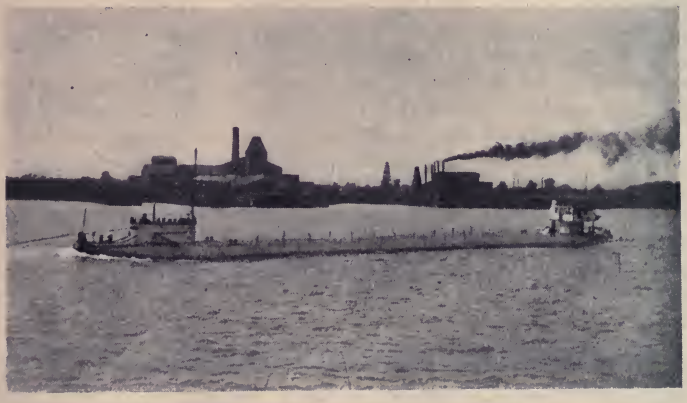
"Oh, never mind the horse, never mind the horse," said the old gentleman. "You lead the old lady past that thing, and I'll get the horse by all right."—*Selected.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

THE "WHALEBACK"

THE "Whaleback," or "Pig" as they are more often called, is a very peculiar craft, and when seen loaded for the first time, gives one rather a singular feeling. If a heavy sea is running, nothing but the pilot house is to be seen, with an occasional glimpse of the bow, or nose, the waters washing over the entire length of the iron monster.

These vessels, or "shells," ply all the great lakes of America, which is the longest fresh water course in the world, and sometimes run the whole 5,000 miles before unloading a cargo. They are loaded with ore, grain and coal generally, and are built of iron, and are just the shape of a cigar, so that when loaded heavily, they are always to the surface of he water.



A LOADED "WHALEBACK" IN TOW OF A STEAMER

THE VENICE OF NORTH AMERICA

LAKE ST. CLAIR, dividing Michigan and Ontario, is a small but very treacherous lake, and for many a year scores of wrecks were reported every season. Some few years ago, the United States Government, at an enormous expense, had a canal made, over a mile long, through the shoals.

Around the north end of this canal are several miles of marsh land and blind canals, of no value whatever, except for ducks and

A "WHALEBACK" WITH A LIGHT LOAD PROCEEDING UNDER ITS OWN "STEAM"

A SUMMER RESORT BUILT OUT UPON THE WATERS OF LAKE ST. CLAIR

wild fowls. The water in many places is only a few inches deep, and in others, several feet

The accompanying photograph is a picture of a cool yet novel idea for a summer resort.

Some few years ago, a gun club conceived the idea of a cottage on the lake, for sporting purposes. It was tried and proved very satisfactory. The value of a summer residence in the lake was very quickly conceived, and in an incredibly short space of time, houses, club houses, flats and hotels grew like mushrooms out of the water "on poles," making an ideal home during the excessive heat of summer.

The pleasure boats call about four times a day during the summer at the various stopping places along the "Flats," which now cover a distance of over two miles, but in winter they are all vacant and frozen up for three or four months.

AN ODD YEAR

THE year 1906 will go down to history as one of great disasters. Vesuvius in Italy; the earthquake in California; a similar occurrence in Chile; and lastly the typhoon at Hong Kong. The loss of life in each was considerable; the loss of property immense. The accompanying illustration shows the small boats in Hong Kong harbour—nearly 1,000 of these were destroyed.

HONG KONG HARBOUR—VISITED BY A SEVERE TYPHOON LAST MONTH

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For Business Men.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

IN Great Britain the civil service is a profession; in Canada it is not. There young men make a choice among the Civil Service, Law, the Army, the Navy, the Church, or Business. A place in the civil service may be secured by those who train and educate themselves along recognised lines. In Canada it is so different. Here the civil service is filled with accidents, ward workers, relatives of members of Parliament, broken-down representatives of the professions; mechanics, labourers, poets, grocers and some stray "younger sons" from across the water. Fitness, educational qualifications, experience, suitability, are qualities seldom considered. The easiest road to the civil service is through the committee rooms which are established throughout the towns and cities when the elections are "on." Working on the voters' lists is supposed to be good preparation for almost any position under a federal or provincial government. There is a civil service examination for positions at Ottawa, but to pass it is not absolutely necessary. In Great Britain only candidates passing the examination get positions, and their relative standing determines the order in which they are appointed. There merit wins; here merit has little opportunity.

There is serious need in this country for civil service reform. The demand for this must come from outside Parliament, as the members will not willingly give up their petty patronage.

If you are interested send in your name as one willing to become a member of a Civil Service Reform League.

THE B.M.A. AND THE HEAT

THE meeting of the British Medical Association in Toronto in August was successful, though the thermometer ranged about ninety in the shade. The following item is from *Saturday Night*:

"A good deal of amusement was afforded the people in Queen's Park this week by the arrival from England, on the hottest of the hot days we have been having, of a large case containing exhibits for the British Medical Association's convention. The huge box was covered with printed labels urging care in handling, the most conspicuous and numerous among which were printed in large type and reading, *Keep Free from Frost!* The remarks of the sweating porters and messengers as they conveyed the case to its destination are said to have pretty nearly melted the paste off the labels. This incident leads one to speculate as to how many of the visiting doctors brought furs in their trunks."

BRITAIN AND CANADA

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CLARK, speaking at the banquet of the British Medical Association at Toronto, took occasion to condemn what he called the inexcusable ignorance and indifference regarding Canada and Canadian affairs prevailing in Great Britain. His course is being commended also in some newspapers which might know better. It is a question if a gathering of professional men from the British Isles, who had showed at least some interest in Canada by coming to it to hold a meeting of their association, was the proper occasion for railing against the indifference, real or alleged, of their countrymen in regard to the affairs of this particular part of the Empire. It is a certainty that some Canadians worry themselves about this indifference to an extent which suggests they suffer from a lack of self-reliance. Canada is a considerable part of the British Empire in extent, and is growing to be a considerable part in population. It

is receiving a growing proportion of the emigration from Great Britain, which is a fair evidence that the classes this country is most interested in have learned to think of it and know enough about it to find their way here when they hope to better their conditions. It might be well to accept this situation as satisfactory and to be quiet over it. The average Canadian's knowledge of conditions outside his own land is not so great that he can afford to rail at others' ignorance of his villages. And it does not look well for a country, any more than for a man, to be forever in a flurry about what others are saying about it and worrying because enough is not said or that what is said is said in a wrong spirit. Lieutenant-Governor Clark's speech, it may be hoped, will be the last of its kind, for a good while at any rate.—*Montreal Gazette.*

ACTIVITY AND INDIFFERENCE

NEWSPAPER comments on a local election in Montreal explain with unintentional clearness the frequent and almost continuous triumph of private over public interests, says the Toronto *Globe.* One journal comments on the discouraging lack of interest displayed by the "Citizens' Committee." There were some attempts at meetings, with small attendance and manifest indifference. Some of the intended meetings failed for lack of a quorum. This apathy was not manifested at a time of quietness in municipal affairs. A long-term franchise to a gas company was under discussion, and other important public questions were awaiting decision. The city was carrying on negotiations with powerful private interests, and there was urgent need of strength and ability in the civic government. This is a part of the story of weakness in municipal management. The supplementary part is told by other journals, which complain loudly because a light and power combine is taking an active part in local politics. It is urged that such interference by private interests is a grave danger in municipal affairs, and should help to arouse a lethargic public conscience. The danger of questionable and sinister influences securing an ascendency is earnestly pointed out, and the public are appealed to in stirring words to unite against a threatening calamity.

There are the two supplementary causes of governmental weakness, whether in the municipal, the provincial, or the national field—the indifference of the public and the keen activity of private interests. The average candidate knows that the public have short memories, and are weak both in the spirit of gratitude and the spirit of revenge. They show but little inclination to reward those who make sacrifices in the public interest, nor to punish those who have been indifferent in public service. The promoters of private enterprises, on the other hand, have long memories. They never fail to adequately reward those who serve them in public capacities, and they spare no pains in getting rid of all who are likely to stand in their way. Their interest is not the transient ebullition of a campaign, but continues from month to month and from year to year. A definite understanding of aims and purposes is another strong point with the private interests. The corporation knows what it wants and will not be put off with any kind of substitute, while among those sincerely desirous of promoting the public welfare there are always widely diverging opinions.

The strong man who comes out and fights for the public interest finds that he is making for himself many formidable enemies, while there is but little prospect of compensatory appreciation or support from the citizens at large. The remedy for this seemingly constitutional weakness in public affairs will be found in a more active interest on the part of the general public. That is not impossible so long as we remain a nation of property-owners, and that distinctive condition should be perpetuated by every available means. The public must protect their own interests or they will be sacrificed. There will be plenty of strong leaders forthcoming in the public interest just so soon as the public are prepared to support them, and not before. Government is one sphere in which the people as a whole can depend on getting about what they deserve. The only way to improve matters is to deserve improvement.

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